



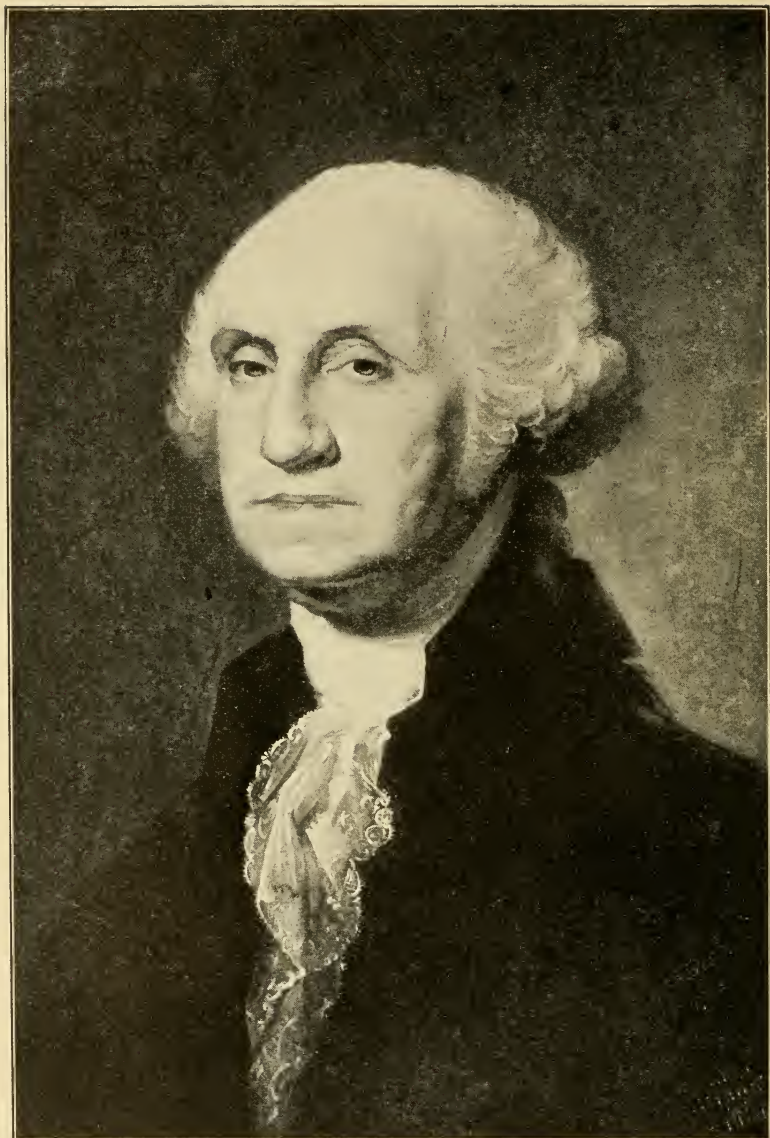
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Bradford Photo.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Painting by Gilbert Stuart,
Independence Hall.

Heroes of National History

BY
THOMAS GROETZINGER



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PREFACE

THOUGH the biographical approach to history has long been recognized, only in recent years has it come into its own. Through this approach the child's interest is aroused and retained; he lives historical episodes through the life of the hero. His desire to know more is quickened and he becomes willing and eager to read historical narrative.

This volume does not pretend to be a complete biographical account of any of the characters selected. The salient features of the various lives have been emphasized and sufficient detail given to constitute at least a minimum requirement.

In using this volume the alert teacher will first tell the story, striving to make the hero live for the child. She will use many incidents and details not mentioned. She will elaborate and complete many of those told. Then the child is ready for the book. Its material will clinch the story definitely. From the book he will obtain all that any child should be required to remember.

The characters selected follow, in the main, those recommended in the Report of the Committee of Eight. They follow closely those required in the course of study for the fifth year of the Public Schools of Philadelphia.

Acknowledgments for assistance in supplying authentic illustrative material are due to Harper & Bros., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Underwood and Underwood, the Century Co., the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the International Harvester Co. of Chicago. Each illustration is designed to give an accurate picture or portrait—not merely a number of suggestive sketches that may or may not convey a proper idea to the pupil's mind.

The author hopes that this book will solve the problem that has long confronted teachers of the first grammar grade. The vocabulary is simple and familiar. The sentences are short and direct. The paragraphs aim to develop one thought to remain clearly in the reader's mind. The biographical facts are so arranged as to throw high lights on the principal events.

It contains no more than the average pupil can grasp and retain. The material may be amplified in class, and the teacher may send the child to the book confident that the minimum essentials are there.

T. G.

August, 1919.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.....	9
SAMUEL ADAMS.....	22
PATRICK HENRY.....	31
PHILADELPHIA TEA PARTY.....	38
GEORGE WASHINGTON.....	41
THOMAS JEFFERSON.....	58
JOHN PAUL JONES.....	63
MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.....	70
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.....	76
ROBERT MORRIS.....	83
ANTHONY WAYNE.....	90
JOHN BARRY.....	95
JOHN PETER MUHLENBURG.....	102
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.....	107
STEPHEN DECATUR.....	114
OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.....	119
STEPHEN GIRARD.....	122
DANIEL BOONE.....	129
LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.....	138
DAVID CROCKETT.....	150
JOHN C. FREMONT.....	159

	PAGE
ELI WHITNEY.....	166
ROBERT FULTON.....	171
DEWITT CLINTON AND THE ERIE CANAL.....	179
THE FIRST TRAIN.....	184
CYRUS H. MCCORMICK.....	189
SAMUEL MORSE.....	195
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.....	200
THOMAS A. EDISON.....	205
LUCRETIA MOTT.....	212
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.....	217
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....	220
ULYSSES S. GRANT.....	228
JAY COOKE.....	236
ROBERT E. LEE.....	243
GROVER CLEVELAND.....	248
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.....	255
CLARA BARTON.....	261
FRANCES E. WILLARD.....	266

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706-1790

IN America, the land of the free, any boy, rich or poor, may become a famous man. Many of our famous men began life as poor boys.

More than two hundred years ago Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston. His start in life was lowly. Constant work, attention to duty, and a readiness to grasp each opportunity carried him to the top.

Franklin was the youngest son in a family of seventeen. His father found it difficult to support such a large family. Each son had to do his part to help. After two years in school, Benjamin, then ten years old, began work making candles in his father's shop.

From early morning until late at night he cut wicks or helped dip them into the tallow. The work wearied him. With his active mind he could not stand doing the same thing over and over. He asked his father to let him try some other kind of work.

Benjamin's father wished to please him, and tried to find work for the boy in many trades. At last he decided to place him with a printer. An older brother had a printing house, so Benjamin was apprenticed to this brother to learn the trade.

During the day Benjamin set type; at night he read and studied in his room. His first book was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which he read and re-read until he knew it by heart. Then he sold it and bought a set of histories.

Benjamin's brother published a newspaper. The boy wanted to write for this paper, but thought that his brother would not print anything written by a boy. He wrote a story and slipped it under the office door. His brother found it, liked it, and printed it in the paper. People liked the story, so Benjamin wrote more.

Benjamin and his brother had many quarrels. These quarrels made Benjamin so unhappy that he decided to run away. One night he packed his few belongings, stole silently from the house, and started for New York.

On reaching New York he found no book-stores and but one printing house. Its owner advised him to go to Philadelphia. Said he: "There are more printing shops in Philadelphia and you may be able to find work there."

Undaunted, the seventeen-year-old lad started on his 50-mile walk across New Jersey to the Delaware River to get the boat to Philadelphia. While on this walk he had a fever. He remembered reading that cold water was a sure cure. After drinking several glasses of water he went to bed. In the morning he awoke perfectly well.

He reached the Delaware River only to find that the boat had just left. He was in despair. Tired, hungry, and almost penniless, he looked for a place to sleep. A kind-hearted woman gave him a good dinner and a bed for the night.

Early the next morning he walked to the river. There

at the wharf was a boat making ready for a trip to Philadelphia. Approaching its captain, Benjamin said, "I want to go to Philadelphia. May I help row the boat to pay for my passage?" "Come aboard!" replied the captain.

All day long Franklin helped row the boat down the river. Toward night they landed, to wait for daylight. Early the next morning, Sunday, they could see the city in the distance. A few hours later the boat reached the wharf. The tired boy started up High Street (now Market Street) looking for food.

A boy told him the way to a bake shop, where he purchased three large, puffy rolls. With one under each arm and eating the third he walked up the street. Young Deborah Reed, standing in her father's doorway, laughed at the ridiculous sight. She little thought that this odd looking boy would some day be her husband.

That Sunday afternoon Franklin spent in a Quaker meeting-house, where he soon fell fast asleep. After the meeting he went to an inn and had a good night's sleep.

Early the next morning Benjamin was looking for work. He went to Andrew Bradford, who published the "American Weekly Mercury," one of the first newspapers in America. Bradford had no place for him, but he introduced Franklin to Samuel Keimar, who employed him in his printing shop.

Franklin's uncle, who was at New Castle, urged him to return to Boston. Benjamin wrote to him telling his reasons for staying in Philadelphia. His uncle showed this letter to Governor Keith, who was so pleased with it that he called to see Franklin at Keimar's shop. The governor urged

Franklin to start in the printing business for himself. Franklin journeyed to Boston to secure aid from his father, but failed to obtain the money. Governor Keith then promised to help, and persuaded Benjamin to go to London to buy the necessary materials.

Day after day Franklin waited for aid from the governor. Weeks went by, but no news came. It was almost time to sail. Just before the ship sailed he heard that the governor would meet it at New Castle, so he embarked.

At New Castle the governor failed to appear, but many letters came aboard. Franklin thought that some of these letters might be for him, so he continued the voyage. He landed in London, however, with neither letters nor money.

He at once sought work, and secured a position in a printing shop. He worked hard and saved enough money for his return.

In 1726 Franklin returned to Philadelphia. For a short time he was a clerk in a store. Then Samuel Keimar again offered him a job in his printing shop. While here he did all the press work, cast type, and edited the material. His good work and the approval of his many friends made Keimar jealous. This annoyed Franklin so much that he decided to leave.

Meredith, a fellow-worker, suggested that Franklin and he should open a printing shop. Meredith's father was willing to advance some money, so the two workers planned to start in business.

In those days no printing material could be bought in the colonies. The partners must send to London for their press and type.

While they were waiting for their supplies to come from London, Keimar again asked Franklin to work for him. He had a large order from New Jersey for some engravings. Franklin accepted and built a copper-plate press to do the work. This was the first one ever used in America.

When their press and type arrived from England Meredith and Franklin opened their shop. At first business was dull; but little by little the two partners secured trade. They bought Keimar's newspaper and changed its name to the "Pennsylvania Gazette."

Its witty accounts of many happenings, its interesting statements of the news, and its many pages of advertisements soon made it the leading paper of the colony.

All printers of those days published almanacs. These gave the days of the months and foretold weather conditions. In December, 1732, Franklin issued an almanac called "Poor Richard's Almanac." This was different from any of the others. In addition to the dates and weather prophecies Franklin added bits of wisdom of his own and selections from the many books he had read. These became maxims and were told and retold by his readers. They were called "Poor Richard's sayings." Some of them are:

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Necessity is the mother of invention."

"Early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"The early bird catches the worm."

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

In 1758 Franklin selected many of these sayings, wove them into the story of his life, and used it as the preface to

his almanac of that year. This has been copied in nearly every language of the world and is one of the most widely read bits of literature in existence.

Franklin was always interested in Philadelphia, his adopted city. While attending to his own business he also found time to work to improve its condition.

Together with eleven friends he formed a debating society called the "Junto." They met every Friday evening to discuss scientific questions and the affairs of the city. Later this society became the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president. This society led by Franklin began many of the improvements made in early Philadelphia.

At Franklin's suggestion the members of the Junto brought books to the club room to lend to each other. When the books began to wear out their owners took them away. Gradually the small library disappeared. To begin a new one Franklin suggested that fifty people be secured who would contribute \$10 each and pay \$2.50 a year for the use of the books. After much work the money was secured and an order sent to London for the books.

Soon the meeting place of the Junto became too small for the library. They moved to a larger hall. The library continued to grow and is still in active use. Today it is housed in a fine old house at Juniper and Locust Streets. It is known as the Library Company of Philadelphia. This is not part of the city's free public library system.

In old Philadelphia there was no paid police force. A constable was appointed who had power to call householders to his assistance. Those who wished to avoid this duty

accepted and built a copper plate press to do the work, the first one ever set up in America.

When their press arrived from England, Franklin and Meredith opened their shop. Business was dull, but little by little the two partners secured trade, bought Keimar's newspaper, and changed its name to the "Pennsylvania Gazette." This paper soon became the leading one of the colony. Some of its features were its many pages of advertisements, its interesting statements of the news, and its witty accounts of many happenings.

All printers of those days published almanacs. These gave the days of the months and foretold weather conditions. In December, 1732, Franklin decided to issue an almanac. This he called "Poor Richard's Almanac." It was a novelty in almanacs. In addition to the dry collection of dates and weather prophecies, Franklin added bits of wisdom culled from his various readings and his own invention. It became most popular. The sayings became maxims and were told and retold by his readers. They were called "Poor Richard's Sayings." Two of them are:

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

"Necessity is the mother of invention."

In 1758 Franklin collected many of these sayings, wove them into a story, and used it as the preface to his almanac of that year. This has been copied in nearly every language of the world and is one of the most widely read bits of literature in existence.

II

In addition to these business ventures, Franklin was busy in other directions.

was opened. Three years later a charity school was added to provide for one hundred free pupils.

In 1799 this school became a college, later growing into the University of Pennsylvania. Franklin was one of the trustees of this college until a short time before his death.

While working to secure these public improvements he was making inventions and studying scientific problems.

Philadelphia winters were severe and the houses were cold. The only source of heat was the open fireplace, where you could toast your face and hands while your back was almost freezing. Franklin invented a stove that could be placed in the room and which would send heat in all directions. This stove heated the whole room. Now one could sit at the window to read or sew without being cold. Franklin refused to patent this invention. He did not wish to make money from things that gave people comfort.

Franklin was interested in electricity. He believed that lightning is a form of electricity. To prove this he suggested that a cage big enough to hold a man be placed on a high steeple during a thunder storm. Iron wires were to be fastened on the outside of the cage. There was no place in the city high enough for him to try this. His suggestions reached France and England. Scientists read them, and a Frenchman decided to try the experiment. A cage was built, exposed during a storm, and great sparks were secured from the iron wires. This showed that Franklin's belief about lightning was right.

While this was going on in France Franklin tried his famous experiment with the kite. He and his son, William, went to an open field near 8th and Race Streets. A silk

kite held by a silken thread was sent into the thunder clouds. At the end of the thread was a copper key. For a long time they waited in the shelter of an open shed. Their patience was at last rewarded. The fibres of the silken thread stood up. Franklin placed his knuckles near the key and a spark shot out. The shock he received convinced him that lightning and electricity is the same thing.

This discovery led to the invention of the lightning-rod. This was simply a pointed iron stick fastened above the highest parts of a building and connected by rods with the earth. During a storm these rods protect the house from lightning. Electricity is attracted to the points and is carried to the earth by the rods just as trolley wires carry electricity. This saves the house from damage. The lightning-rod is a familiar sight on buildings of today.

Franklin was a man with many interests. He worked for his city and he also labored for his country.

In 1753 the English king appointed Franklin Postmaster-general of the Colonies. When Franklin took the position the mail service was poor and the roads were worse. Regular mails were carried on horseback between New York and Philadelphia once a week in the summer and but once in two weeks in the winter. It took a month and a half to receive a reply from a letter sent from Philadelphia to Boston. There was no regular mail service to inland towns. These towns depended on chance travelers for their mail.

Franklin at once arranged to improve the roads. He increased the mail service between the larger cities and started mail routes to many of the smaller towns.

General Braddock asked Postmaster-general Franklin to secure wagons, horses, and food for the British army in Virginia. Franklin secured all the materials and food needed. For these services the British General sent him a letter of praise.

In 1764 the colony of Pennsylvania became dissatisfied with the government of the Penns. Franklin was sent to England to ask the king for a change of government. Soon after his arrival Parliament passed the Stamp Act. This prevented Franklin from securing the king's consent to a change of government for Pennsylvania.

Franklin opposed the Stamp Act and appeared before Parliament to urge them not to pass it.

After the Stamp Act was passed it aroused so much anger in America that Parliament listened to Franklin's advice and repealed it.

However, Parliament still wished to tax the colonies, and friends of the king proposed a tax on tea. Franklin told them that this tax would make the people in America angry. No one listened to him, and Parliament laid the tax. As Franklin had predicted, the American people became angry and excited. They did not like the tax and demanded that it be repealed. Each colony sent men to Philadelphia to meet and talk about the actions of the English Government. This body of men (the First Continental Congress) met in 1774. They made a petition demanding the right to lay their own taxes.

This petition was sent to Franklin to give to the king. Franklin made arrangements to present the petition to the king, but the king refused to receive it. He even threatened

to arrest Franklin. Franklin decided to leave England secretly. On March 21, 1775, he sailed for Philadelphia, arriving there a month and a half later.

He came home to stirring scenes. The battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought. Everywhere the people were preparing for more fighting. Delegates were sent to Philadelphia to form a second Congress. Pennsylvania made Franklin one of its delegates.

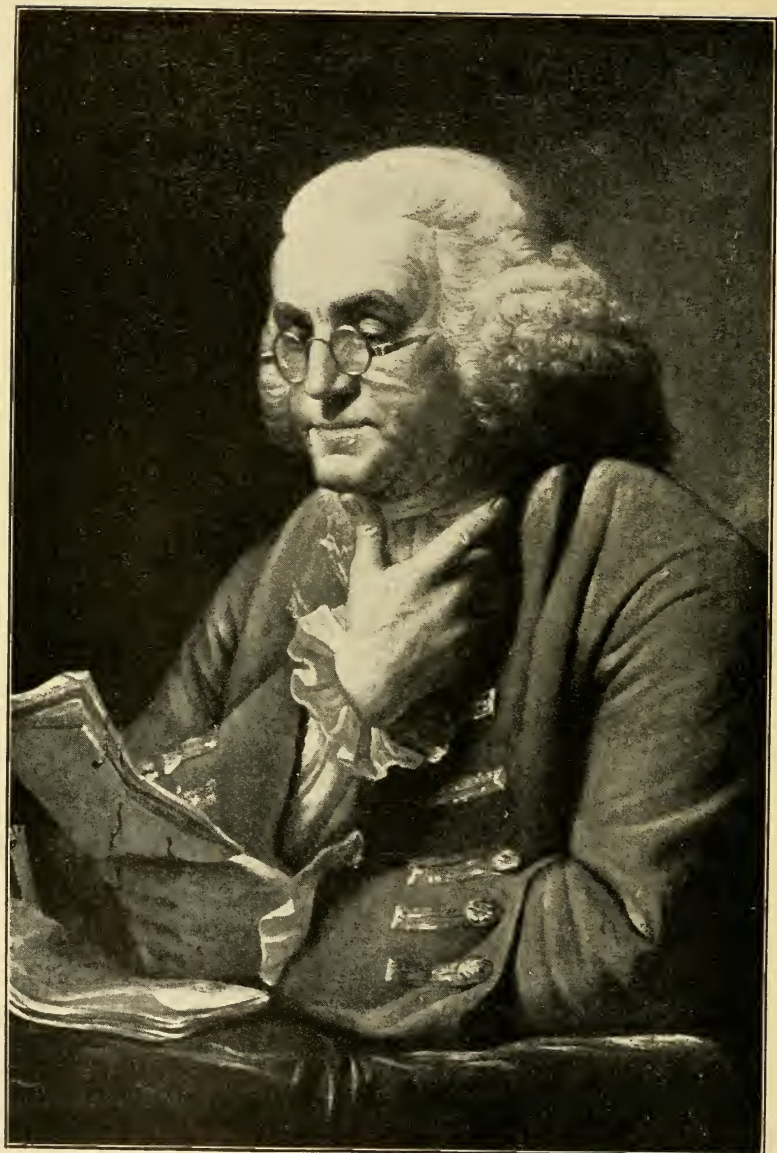
In 1775 this Congress (the Second Continental Congress) met in Philadelphia. Franklin was one of the leaders. One of the first things this Congress did was to make George Washington commander-in-chief of the American army.

Later Franklin and two other men were sent to Boston to secure supplies for this army. This was a difficult task. There was little money and supplies were scarce. Nevertheless Franklin succeeded. When he returned to Philadelphia Congress was discussing independence. Franklin at once used his influence in favor of independence.

Congress appointed a committee to write a declaration of independence. Franklin was a member of the committee. The committee met in a house on the northwest corner of 7th and Market Streets, Philadelphia. Thomas Jefferson wrote the paper, but Franklin helped with many suggestions.

While the members of Congress were signing this Declaration of Independence John Adams said, "We must all hang together." "Yes," said Franklin, "if we don't hang together we shall all hang separately."

The Declaration of Independence did not make the colonies independent. A long, hard war had to be fought



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Portrait at Phila. Academy
of Fine Arts.

and won. The colonies were small and poor; Great Britain was powerful and rich. The new government must seek help. France did not like England. If we could get France to help us our task would be easier.

Franklin's writings were well known in France and the French people liked him. Here was the man to send for aid. Congress chose him at once. Franklin sailed for France to ask them for supplies and money.

He landed in France and was received with honors by the French king. Franklin told the king about America and induced him to make gifts and to lend large sums of money without interest.

Franklin talked with many Frenchmen and filled them with a desire to help. Secret expeditions were prepared and started to America to assist the struggling colonists.

France looked on eagerly. She was longing for a good chance to aid America openly, but the English successes in New York and New Jersey made her cautious. While France was hesitating, news of the great American victory at Saratoga arrived. A whole English army had surrendered to the Americans.

Franklin seized this opportunity. He carried the news to the French king. "We are going to win," said he. "You must help us more. Now is the time for you to recognize America as an independent nation." Shortly after this France recognized our independence. Franklin still worked in France for the American cause and secured more money and ships and soldiers.

With the aid thus secured the Americans defeated the English at Yorktown, and England asked for peace. Frank-

lin was one of the peace commissioners. His wisdom, sagacity, and insight helped to secure the full blessings of victory to the American people.

Franklin, who was now nearly eighty years old, was weary and wanted to return to his home. He resigned his position and prepared to leave France. Before he left for home a dinner was given in his honor. At this dinner the English ambassador, rising, gave the toast,

"To England, the sun, whose bright beams enlighten the remotest corner of the earth."

The French ambassador said,

"To France, the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness."

Then Franklin rose and said,

"To George Washington, the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still."

He left Paris on July 12, 1785, and his journey through France was an ovation. Crowds gathered to see him and honor the great American. Two months later he was received with many honors in Philadelphia on the very spot where sixty-two years before he had landed, a runaway apprentice.

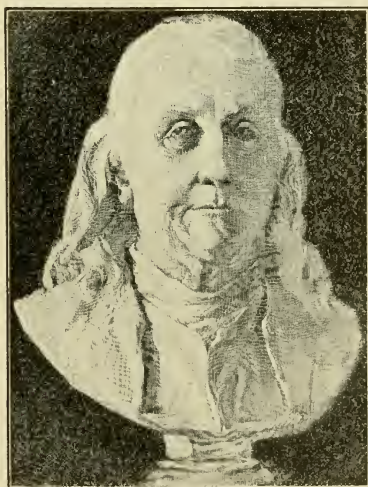
Despite his years, the people of Pennsylvania chose him for their governor. Franklin believed that public officers should not be paid, so he gave his salary to help establish a college at Lancaster.

When his term of office expired he returned to private life for a while. His mind was still active and he amused himself by making labor-saving appliances.

In May, 1787, the aged statesman was recalled to public life as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. He played a leading part in making our Constitution and in inducing the states to accept it.

On April 17, 1790, Benjamin Franklin died at his home in Philadelphia. He was buried in Christ Church graveyard. His grave at 5th and Arch Streets is marked by a simple flat stone. Frequently one can see people pause, amid the noise and bustle of the busy city, remove their hats, and stand in silent homage there.

So passed "A great scientist, a great philosopher, a great diplomat, one of the greatest among the many great men of his day—Benjamin Franklin—above all else, a great American."



FRANKLIN.

SAMUEL ADAMS

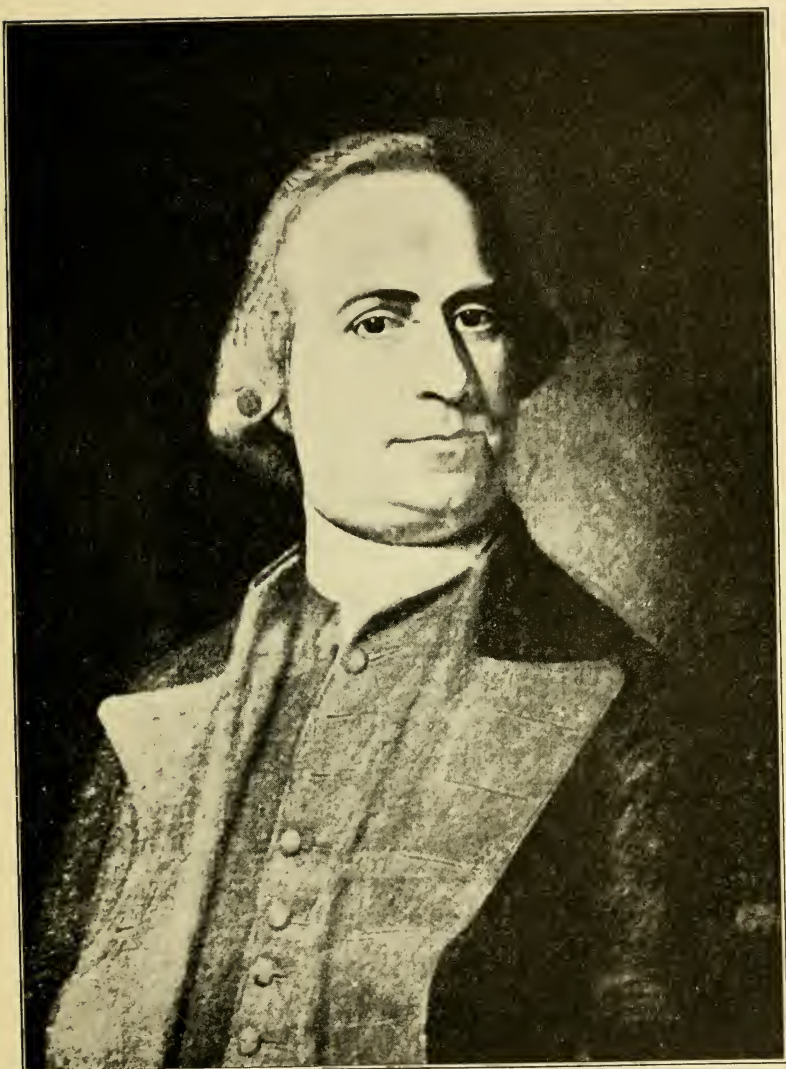
1722-1803

BORN in the same city as Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, the son of wealthy parents, won fame and honor in his native place. His father was a well-known merchant and an active worker in the life of the city.

Little is known of Samuel's boyhood days. He attended one of the public schools in Boston, and was graduated from college. When he was nearly twenty-one years old his father lost most of his money.

Samuel did not do very well at first. He started to be a minister; he also studied law. Then he gave up these ideas and entered mercantile life. He was never a success in business. His first job was clerking in Mr. Cushing's store. He stayed but a few months. After leaving this job his father gave him \$5000 to set up in business for himself. At once he loaned half of this sum to a friend and then quickly lost the other half in his business. His father and he opened a malt house. This too was a failure.

When Samuel was twenty-six years old his father died, leaving him one-third of what was left of the estate. At twenty-seven he married, living in a small house on the river front.



Bradford Photo.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

From portrait in
Independence Hall.

For some time he had been writing on political topics for the newspapers and taking an active part in the affairs of the town. In these matters he was a great success. He had found his life work.

His interests were many and he had many positions. He was a member of the school committee, an inspector of chimneys, a fire warden, a member of the committee to take precautions against the spread of smallpox, a member of the Assembly, and for eight years a tax collector for the town. These positions show how important he was in the town affairs.

The closing of the French and Indian War brought many money problems to solve. New England had been active in this war. Money had to be found to pay the bills. England had paid most of them and was trying to find a way to make the colonies repay the amount.

All through New England shipping was a most important industry. It was a common practice to bring goods to the ports and land them without paying duties. This was called smuggling. The best people of the country did this. Today we think it a crime. At that time it was an everyday affair.

This smuggling, of course, made England lose the money from the duties. She decided to stop the practice. Old navigation laws were revived. Later, "Writs of Assistance" were granted, giving the collector the power to enter a man's house to search it for goods that had not been taxed. These writs, of course, were unpopular. Long years of smuggling made the colonists feel that England had no right to stop it.

James Otis, a patriot of the times, resigned his position as lawyer for the king. He took the side of the people. In a famous speech at a trial for smuggling he used the words that later became the watchword of the Revolution, "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed, and news of it had come to America. The whole country rang with fierce words against it and the English Government.

Samuel Adams began to take an active part in the government of the city. In a paper Adams denounced this Act, and suggested that all the colonies should unite to resist it. So early in his career he was looking forward to his great idea of independence. After this he suggested a non-importation agreement.

He was made a member of the legislature of Massachusetts and became its clerk or secretary. From that time on he was the directing power in this legislature. Nearly all of its papers were written by Samuel Adams.

Adams loved his own country and hated England because of her harsh measures. He was opposed to the colonies sending representatives to Parliament. Some had suggested this; but he said, "No." To him nothing but independence would do.

In May, 1766, news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was brought to Boston. Here was a victory, but it was short lived. Almost immediately another tax bill passed. This laid a tax on many goods brought to the colonies, but the one that aroused most interest and anger was the tax on tea.

Samuel Adams decided something must be done. He could not do all the work himself. He must have help.

He started at once to teach the people. He proposed to the legislature that they form a committee to write to all the towns of New England. This committee should tell these towns what was happening in Boston and at the same time spread the thought of resistance. The legislature appointed the committee, making Samuel Adams a member. This committee was called the Committee of Correspondence.

They wrote their letters and waited for answers. The idea became popular. A great many towns formed similar committees. Letters went back and forth, so that the people were gradually brought to the thought of sticking together to resist the harsh acts of the English Government.

As soon as the Committee of Correspondence was appointed the governor compelled the legislature to adjourn. A convention was soon called to take its place.

An old law was revived under which steps were taken to send Samuel Adams to England for trial for treason. These failed, and Adams kept on working steadily.

In 1768 two British regiments arrived in the port of Boston. They landed and were quartered in the town. The sleeping opposition of the people was at once aroused. "Why should British soldiers be placed in our town?" and "Why should we have to pay for their keep?" were the questions of the excited town folk.

The Assembly reconvened. Adams at once presented resolutions demanding the withdrawal of the troops. The governor replied that he had no authority to do this.

News of Patrick Henry's resolutions in the House of Burgesses, Virginia, now reached the Assembly. They were adopted at once. The city was aflame with indignation.

A non-importation agreement was adopted by the merchants of the town. Those who received English goods had their names posted in public places. New York suggested that this agreement be continued until the revenue acts were repealed. This, too, was adopted. The non-importation agreement was spreading over the country.

The presence of the red-coats kept the people excited. Numerous conflicts occurred between them and the people. The greatest offenders were the men from the rope-walk or factory. Daily these men insulted the soldiers. From these insults small riots started. One of these caused the soldiers to fire, killing several of the townspeople. This incident is called by the big name "Boston Massacre." At once the calls for the removal of the soldiers redoubled in violence.

A town meeting was called in old South Church. Through the crowded streets passed Samuel Adams, hatless, his white hair glistening in the sun. Bowing in every direction he whispered, "Both regiments or none." The meeting started. They demanded the removal of the troops. Some one offered to remove one regiment. "Both regiments or none," insisted the people. Governor Hutchinson refused.

A committee was appointed to see him. Samuel Adams headed the committee, marching through the narrow streets followed by the people. Again they were refused.

They returned to the Old South Church. On all sides the watchword, "Both regiments or none," rang out.

A second committee waited on the governor. This time he yielded and the soldiers were withdrawn to the "Castle" in the harbor. "Sam Adams' regiments," as the English now called them, had left the town.

The Committee of Correspondence continued their work. All the news was sent to the various towns and their interest and help asked for. More than anything else this committee kept alive the interest of the people and drew them into closer bonds of union.

A new source of trouble and unrest now started. The English Government had decided to tax tea. News of tea-laden ships starting for America reached the colonies. October 18th the port of Philadelphia requested the agents of the Tea Company to resign. They did. Boston did the same, demanding that the representatives of the Tea Company appear under the "Liberty Tree" to state what they would do. The representatives refused.

The Committee of Correspondence at once sent out its letters. All the nearby towns on Massachusetts Bay replied, agreeing to help resist the landing of the tea.

On November 28th a ship laden with tea entered the harbor and anchored under the protection of the guns of the warships lying there. Later two more ships arrived.

Meanwhile a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. The people demanded that the tea be sent back to England. The Tea Company said it had no power to send the tea back. Armed colonists watched the tea ships. They planned to be sure that no tea was landed.

All over the city placards were posted, giving the news from the other towns. A meeting was called in Faneuil Hall. It was too small for the crowds. They left, going to Old South Church. The meeting-house was packed to the doors. Outside in the streets an anxious crowd filled every available space. Something must be done soon. Tomorrow

was the last day. Then the revenue officers could seize the tea and land it under the ships' guns. Resolutions demanding that the governor order the return of the ships were sent to Governor Hutchinson. The messenger returned with his refusal.

Samuel Adams rose, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was a signal. At once a war whoop rang out. Citizens dressed like Indians dashed through the church, out into the streets, and hurried to the wharves. They boarded the ships, joined by other citizens. The chests of tea were opened into the sea. Three hundred and forty-two chests of tea went overboard. Quietly the tea-party withdrew and paraded home. The "party" was a great success. News of this action was sent all over the colonies. Paul Revere rode into Philadelphia with the news just before Christmas.

Adams now openly talked of independence and became a marked man. A price was put on his head by the English Government. They tried to capture him, but always failed.

In quick succession moved the events of the time. Boston Harbor was closed, the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought, the great war for our independence had begun.

In Philadelphia the First Continental Congress met. Samuel Adams was a delegate from Massachusetts. He could be seen moving quietly around talking to this member and to that, telling his news and quietly spreading his idea of independence.

Then the Second Continental Congress met. Adams was again present. This Congress was more determined.

Independence had more friends. Samuel Adams did not dare to make a motion about declaring independence. He feared that the delegates would refuse to vote for it if he did. Instead he talked quietly to the delegates until they were in the right mood. Then Richard Henry Lee moved a declaration of independence. Samuel Adams was delighted. He had brought about the great aim of his life.

Samuel Adams was active at all times during the Revolution and during the time we were governed by the Articles of Confederation.

These Articles were too weak. Some time after the war ended a convention was called to make a new Constitution. When this was done the various states were asked to approve. In Massachusetts Samuel Adams for a long time opposed the new Constitution. He was in favor of town meeting government. Finally, however, he decided to urge the ratification of the Constitution. Massachusetts at once adopted it.

Later Samuel Adams was elected governor of Massachusetts, serving three different terms and filling the office honorably and creditably.

Aged eighty-one years Samuel Adams passed away. He was buried in Boston. His grave, marked by a simple stone, is still in King's Chapel Churchyard.

Throughout this long period of public service Samuel Adams gave his whole time to the service of his country. His only income was his salary as clerk of the Assembly. He gave no thought to his personal fortune. Every effort was for his country.

PATRICK HENRY

1736-1799

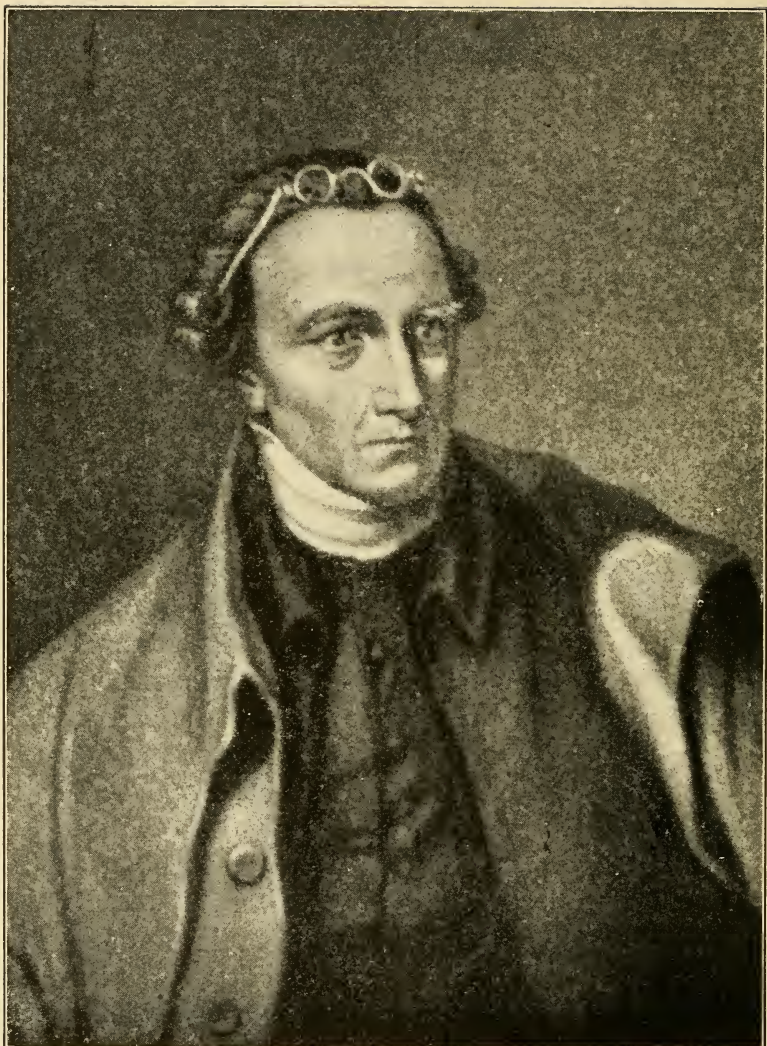
NEW England boys were not the only ones to become famous. This is the story of a southern lad, Patrick Henry, a native of Virginia.

The schools in Virginia were very poor. Patrick went to a common English school until he was ten years old. After that he was taught at home by his father.

Patrick Henry was not fond of his school nor of his books. He liked to wander off into the woods, looking at the beautiful trees, and listening to the singing of the birds. He would lie for hours on his back looking at the waving branches overhead, thinking of nature and man. One of his greatest joys was fishing. He could spend hours watching his cork bob up and down on the placid waters of the river. Who can say that these hours spent in quiet thought were not to prepare him to take his mighty part in forging the new nation on this side of the Atlantic?

Throughout his life this love of nature persisted. After working hard he took his relaxation in the woods, either hunting or fishing.

When he was fifteen years old he became a clerk in a country store. At sixteen his father bought him a store and set him up in business.



Underwood Photo.

PATRICK HENRY.

From old portrait.

In those days the village store was the gathering place of the debaters of the town. Patrick used to ask questions, making the debaters tell him their opinions. He carefully concealed his own. Thus he was learning the attitude of the people and learning how to read the popular mind.

The store was a failure. After a year he had to sell out to pay his debts.

He married at eighteen years of age and turned farmer. Three years later his successes were turned into failure by the burning of his houses. Selling some of his slaves, he started another store. The times were against him. The tobacco crop failed. He could not pay his debts. It is true, trade was good, but no one had money to pay. Again he gave up the store.

What should he do? His family had to be fed and clothed. He studied law for six weeks, took the examination, and passed.

He had found his life work. His first case of value was the suit of the ministers against the colony for the increase in their salaries. The king had ordered that each minister should receive more tobacco as pay. The crop failed. Tobacco rose in value so that the old amount equalled that which the king now ordered to be given the clergy. The Assembly voted not to give the additional tobacco. The clergy sued the colony for their allowance. Patrick Henry represented the colony. His eloquence won. He boldly stated that the king was tyrannous to order the increase after the House of Burgesses had refused it. His fame as a lawyer was established.

Many cases came to him, and he was able to take care of his family.

He was now twenty-eight years old. His county sent him to the House of Burgesses. Troublous days were ahead. Calamity was in the air. Great unrest was everywhere in the various colonies.

Over in England a young and unwise man was king, George III. A great war had been won by England, and the treasury was nearly empty. The colonies were a great cost. Why not make them help pay? So the king argued. Unfortunately for England, he chose the wrong way. A Stamp Act was passed in 1765. In each colony every newspaper, all contracts, all wills, and many other papers had to bear a stamp.

At once trouble began in the colonies. Why? Today we must do things like this. Stamps must be placed on various papers. No one objects. What caused the trouble in 1765? The colonies objected because England made this tax without asking their consent.

In Virginia many spoke of objecting, but Patrick Henry said, "Resist." He presented resolutions in the House of Burgesses. In these he said that all the colonists had the same rights and privileges as men and women born in England. He declared that no one had the right to tax the people but their representatives in their own legislature.

The House of Burgesses was astonished. This was an attack on the king. Many of the members started forward in their chairs. Patrick Henry rose to speak. His uncouth clothes, his shuffling form, and his hesitating speech made them marvel why he tried to speak. Gradually he forgot

himself, thought only of his people and their rights. His voice rang out, his audience began to listen, to become convinced. Suddenly he declaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III"—he paused; cries of "treason, treason," resounded from the delegates—"may profit by their example," he continued. "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The resolutions were adopted by a majority of one vote. His speech rang through all the colonies, strengthening and encouraging the patriots.

You will remember how Samuel Adams proposed committees of correspondence in Massachusetts. We are now to go a long step forward. A Virginian suggested that each colony form a committee and so keep in touch with the happenings in the other colonies. In this way the work done today by our newspapers was accomplished. Patrick Henry became the leading member of the Virginia committee.

The English Government repealed the Stamp Act, but passed the tax on tea. So the unrest in America continued.

Patrick Henry was made a member of a convention to meet in Virginia. This convention chose him one of the delegates to meet with the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia.

Up to this time no one was talking of independence. No one was thinking of resistance, except a few earnest men like Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry.

He returned to Virginia. He went to the convention, now taking the place of the House of Burgesses. Here he made the greatest speech of his career. His reputation as an orator had been made. When he rose to speak all listened

eagerly. Rapidly he told of the harsh acts of England, of the troubles in Massachusetts, of the possibility of similar measures coming to Virginia, and then he said, "I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

This speech carried the day and resolutions placing the colony in a position of defence were passed.

His next step was to organize the militia. As in Boston, the English Government ordered the removal of the gunpowder stored in Richmond. This was done at night. Patrick Henry and his militia-men marched on the governor's house. They could not secure the powder. It was gone! They compelled payment for it and a promise that it would be returned.

In Virginia he advocated a Declaration of Independence. His eloquence induced the legislature to pass a resolution telling its delegates to the Second Continental Congress to introduce a motion declaring the colonies free and independent states.

Patrick Henry was a member of the Second Continental Congress. His voice was raised constantly in favor of independence. He helped develop this idea. Unfortunately, he was compelled to return to Virginia, so did not sign the Declaration of Independence.

On his return to Virginia Patrick Henry was made a colonel and commander of all the forces of the colony. He did not shine in military life. Disagreement among the councils caused him to resign and return to private life.

Later on, as governor of Virginia for five terms, he played a great part in the strengthening of his state.

In 1789 Patrick Henry opposed the ratification of the Constitution by Virginia. He felt that the new government would be too strong; that it would soon become a monarchy.

Fortunately, the majority did not agree with him this time, and Virginia ratified the Constitution.

Patrick Henry was easily the greatest orator of his day. His earnest conviction of the righteousness of the American cause, his earnest words to the American people, and his constant hard work toward bringing about the success of this cause were most powerful in helping bring the Revolutionary War to a happy conclusion.

Patrick Henry died quietly at his home, aged sixty-three years, the same year that George Washington passed away.

THE PHILADELPHIA TEA PARTY

WRESTLING with the wilderness to make homes, struggling each day to get the bare necessities of life made the American colonists a strong, sturdy people. This strange, new life, where each one had to be a real man, made them self-reliant and independent. The mother country was far distant. It had made little attempt to make the Americans obey English law. Now a change had come. The Stamp Act had caused much excitement, but it had been repealed. Then Parliament made a new tax law. All tea brought to America had to be taxed. The tax was low, indeed, but it made the people angry. They wanted to lay their own taxes. The colonists thought that England had no right to tax them. All over the colonies the people banded together to refuse to pay the tax.

In some places tea was dumped into the sea, in other places stored in damp cellars and made to spoil. No one would buy the tea.

Philadelphia was active in this opposition and the citizens arranged a "tea party" of their own. Word came that tea ships were sailing up the river. The citizens' committee wrote a little letter. This was printed and a copy given to each pilot on the river. Copies of these papers are still in existence and are most interesting.

T O

Capt. AYRES,

Of the SHIP *POLLUX*, on a Voyage from *London* to *Philadelphia*.

S I R,

WE are informed that you have, imprudently, taken Charge of a Quantity of Tea; which has been sent out by the *India Company*, under the *Auspices of the Ministry*, as a Trial of *American Virtue* and *Resolution*.

Now, as your Cargo, on your Arrival here, will most assuredly bring you into hot water; and as you are perhaps a *Stranger to the é Paris*, we have concluded to advise you of the present Situation of Affairs in *Philadelphia*---that, taking Time by the Forelock, you may stop short in your dangerous Errand---secure your Ship against the Rafts of combustible Matter which may be set on Fire, and turned loose against her; and more than all this, that you may preserve your own Person, from the Pitch and Feathers that are prepared for you.

In the first Place, we must tell you, that the *Pennsylvanians* are, to a *Man*, passionately fond of Freedom; the Birthright of *Americans*; and at all Events are determined to enjoy it.

That they sincerely believe, no Power on the Face of the Earth has a Right to tax them without their Consent.

That in their Opinion, the Tea in your Custody is designed by the Ministry to enforce such a Tax, which they will undoubtedly oppose; and in so doing, give you every possible Obstruction.

We are nominated to a very disagreeable, but necessary Service.--- To our Care are committed all Offenders against the Rights of *America*; and hapless is he, whose evil Destiny has doomed him to suffer at our Hands.

You are sent out on a diabolical Service; and if you are so foolish and obstinate as to compleat your Voyage; by bringing your Ship to Anchor in this Port; you may run such a Gauntlet, as will induce you, in your last Moments, most heartily to curse those who have made you the Dupe of their Avarice and Ambition.

What think you Captain, of a Halter around your Neck---ten Gallons of liquid Tar decanted on your Pace---with the Feathers of a dozen wild Geese laid over that to enliven your Appearance?

Only think seriously of this---and fly to the Place from whence you came---fly without Hesitation---without the Formality of a Protest---and above all, Captain *Ayres* let us advise you to fly without the wild Geese Feathers.

Your Friends to serve

Philadelphia, Nov. 27, 1773

THE COMMITTEE as before subscribed

PHOTOGRAPH OF OLD PRINTED LETTER OR "*Broadside*" SENT TO CAPT. AYRES.

From original in Penna. Historical Society.

The letter warned the pilots not to bring the ship up the Delaware. The letter said, "All agree that tar and feathers will be his portion who pilots her into the harbor." Each pilot was requested to show a copy to Captain Ayres in command of the tea ship "Polly."

The letters warned Captain Ayres that burning rafts would be sent against his ship, and that he would be tarred and feathered if he were caught. "What think you, Captain, of a halter around your neck, ten gallons of liquid tar decanted on your pate, with the feathers of a dozen wild geese laid over that to enliven your appearance?"

Thus was the hospitality of the city offered to Captain Ayres. He was advised to fly without the geese feathers!

The ship "Polly" reached Chester. Here it stopped. The letter was given to Captain Ayres. He read it carefully. Tar and feathers did not appeal to him, so he turned about and returned to England. No other tea ship came to Philadelphia. The captains did not wish to provoke the patriotic citizens.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732-1799

ANOTHER southern boy, who became one of the greatest men who ever lived, was George Washington, who was born in Virginia in a small town near the Potomac River. Soon after his birth the house was burned. The family moved to a place near the iron works on the Rappahannock River.

Washington was a large, big-boned boy. He was strong and fond of sports. Good schools were rare in Virginia in those days. The nearest school to his home was a very poor one. He attended this school for a time and was also taught by his mother. Washington's mother was a born leader. She was resolute, determined, and a great lover of the truth. Washington inherited these traits of character from her.

At school he met Richard Henry Lee. This friendship grew and continued throughout their lives.

George's brother, Augustine, married. The boy Washington went to live with him, so that he could attend a good school near his brother's house. He stayed with him until he was sixteen years old.

Tales of adventure in the army and of the wonders of the sea were told to the boy. He became filled with a desire

to go to sea. Another brother, Lawrence, secured him a commission as midshipman. His uniform was bought, his chest packed, and himself ready to board the ship. But it was not to be. His mother said "No." Like a dutiful son, George obeyed, gave up the glories of the sea, and returned to school.

At this time George began to study surveying. For a long time he worked hard, making surveys and plots of all the land around the schoolhouse. These were done with skill and accuracy.

Meanwhile his brother Lawrence became a captain of Virginia troops. These went to Jamaica to assist English forces there. On his return to Virginia, he married. About this time their father died, leaving the estate on the Potomac to Lawrence. He called it Mount Vernon. On the summit of the hill, overlooking the calm waters of the Potomac, he built a fine mansion for his bride. This was later to become George Washington's home.

A few miles away, at Belvoir, lived Lord Fairfax, one of the richest men in the colony. He owned enormous estates, so large that he did not even know their boundaries. The Fairfaxes lived in good old English style. They were neighbors and relations of Lawrence Washington. The two families frequently visited each other. Of course, George came to his brother's and so became acquainted with Lord Fairfax. This soon ripened into friendship and mutual regard. They talked together, camped out, and hunted.

One day rumors of people settling on Lord Fairfax's land came in. This could not be permitted. But first the land must be surveyed. George Washington was asked to

do the work. He was just sixteen years old. The surveying party was made up. Lord Fairfax's cousin, George Washington, and a few others formed the group.

It was winter time and very cold. Picture the task before them. Through huge forests, along untrodden paths, by unexplored streams, over hills and valleys they must go. But a stout heart and a strong body can do anything. Undaunted, away they started. After four weeks of hard work, combined with adventures and hardships, they finished the job, returning to their homes.

Lord Fairfax was pleased. Now he had exact knowledge of his boundaries and an accurate map.

Other people wished their estates marked out. George Washington was appointed public surveyer of the colony. He held this position for three years. The surveys he made have stood the test of time. So accurate were they that they are still in use.

The knowledge of the woods and land, obtained while surveying, was to be useful to him. Stirring times were coming. Rumors of the advance of the French into the English lands were coming across the mountains. Each returning wanderer through the wilderness told a new tale of French forts and French work with the Indians. They were nearing the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers. Efforts must be made to strengthen the English claims.

Meanwhile Washington was preparing. He studied military rules, drilled, and took lessons with the sword. Governor Dinwiddie decided to send a messenger to the French warning them that they were trespassing on English land. He chose Washington.

Now his long experience in the woods would be useful. With Christopher Gist, two interpreters, and four frontiersmen he started on the long journey to the Ohio River. Snow and rain made travel almost impossible. Still they pressed on through the forests. At last the Monongahela was reached. It was swollen and rushed swiftly along. The horses could not carry the baggage and swim the river. So the baggage was placed in canoes and floated down to the meeting-place. The men and horses swam across.

They followed the river banks toward the Ohio. Washington saw that the junction of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers would be an ideal place for a fort.

He busied himself talking with the Indians, trying to undo the work of the French. Finally, he persuaded some to go with him to the French commander. Reaching the fort, they were received with every courtesy. Washington knew, however, that the French were trying to coax his Indians to leave him. Finally, the French officer gave him an answer to carry back to the governor.

It was in the heart of winter, the day after Christmas. Heavy snows had fallen. The cold was intense. The horses were weak from lack of food. They could scarcely carry their packs. Progress was very slow. At last Washington decided to take Gist and go ahead, leaving the others to follow with the horses. They pushed on. An Indian appeared, fired at them, and vanished. They knew he would go for help. It was necessary to reach the river that night. On they pushed, half-frozen, their cold, numb fingers clinging to their guns.

There, at last, was the river, but it was not frozen over!

They must cross. With a small hatchet they prepared a raft and pushed off just before dark. Washington was pushing on a long pole. A cake of ice crashed against the pole and he was thrown into ten feet of ice-cold water. With great effort he managed to reach the raft. Shivering and cold, they tried to guide the raft across the river, but the swift current carried them down the stream. Just as darkness was falling they reached a small island.

Abandoning the raft, they went ashore, spending the night alone on the island in the midst of the river. Picture the two men, wet to the skin, spending this cold winter night on the bleak island. When morning dawned the river was frozen, so they walked ashore. Soon they reached a dwelling, where hardy pioneers welcomed the cold shivering men, drawing them close to the warm fire.

They secured horses and hurried home. Washington gave Dinwiddie much valuable information about the country, the attitude of the Indians, and the ideas of the French. Washington now knew more about the roads and forests than any other man in that part of Virginia. Governor Dinwiddie decided to send a force to build a fort where Pittsburgh now stands. Washington was to command. Companies were formed and drilled.

Meanwhile the French had built a fort there, calling it Fort Duquesne.

The Virginians, led by Washington, started out. In order to move their light cannon they had to build roads as they went along. They reached the Ohio in good order. Then they discovered the French fort. Some difficulties occurred with a French advance regiment. Washington

ordered his men to fire—the first gun fired in the French and Indian War.

Falling back about ten miles, the Virginians constructed a hasty fort, calling it Fort Necessity. Washington knew that he could not hold this against the French unless reinforcements arrived. The French attacked. The Virginians defended the fort bravely, but it fell. Their bravery was recognized. The French permitted them to march away with their arms and ammunition.

Washington was now made a Colonel and Commander-in-chief of all the Virginian forces. These forces were few in number and pitifully equipped. They had little pay, scanty clothing, and practically no arms or ammunition. Nevertheless many influences were at work to send this force on. Colonel Washington in a letter to Lord Fairfax gave him all the facts, asking him to use his influence to prevent the order to march forward. This he did.

Soon a new force appeared in the field. A large English army of finely equipped men landed, led by Major-General Braddock. Braddock was a veteran of many wars. He knew perfectly how to handle his men under regular rules of fighting. He did not know the Indians nor their ways of warfare. A man like Washington, who knew the ground thoroughly, would be most useful in this expedition. General Braddock invited him to become his aide.

The expedition started. The soldiers, erect, handsomely clad, with polished arms, made a gay and impressive sight. Laden with wagonloads of provisions and heavy guns, the line advanced slowly. Each stream had to be bridged. Roads had to be built or repaired.

Suddenly, while they were marching in parade order, shots rang out. Men fell, but no enemy could be seen. The firing seemed to be everywhere. The English replied, sending volley after volley into the woods, though they could see no one. They formed in a compact square, making a fine target for the hidden Indian sharpshooters.

Braddock fell mortally wounded. The soldiers began to run. At this point Washington assumed command. He placed his Virginia troops behind trees, returned the Indians' fire, and covered the retreat of the English. His skill saved the remnants of the army from total destruction.

About this time Lawrence Washington's daughter died and George became the owner of Mount Vernon. He married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Custis, and settled down on his estate. He worked early and late to make it the best in the colony. His neighbors, however, would not let him remain in private life. He was elected to the House of Burgesses.

The Stamp Act and the tax on tea had, as you have read, caused great opposition in the colonies. Up in Massachusetts the port of Boston had been closed to commerce by the English. A call was sent out for delegates of all the colonies to meet in Philadelphia.

The Virginia House of Burgesses appointed George Washington one of her seven delegates. In company with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton he rode on horseback from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. It took five days.

This congress, called the First Continental Congress, met in Carpenter's Hall, now on a little court running south from Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, between Third and

Fourth streets. Then it had an open view to the Delaware River. Large trees were all around it. Today it is surrounded by tall buildings, hidden so completely that it is almost invisible from the street.

Washington was not an active figure at the meetings, but he was a powerful member and a great worker on the various committees. This Congress did little but pass a Declaration of Rights, which was sent to King George III. Its greatest work was the friendships made among the various delegates. It paved the way for the second congress.

Returning to Virginia, Washington made a report to the House of Burgesses. He recommended that the colony begin at once the training of soldiers. His clear foresight saw battles in the near future. Prepare for the trouble was his idea.

Companies sprang up all over the colony. Each chose Washington as their commander. This made him practically the commander-in-chief of all. Drilling went on actively.

In 1775 the Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, this time in the state house now called Independence Hall. The delegates assembled. They knew each other and trusted each other. The air was full of excitement. The delegates looked determined.

In Massachusetts the iron hand of the king was being felt. Soldiers had been sent to take charge of the city of Boston.

In the small towns of Lexington and Concord, just outside of Boston, the patriots had stored quantities of powder. The English soldiers marched to remove this. Paul Revere

rode through the night to warn the Americans. Men sprang to arms all over New England. They were well named "minute men," for they came at a minute's notice. Hastily snatching up their muskets, they hurried toward Lexington. They opposed the English soldiers. The first guns of the Revolution were fired. Americans fell on Lexington Green.

All the powder was safely hidden before the English reached Concord. The English soldiers were now compelled to return to Boston. But their return was most difficult. All along their line of march hidden minute men poured shot after shot into their ranks. They hurried, they ran panting to Lexington, where reinforcements from Boston were waiting. The tired troops rushed to the green and sank exhausted on the ground. American minute men had faced and defeated the trained English soldiers.

News of these stirring events reached the Congress in Philadelphia. John Adams suggested that Congress adopt this New England army and appoint a commander. Many of those present thought this was New England's own trouble and that a New England man should command. Not so John Adams; he saw clearly that the whole country was in danger. He knew that it must cease to be a sectional fight. So he suggested that a Virginian delegate should be made the commander.

All knew whom he meant. There sat George Washington in his military uniform. His successes in the French and Indian War were known. He was the best known military man in the country. A delegate from Maryland nominated him and he was chosen.

Washington was reluctant to accept. He did not think

himself qualified, but neither could he refuse the call of his country for his services.

He accepted, and again he was on horseback, riding to Boston. On the way a courier met them bearing news of the Battle of Bunker Hill. "Did they stand the fire of the regular troops?" Washington asked anxiously. "That they did, and held their own fire in reserve until the enemy was within eight rods," replied the courier.

"Then the liberties of the country are safe," said Washington.

He rode to Cambridge. There on the Public Common, under a great elm, he took command of the army. And such an army! Men from all over the country; no uniforms, not enough guns; very little powder, no discipline. Each man thought himself as good as his officers. They had not learned to obey. With this raw material an army had to be formed to oppose drilled regular troops. It was, indeed, a giant's task.

The British held Boston. South of the city was a range of low hills, known as Dorchester Heights. Washington secretly seized the hills and mounted his cannon. Boston was besieged. Under Washington's guns the British fleet floated quietly in the harbor. "Leave the city or we'll blow your ships out of the water" was the message to the English from the American general.

General Howe planned to take the Heights. Rains caused delay. The Americans strengthened their fortifications. An attack now would mean great losses for the English. They remembered Bunker Hill and the terrible accuracy of the American sharpshooters.

General Howe ordered the retreat. The troops embarked and the ships sailed away. So Boston and New England were rid of the enemy.

Many of the minute men had now gone home. Washington's army became smaller, yet he knew that New York would be the next point to guard. If an enemy army should hold this place, the country would be divided. Washington hurried to New York. The enemy appeared. Washington had to retreat. The darkest days of the Revolution began.

The little American army hurried for safety across New Jersey. A large army of English followed closely. Washington's men barely left a town as the English entered. The Delaware was reached. The army crossed and encamped on the Pennsylvania side. The English were waiting for the river to freeze.

It was Christmas. The English were having a fine time in Trenton. Across the bleak river Washington's ragged army was quietly at work. In open boats they crossed, skilfully avoiding the ice-cakes. They landed and swiftly attacked. In the battle one thousand English prisoners were taken. Soon afterward the victorious troops defeated a part of Cornwallis' army. Hope broke through the clouds of despair. From mouth to mouth the glad news traveled. New strength and courage came to the people. Thoughts of winning crowded out those of yielding. Washington's success at Trenton turned the tide of defeat into one of victory.

Washington's army went into winter-quarters at Morristown Heights. In the spring news of Howe's advance toward Philadelphia started the Continental Army toward that



WASHINGTON'S ARMY CROSSING THE DELAWARE RIVER ABOVE TRENTON.

From Irving's
"Life of Washington."

city. The British took the city. They felt they could almost ignore the American troops.

In October, 1777, Washington attacked them at Germantown. The English soldiers held Germantown Road, the approach to the city. The Americans attacked. It was cold and foggy. In the fog some American forces, mistaking their own advancing troops for the enemy, fired on them. This caused confusion. The Americans retreated. This attack had failed.

The winter season was coming. Time to drill and strengthen the forces was needed. Washington went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

Valley Forge is about 20 miles from Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill River. It is a beautiful valley surrounded by low hills. The hills were fortified. There were no houses. Tents would not do for the cold winter weather. The army was divided into groups, each group to build a log hut for its home. The men worked like Trojans. There was but one thing in abundance, and that was fuel.

Money was scarce. Congress had been compelled to flee from Philadelphia. Each state was too much interested in itself. They did not send their share of the money needed. The little army was in winter-quarters, but they had no comforts. Some one has thus described a soldier at Valley Forge: "His bare feet peep through his wornout shoes, his legs nearly naked from the tattered remains of only one pair of stockings, his shirt hanging in strings, his hair disheveled, his face wan and thin, his look hungry, his whole appearance that of a man forsaken and neglected." The officers were little better cared for. And all the time

snow was falling, roads were frozen. Tracks of blood from the poor feet were everywhere. Still they did not give up. But with supreme bravery held on until the spring.

The horses died of hunger. Men had to drag the sleds over the snow. Washington, despairing of help from Congress, compelled the villagers nearby to bring food to the camp. These villagers had been selling their produce to the British for good prices.

About this time Baron Steuben came to America to help. He was a brilliant drill master. Reaching Valley Forge he started work. Drill went on every day. Each man worked hard to learn and to keep warm. Under the Baron's instructions the ragged army became veterans, trained to meet any force.

Good news came to the Valley. Burgoyne, an English general, had surrendered with his whole army, at Saratoga. Because of this France openly acknowledged our independence. Troops and ships were sent to America. The news brought renewed courage to all. A French fleet in the Delaware would make the English leave Philadelphia.

General Howe did not wait. Not wishing to be trapped, he left Philadelphia for New York.

Washington started in pursuit. The American Army, with some French troops under Lafayette, met the English at Monmouth in New Jersey. The Americans won. The English retreated to New York. So was victory obtained in the Middle States.

The battles now turn to the South. In spite of their strength in the South, the English at last were compelled to

retreat. They took a strong position at Yorktown, in Virginia, General Cornwallis in command.

An English force under General Clinton was in New York. Washington decided to join his forces with those before Yorktown. General Clinton was not to know this, so Washington left a portion of his troops to keep Clinton busy. These troops kept strengthening their fortifications and making a show of attack. Meanwhile the greater portion of the American troops hurried to Virginia.

A French fleet was off the coast of Virginia. The fleet and the army attacked Yorktown. Cornwallis surrendered. The war was practically over. All that remained was to make a treaty of peace. Washington did not take part in this. His work was still with the army.

Receiving no pay for some time, the American troops decided to mutiny. Washington used his personal influence, called the troops together, spoke to them. They decided to wait, and were at last paid.

After the treaty was signed Washington bade farewell to his officers and returned to his home at Mount Vernon. He was not to stay there long.

Conditions were bad everywhere. Congress was powerless to help. There was little money and not much trade. Either the new nation must ask Europe to help or make a stronger government. The people decided to help themselves.

Eleven years after independence was declared a convention was called in Philadelphia to strengthen the new government. Virginia sent Washington as a delegate. The convention elected him their presiding officer. Many de-

bates were held, many knotty questions settled. Finally they agreed, and our present Constitution was the result.

Again Washington returned to Mount Vernon. His work was not yet done. The new Constitution was attacked everywhere. He wrote letters to all his friends explaining the new form of government. He pointed out the dangers of not adopting it. He urged them to vote for it and to influence their friends to vote too.

After many anxious days the new Constitution was adopted. From all over the nation came the call—"Washington must be our first president."

Again called from his home, he traveled to New York City to take the oath of office as first President of our country.

He held this office for eight years. During this time he guided the new nation into safe paths and started it on the road to success. His wisdom and sagacity kept us out of more troubles with Europe; prepared the way to pay our debts; and made possible the steady growth which made the new nation the strongest nation of the world.

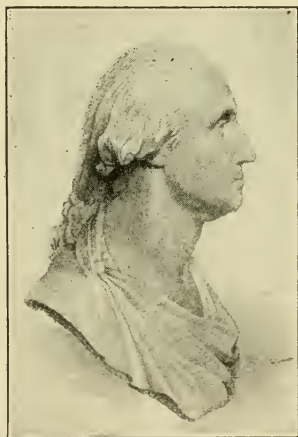
At the end of the eight years he refused to be re-elected. At this time he wrote his "Farewell Address." Beware of foreign entanglements was his advice. Don't bother with affairs in Europe. Attend strictly to your own business.

Then he returned to Mount Vernon to take up a farmer's peaceful life. He stayed in seclusion for but a short time. War broke out with France. He was summoned to take charge of the army, and obeyed. This was his last public duty.

Soon after the close of the short war he took cold

riding round his estates. He sank rapidly, passing away at his home in 1799. He was buried in the family vault at Mount Vernon, overlooking the beautiful Potomac River.

So ended the life of one of the greatest men of America. He had given himself unselfishly to his country. A grateful country still enshrines him in its heart. Washington still stands out for all of us—a model of good citizenship, a model of service for all.



WASHINGTON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743-1826

VIRGINIA has given many famous sons to our country. You have read about George Washington and Patrick Henry. Thomas Jefferson was another Virginia boy. He, too, climbed the ladder of fame.

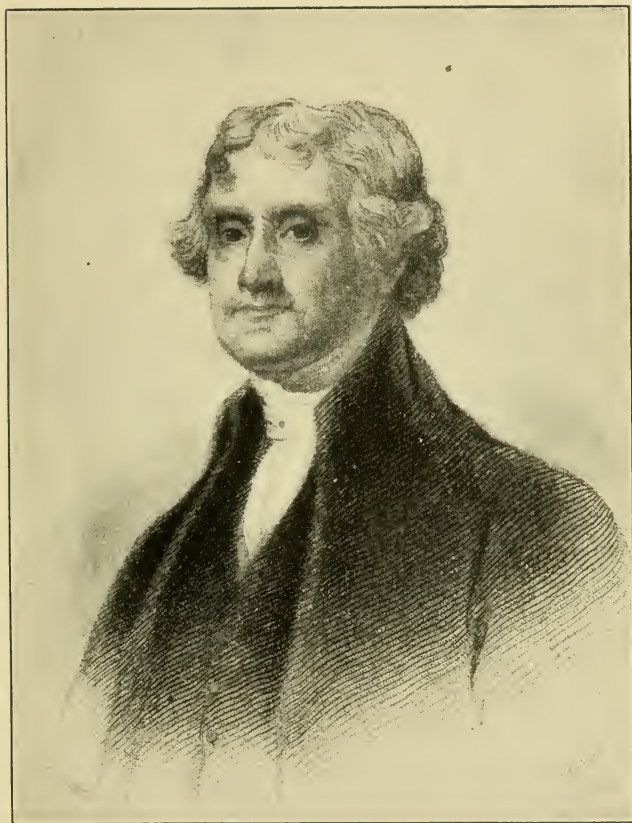
His father was a wealthy and respected citizen, holding many offices of honor in his county. He gave his son, Thomas, a good education. Jefferson studied law and was admitted to its practice. At this time he met Patrick Henry.

Although Jefferson owned a number of slaves, still he did not believe in slavery. The conditions of life in Virginia compelled him to hold them.

When twenty-six years old he was elected to the House of Burgesses. It was in this house that Patrick Henry made his famous speech about George III.

About five days after Patrick Henry's speech the governor of Virginia adjourned the House of Burgesses. The delegates then met in convention. They decided to learn what the other colonies were doing. So they took Samuel Adams' idea of Committees of Correspondence. Jefferson was made a member of the committee. He was a brilliant writer of letters and well fitted for this task.

He was appointed a member of the First Continental Congress where he met John and Samuel Adams.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From Irving's
"Life of Washington."

At a convention in Virginia he wrote a series of resolutions on independence. These finally reached England. He was declared a traitor.

He was also a member of the Second Continental Congress. This Congress was face to face with the tyranny of the king in Boston and with the resistance of the people.

What were they to do? Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved that "These Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." Congress adopted this. Thomas Jefferson was made the chairman of a committee to write a Declaration of Independence.

He retired to his rooms on the southwest corner of 7th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, to write. The Declaration, in his own handwriting, he showed to Franklin and John Adams. They made a few corrections and suggestions. He recopied it. Congress received it. Many and long were the debates. Finally, they approved it on the afternoon of Thursday, July 4, 1776. The great news spread rapidly. The "Liberty Bell" was rung, guns were fired, bonfires were lighted, and there was much rejoicing. On the following Monday morning the Declaration was read to the people assembled in Independence Square.

Jefferson was sent to France to assist Franklin. He helped make the Treaty of Peace that closed the war. When Franklin returned to America, Jefferson was made Ambassador to France.

After the Constitution went into effect Washington made Jefferson Secretary of State. Here he had little opportunity for much public work. He was Vice-President with John Adams, and later President of the United States.

As President his most important work was the purchase of the Louisiana territory.

At the close of the Revolutionary War our boundaries were the Mississippi on the west and Florida on the south. Florida and the land west of the Mississippi were held by Spain.

It was the custom for the farmers along the Mississippi to float their produce down the river to New Orleans and store it there while waiting to sell it. Suddenly Spain closed the port of New Orleans to these men. At once a great outcry against this arose all over the country.

Meanwhile there were changes occurring in Europe. Napoleon had seized power in France. He induced Spain to give him Louisiana. Then he began preparations to make settlements in the new world. This might have been dangerous to America's interest.

The American minister to France, Mr. Livingstone, tried to buy New Orleans. Jefferson wished to secure this port. So he sent James Monroe to assist in the purchase. France did not wish to sell. Napoleon was eager to establish a big empire in America, but troubles between France and England began to grow. Napoleon needed all his resources in Europe. Moreover, he needed money. Then he offered all of Louisiana to America for \$15,000,000. Our delegates seized the opportunity and bought this immense tract of land.

Had the President power to make this purchase? Many thought not. Congress, however, ratified the act and gave the necessary money. This made our western boundary the Rocky Mountains.

No one knew anything of the new land. It had to be

explored. Meriweather Lewis and William Clarke were employed to make the trip. They traveled to St. Louis. With three boat-loads of trinkets for the Indians they started on their long voyage up the Missouri River.

About the same time Zebulon Pike paddled up the Mississippi to find its source. He succeeded. He then went overland to the mountain now called Pike's Peak, the height of which he measured. After many adventures he reached Washington safely.

These two explorations showed the extent of the new land and its many wonderful possibilities. Later it was opened for settlements. Soon settlers flocked to the fertile plains and new states were assured.

When Jefferson's term of office expired he returned to Monticello, in Virginia. He spent the rest of his life there. His home is near the great Natural Bridge. Many people came to see the wonder and spent several days with the former President. His house was always open to them. So many came, in fact, that he was unable to receive them without going into debt. His debts grew until he had to sell his library to pay a portion of his bills. His health gave way. He died July 4, 1826.

After his death his estates were sold for debt and his family left penniless. Grateful citizens and a few states subscribed funds to provide for his destitute daughter. Virginia did nothing.

Jefferson lives today in our memories through the Declaration of Independence, the University of Virginia, and the purchase of Louisiana. This last was easily the greatest act of his life.

JOHN PAUL JONES

1747-1792

AMERICA, the land of opportunity, drew some of its famous men from all parts of the world. John Paul Jones was a Scotch lad. His home was in a little town near the sea. His father was a gardener. The boy's real name was John Paul. He did not care for gardening, but early developed a love for the sea. Daily he built small boats and sailed them in little fleets. He was the natural leader of the boys of the village. He went to school until he was twelve years old. He studied hard, forming a habit that followed him through life.

One day he was given a small sail boat. He went fishing. Returning, he made a skilful landing. So skilful was it, that a sea captain, noticing it, offered to take him as cabin boy.

At thirteen he went to sea, making his first trip to Virginia. He stayed there with his brother for two years, working on the plantation. When his brother died he left John Paul his estates.

He shipped aboard a slave ship. Disliking the work, he left at the end of the first voyage. He took passage to Jamaica. On the voyage the officers died. Jones assumed

command, bringing the ship safely home. As a reward for his services the owners made him captain. Jones, now but twenty years old, was captain of a merchant vessel. How he must have studied and worked to fit himself for such a position!

When twenty-four years old he decided to leave Scotland forever and make his home in Virginia. About this time John Paul changed his name to John Paul Jones. This was in 1773. Soon after war broke out between the Colonies and England. Jones offered his services to the Continental Congress. He was made a lieutenant on Commodore Hopkin's flagship. Over this ship he hoisted the Rattlesnake Flag of the Revolution.

Hopkins was neither active nor courageous. He let golden opportunities slip through his fingers. His slowness permitted the English to move their supplies from New Providence. Again, in the Bahamas, his fear caused him to avoid combat. He was afraid to start for home. Jones, angered, ascended the topmast with the pilot and directed the ship home.

Hopkins was dismissed from the navy. Paul Jones was placed in command of the "Providence," a small sloop carrying twelve "four pounders," or small cannon. In this vessel he convoyed military stores from New England to Long Island for Washington's army. This was most dangerous. The waters swarmed with British war vessels. This suited Jones. For where danger was great, there he liked to be.

One day he saw the British ship "Milford." Finding that he could sail faster, he kept just out of gunshot. Broad-



Underwood Photo.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

From an old portrait.

side after broadside was hurled at him. All fell short. A marine stationed on the stern of the "Providence" was ordered to fire his musket at the British ship. Jones played this game until he was tired. Then hauling sharply on the wind, he showed the British a clean pair of heels.

His next ship was the "Ranger"—a small boat carrying eighteen light guns. The Stars and Stripes had just been adopted. Paul Jones with his own hands hauled it to the mast head. For the first time the stars and stripes floated over an American war vessel. His orders took him to France to see Franklin. On leaving America he was promised the command of a large frigate, then building in Holland.

Arriving in France Jones refused to enter the harbor until the French ships and forts saluted his flag. Amid the cannon roar he sailed in. Leaving his ship, he visited Franklin. Franklin was much impressed by the dashing young naval officer, but had to disappoint him. The frigate was sold.

Despairing of securing a better ship, he turned the "Ranger's" bow seaward. He sailed to the coast of England, landing at St. Mary's Isle. His crew mutinied. They wanted to plunder the town. Jones had to let them take some things. Later he paid the owners out of his own pocket.

He set fire to the shipping in White Haven, but failed to destroy the ships.

While lying off the harbor, he saw the "Drake," an English war vessel in the harbor. "Come out and fight,"

said Jones. Slowly the "Drake," hindered by the wind and tide, sailed forth to meet the foe. The battle began. In one hour and four minutes the "Drake" struck its colors. Up went the stars and stripes. The two ships sailed for Texel, Holland, and from there to France, where Jones was received with great applause and honors.

Meanwhile, Franklin was trying to secure a fleet from France. Delay after delay occurred. Paul Jones sent message after message. Fretting at the delay, he picked up "Poor Richard's Almanac." This sentence met his eye: "If a man wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed let him go himself; otherwise, send." At once he started for Paris.

Instead of a fleet, strong and able, he was offered an old Indian merchant vessel. He took it, calling it the "Bon Homme Richard." A frigate, the "Alliance," was added, and three other boats. The small fleet set sail for the shores of England. Twice they sailed up the Firth of Forth to Edinburg, and twice contrary winds blew them out to sea. They harassed the shores of England, terrifying the people along the coast.

One day sails appeared coming round the headland. They were forty British merchant ships and two war vessels, the "Serapis" and a smaller war vessel. At once preparations for battle were begun. The "Serapis" was a fine new frigate carrying forty guns. Its captain and crew were brave and efficient. The "Bon Homme Richard" was just one-half as strong, and an old, old ship.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the British ship hurled a broadside into the "Richard." The poor old ship staggered

and swayed. Paul Jones himself fired the first gun from his ship. The "Richard's" heaviest guns were old and unsafe. When they were fired, several of them exploded, killing many of our own men. Still the fight went on. The heavy batteries of the "Serapis" tore huge holes in the "Richard." Paul Jones then forced his ship up to the "Serapis" and with his own hands lashed the two ships together. Just then the "Alliance" approached and Jones thought help was coming. Instead, the "Alliance," commanded by the treacherous Landais, sailed twice around the combatants, then fired a broadside into the "Bon Homme Richard" and sailed away.

While the battle was raging the "Richard's" flag was shot away. A voice from the "Serapis" shouted, "Have you surrendered?" Jones replied, "I have not yet begun to fight!" American sharpshooters climbed into the rigging and drove the English from the deck of the "Serapis." One sailor crept out on a yard-arm with a bucket full of hand grenades. Casting the grenades on the "Serapis," one struck a heap of ammunition, causing a terrible explosion. Our cannon-fire shot away the enemy's foremast. Just before it fell, Captain Pearson hauled down the English flag and surrendered. This closed one of the most remarkable sea-fights in history.

The "Bon Homme Richard" was riddled. Every effort was made to save the old ship, but nothing could be done. Slowly it settled, then took its final plunge to the ocean depths, with the star-spangled banner still proudly floating.

Paul Jones sailed the "Serapis" to France, his fame forever established in American history.

Soon the war ended. Paul Jones remained in charge of American naval affairs until 1787. At this time he accepted an offer to enter the Russian service. Here he was unfortunate and unhappy.

In 1790 he returned to France, where he died in 1792.

In 1905 an American party was sent to France. Paul Jones' bones were exhumed, carried to America, and buried with great honors at Annapolis, Maryland.

LAFAYETTE

1757-1834

FAR away in the beautiful land of France lived a family of warriors named Lafayette. In many wars they had fought hard and long for their country. In the course of time from this warlike stock was born a boy who not only fought for his own loved land, but crossed the great ocean to help the struggling colonists in America.

This boy, Lafayette, was born in 1757, just a little while after the news of his father's death had reached the family.

Lafayette was educated in the best schools of the day. He was his mother's constant companion. They walked together in their gardens and in the nearby woods. Day after day she told him of his ancestors and their daring deeds.

At twelve years of age he went to school in Paris. Soon after this his mother and grandfather died. He was now the Marquis de Lafayette.

His king sent for him. The youthful Marquis pleased him. The king made him a page, or attendant to the queen. From this time on he was in royal favor. Lafayette joined the Royal Guards.

In 1776 the young Marquis was at the fortress of Metz, in Loraine, commanding a company of artillery. The Duke

of Gloucester, brother of King George III, had been banished from England. He came to a dinner party at Metz. At the table he read a letter from England telling of the rebellion in America.

Lafayette listened with interest. He was filled with a great desire to help the struggling patriots. With his friend, DeKalb, he planned to go to America.

They visited the American Ambassador, Silas Deane. "We will make you a Major-general. But we have no money to pay you or ships to carry you across the ocean," said Deane. Lafayette was determined. "I'll serve without pay and I'll build a ship to take me to America," were his noble words.

Secretly the expedition was prepared. The French king was not yet ready to help America openly. Lafayette must act secretly or his arrest and detention in France would result. His ship was sent to Spain. One night Lafayette, DeKalb, and twelve others crossed the Pyrenees Mountains, hastened to the coast, boarded the ship, and sailed away, just as the king's messengers reached the port with orders for him to stay in France.

The French ship reached America safely, anchoring off the coast of South Carolina. The party landed and drove to Philadelphia, reaching there about the time the English were planning to attack that city.

Lafayette was now only twenty years old. Congress made him a Major-general. Washington appointed him one of his aides. The youthful general was wounded at Brandywine Creek, while bravely resisting the advance of the British.



LAFAYETTE STATUE, BROOKLYN.

Underwood & Underwood,
Photographers.

You will recall how Washington continued attacking the British around Philadelphia until winter made him go into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

The French patriot spent that winter with his men in Valley Forge. The example of this faithful French ally, suffering hunger and cold for a country not his own, fired the Americans with enthusiasm, helping them to stand the strain. Lafayette shared their few joys and many sufferings through all that terrible winter.

News of the defeat at Saratoga reaching France caused that nation to recognize our independence. The French king could now openly praise Lafayette. Congress thought that Lafayette could help us in France, and after the battle of Monmouth he sailed to his native land.

The king received him with great honors and joy, forgiving his disobedience and restoring him to favor. Lafayette assisted Franklin in securing money, troops, and ships from the king.

He could not stay long in France. The call to active service was too strong. He returned to America and to the army. Benedict Arnold was leading a British force into Virginia. Lafayette was sent to oppose him. The Marquis joined General Wayne's forces. Cornwallis succeeded Arnold, and retreated to Yorktown.

Washington's troops hurried from New York. The combined American forces, uniting in attack with the French fleet, forced Cornwallis to surrender.

Shortly after this Lafayette returned to his home in France.

In 1784 he returned to America to visit Washington at

Mount Vernon. The two friends made many trips together, visiting the scenes of their active operations in the war. With hearty expressions of regard they separated, to see each other no more.

Lafayette went to France. In his own beloved land he was called to help his own people. He helped them secure more liberties from the king. A terrible revolution started. Lafayette tried to prevent murder and outrages, but the people were too excited to listen. Many, many people were killed.

Lafayette was seized by the Emperor of Austria and put in jail. This king was afraid of the Marquis. He feared to have his people listen to the tales of American and French liberty. Lafayette was in prison until Napoleon became ruler of France. Then all French prisoners were released.

President Monroe sent Lafayette an invitation to visit America. With his son, named for George Washington, Lafayette visited the nation he had helped to free. A great ovation met him in New York. Triumphal arches awaited his entry to the city. Parades and receptions met him everywhere.

He drove on the newly completed roads and sailed on the Erie Canal. He visited every one of the twenty-four states, marveling at the growth of this new land.

Congress, grateful for his many services, voted him \$200,000. Many of the states offered him gifts, but he refused them.

On July 4th he listened reverently to the reading of the Declaration of Independence in New York City. No doubt

as he listened he thought of the stirring tale told years ago at Metz, that brought him to America.

Just before leaving for France he visited Washington's grave at Mount Vernon, entered the vault and stood with bared head and tearful eyes, before the grave of his friend.

Returning to France, he took an active part in the life of that country until his death in 1824.

On October 19, 1898, the anniversary of the Battle of Yorktown, a grateful republic held celebrations in honor of the Frenchman, Lafayette. In every town and city throughout the nation our debt to Lafayette was acknowledged. Money was collected to erect a monument in Paris to his memory. The monument was dedicated July 4, 1900. His memory is still revered in this great republic. It was at his tomb in France that General Pershing stood in 1918 with bared head, saying, "Lafayette, we are here!"



LAFAYETTE.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

1752-1818

EVEN a very poor boy who lived in the woods when our great nation was young could become famous. George Rogers Clark was such a boy. He was born in Virginia. His boyhood days were spent in the woods on the frontiers of that great state. Here he learned self-reliance, the habits of the Indians, and how to shoot straight.

At the age of twenty-five he went to Kentucky. He worked as a surveyor. He was with Daniel Boone on a number of his trips and adventures. Here he perfected himself in backwoods' skill. He learned the wilderness paths and the lay of the land.

Each fresh Indian attack made him think how to stop the trouble forever. "We can't kill all of them," he thought. "Why are they attacking us? Most of them come from the north of us. I wonder if the English are keeping the Indians excited?" The more he thought, the clearer came the idea that the English were responsible. "We must destroy the English power in the north," thought he.

The English held the land north of the Ohio River. They had three important forts—Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Detroit.

He made up his mind to lead an expedition to take these forts. Friends of his visited the towns. They learned that the French residents did not like the English and would welcome a change. They also found that the English were stirring up the Indians for an attack.

In 1777 Clark left Kentucky on a long trip to Virginia. He needed money and men. So he visited the governor of the state, Patrick Henry. Patrick Henry listened to his tale with great interest. Virginia had no money just then. Its energies were being used in the east in the conflict with England. Henry spoke to his friends. Among them they contributed £1200, about \$6000. This was secretly given to Clark. At the same time he received a commission as Colonel and authority to raise 350 men to protect Kentucky from the Indians. Secretly he was told to use these men to attack the English in the northwest.

In January, 1778, he began to choose his men. He could not expect many from Kentucky. They were needed at home. In the Appalachian region he expected to find his men. He could enlist but 150. They started, floating down the Ohio River to its Falls. Here they were met by some volunteers from Kentucky and from Virginia.

"Men," said Clark, "we are going to attack the English at Kaskaskia." Loud cheers rang out. All the men would rather fight than eat. They were sturdy, rugged men, used to living in the woods. All were dead shots with the rifle.

Near the falls they built a fort, remaining until the following June. Then breaking camp, the small force floated on down the Ohio till they passed the mouth of the Tennessee. Leaving their boats, the men started through the woods to-

ward Kaskaskia. The woods were thick. Almost every step had to be chopped out with their axes, but they pushed on.

On July 4th they were within three miles of the town. A captured family gave them the welcome news that their advance had not been discovered.

That night they made the attack. Fifteen of them went to the fort, the remainder entered the town. The attack on the fort was rapid. The fifteen men rushed to the commander's room, captured him, and then in quick succession the remaining officers.

A series of war whoops rang out in the still night. This was the signal for the town force to act. Yelling like demons, they rushed through the town. Loud commands were given to everyone to stay indoors.

The next day the town was searched for arms. The innocent townsfolk were terrified. Colonel Clark soothed their fears, and told them that France had agreed to help the United States. That made all of them happy. Said he, "Each one of you is free to worship God as he wills." At once the Americans were received with cheers. The priest was so pleased that he made a trip to Vincennes and told the people of Clark's generosity. He induced them to leave the English, and the American flag was raised over that town.

Clark knew, however, that his work was not finished. He knew that General Hamilton, the English commander, would not lose these forts without a struggle. Hamilton was called the "Hair-buyer" by the Americans. It was said that he paid the Indians for American scalps.

Hamilton, with a large force of French Canadians, at once left Detroit for Vincennes. His approach brought about the surrender of the fort. It was now winter. Hamilton decided to wait until spring before making other attacks. He sent the greater portion of his forces back to Detroit.

Colonel Clark's troubles were now beginning. He must either attack or wait to be attacked. His volunteers wished



Map showing route of Clark's expedition.

to go home. Their time of enlistment was over. Many of them did go home. Nothing daunted, Clark enlisted the French citizens of the town. He trained them daily until they were in good fighting shape.

That winter was one of heavy snows. Between Kaskaskai and Vincennes were frozen marshes and snow-covered wildernesses. A sudden thaw filled this section with water. The river rose, adding to the flood. Never-

theless, Clark decided to advance. He knew that he must take Vincennes by surprise or not at all.

He started early in February, 1799. With him were 170 American and French soldiers. The first week of the advance was not as bad as expected. They secured some buffalo and had a feast. The remainder of their journey was wading or swimming. A large canoe was built to carry their baggage and to ferry the men across the deep channels. At no time were they in less than three feet of water.

Fancy the march! In February, in Ohio—wading and swimming for seventeen days to attack a fort.

They marched on. Food was scarce. The floods had driven the animals away. At night they had barely enough dry land for their camps. The men demanded that they return. Clark encouraged them to advance.

When fifteen days from Kaskaskia they crossed the Wabash River. It was raining. No land was in sight except the tops of little hills. Many of the men were so weak from exposure that they had to be carried in the canoes. The others were often in water up to their chins. Still they pressed on. In the distance, over a dreary waste of water, appeared the forests around Vincennes.

Threats of mutiny were heard on all sides. Clark took his usual place at their head, ordered his officers to take the rear and shoot any one who refused to go on. Then he led the way into the water. It turned bitter cold. Their clothes froze on them. All but the strongest began to give out when half-way across. Those who fell were put in the canoes or carried by their comrades. Exhausted, they reached the high land and fell to the earth.

A captured Frenchman told Clark that Hamilton did not suspect his coming and that the townspeople hated the Englishmen.

Waiting until his men had rested, warmed themselves, dried their clothing and guns, he sent the prisoner to the town with a "proclamation" stating that he would attack the fort that night, and that if any one wanted to warn the English, to do so, and then stay in the fort and fight for their lives.

His name and troops terrified the people. Not one went near the fort.

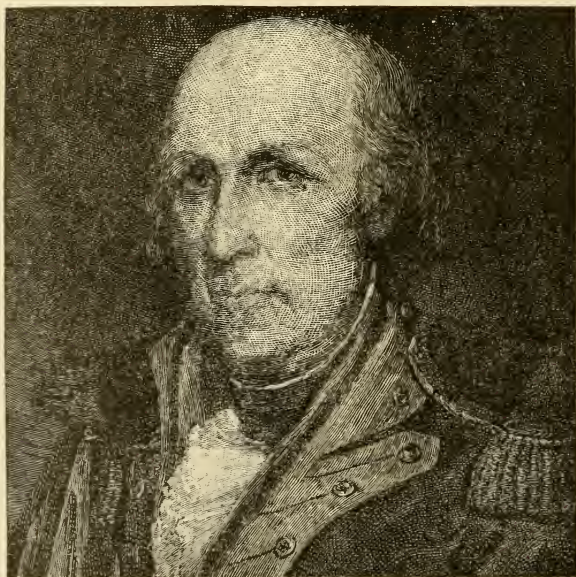
At 7 o'clock the attack on the fort was begun. Hamilton could not believe he was attacked. He thought some drunken Indians were shooting. The rising moon, however, showed him white men all around. He at once opened fire with his cannon. Clark's sharpshooters picked off the men at the cannon as fast as they approached the guns. This silenced the cannon.

Fifty men were sent to the village to prevent an attack from the rear. This was fortunate. A band of Indians had just returned from the war path. Scalps dangling at their belts enraged the white men. They attacked them, killed a number, captured six, and forced the rest to flee. The prisoners were tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the river. The French Canadians in the fort were terrified. They feared that this too would be their fate.

"Surrender!" said Colonel Clark. Hamilton refused, but he knew he could not hold out. His garrison was too frightened to fight effectively. He asked for three days truce. "No terms but the surrender of yourself and the garrison," was Colonel Clark's stern reply.

On February 25th the fort surrendered. The American flag was raised. Vincennes was again an American station. Hamilton was sent a prisoner to Virginia.

Clark's splendid victories gave us the right to demand this land when the Revolutionary War was over. Our peace commissioners claimed that the land was ours because we had won it. When the peace treaty was signed we secured all the land between the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers and northward to the Great Lakes. Clark's superb efforts and untiring enthusiasm had won this great tract of land for our country.



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

ROBERT MORRIS

1734-1806

A GAIN our land, with its many openings for bright boys, drew to itself a boy born in England. Robert Morris, a sturdy Briton, sailed across the great ocean to Philadelphia when he was fourteen years old.

At that time Philadelphia was a small but growing town. None of its streets was paved and its houses were nearly all made of wood.

Robert Morris came to Philadelphia to be a trader. He secured a job as clerk in Willing's Mercantile House. This store was something like what we call a country store today. Mr. Willing imported many things from England, selling them to his neighbors.

Robert was a sturdy, energetic boy. He worked hard until late in the night. He had determined to be rich. When he was twenty years old he became a partner in the store. On the shingle outside the door Willing and Morris now proudly swung in the breeze. Robert brought new life and energy into the business. It branched out and became one of the most important stores in the town. He became known as a man who could be trusted and whose word was as good as his bond.

Robert Morris lived in stirring times. England had passed the Stamp Act, as you have learned, and then the tax on tea.

The merchants of the country were aroused. Morris was one of the first to sign the agreement not to buy any more goods from England. He kept this agreement strictly.

Such a sturdy, honest man would, of course, take an active part in the civic life of his town. Morris was a leader in politics. He was elected to the legislature of the colony. This legislature made him one of the delegates to the Continental Congresses.

The Second Continental Congress found him opposed to independence. Morris still felt a love for the mother country. He hoped that the government would stop its harsh acts and that the colonies would remain a part of Great Britain. So he voted against the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. On August 2d, however, he had changed his mind. Independence was the only remedy, so he signed the Declaration of Independence.

Soon Robert Morris was to be heart and soul in the Revolution. His firm was the largest importing house in the city. They also conducted a kind of bank. His training and business connections naturally made him a leader in money matters.

Money affairs were in bad shape. Trade with England had been cut off. Our merchant ships were in danger of capture by English war vessels. In spite of this, many ships left our harbors. One safe voyage would pay for several lost ships. Morris made a fortune in this way.

Congress, however, could not secure enough money to

pay the soldiers and to buy food, clothing, and powder. It had little power to make the states pay. It could only ask the states for money, and they would send what they wished. For a time it looked as if we must lose because there was little money in the public treasury and no way to secure more.

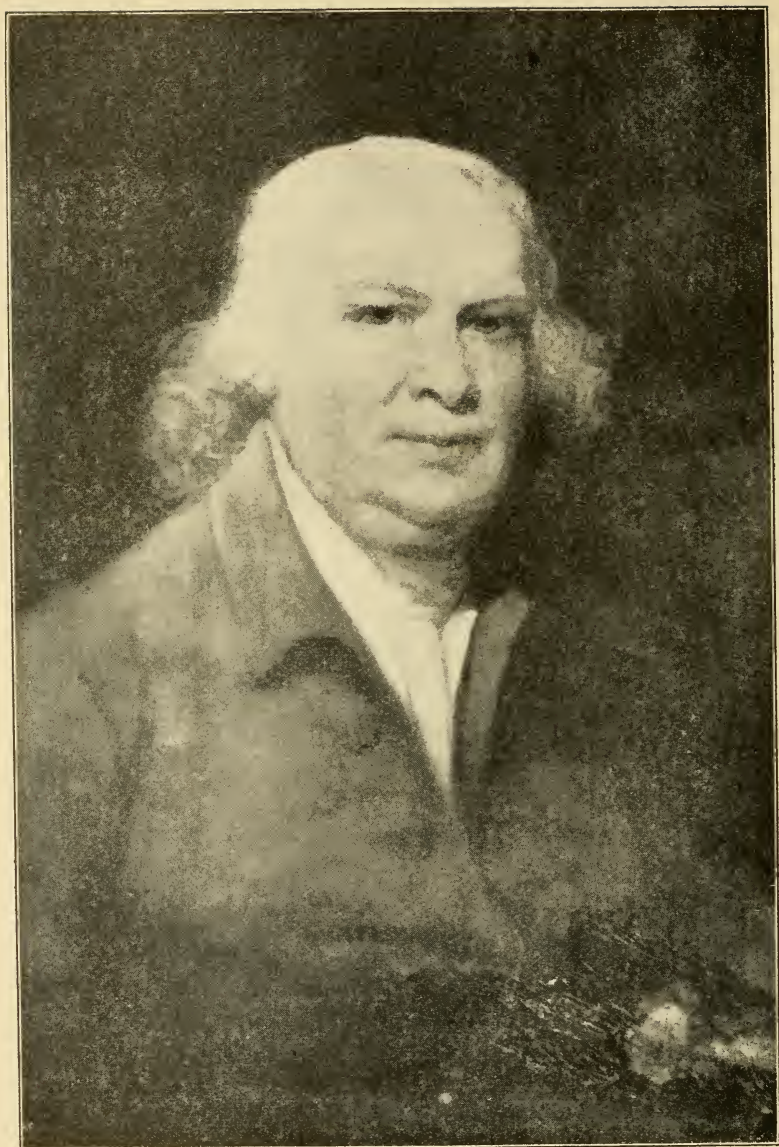
Congress asked Robert Morris to help raise money, making him Superintendent of Finance. This was in 1781.

It would be most pleasant reading if we could state that Robert Morris made everything go right. This would not be the truth. He worked hard, very hard. By tremendous labor he found enough money to keep the army together and to secure powder.

In this effort Franklin's work in France was most helpful. The money loaned by the French Government gave Morris a start and kept him going.

Many stories are told of Robert Morris and his lending his own money to help. There is but one time that we know of when he actually loaned his own money. All that he loaned was paid back to him before the end of the Revolution.

Toward the close of the war Washington was in New York. He decided to go south with his army to unite with General Greene and Lafayette before Yorktown. This sounds easy today, but it was a great task then. First of all, money was needed. Money was needed to pay for the ships to take the troops down the Chesapeake and to buy their food. We needed money to buy powder and other supplies. This was Morris' task. How could he find it? From several French officers he borrowed \$20,000 and did the work.



Bradford Photo.

ROBERT MORRIS.

From the Stuart portrait,
Independence Hall.

While he did not use his own money to pay our debts, he did use his credit to borrow money for us, and the financial success of the Revolution was due largely to his patriotic efforts.

In his work to find money to carry on the war he was hindered because there was no bank. In 1781 he planned to build a bank in Philadelphia. This was called the Bank of North America. It is still in existence at Third and Chestnut Streets. Morris was one of its stockholders, but never an officer. The bank made many enemies. Nevertheless, Morris was able to use it to borrow money for the United States.

Congress still refused to levy taxes and the states refused to give money. Again Congress turned to France to borrow. Robert Morris said, "No. It is not honest to try to borrow when you are making no arrangements to pay your debt." He resigned, but a few months later he was again induced to take the position.

The army was giving a great deal of trouble. The soldiers had not been paid for months. They threatened to mutiny. Some of them did start to march on Philadelphia. Washington's influence stopped this. Then Morris, by hard labor, raised money for the soldiers. They were paid off with notes. While these notes were worth only twenty cents for a dollar, still the army disbanded peacefully.

After the army had been disbanded Morris was able to reduce the expenses of the government. In spite of this, however, he still needed money. He tried again and again to raise money. At this time he used his own credit to

borrow money for the government. We must remember, however, that he was repaid in full and never lost a cent through his efforts for his country.

On November 1, 1784, he again resigned and retired for a while from the affairs of the central government, but remained active in his state and city.

The war was now over. The old motive of common defense had disappeared. The Union was gradually going to pieces. Commerce was in poor shape. Each state made its own laws, never thinking of its neighbors. Something had to be done. A convention was held in Philadelphia to make a new Constitution—to “form a more perfect union.” Robert Morris was one of the delegates.

He did not take an active part in the convention, but he did use his power and influence to secure its ratification by his state.

He was one of the first senators elected from Pennsylvania.

All this time Morris continued his own private business. He engaged in trade with China, and is said to have made great wealth. During these prosperous days he lived in the old mansion house on what is now known as Lemon Hill, Fairmount Park. Here Washington frequently stayed when he was in Philadelphia.

Thinking that Congress might make the seat of the capital near Trenton, he bought great tracts of land there. These he hoped to sell later at good prices. This was his first step toward disaster. These lands never brought a good price. Then he bought a tract of land in the wilds of New York. This he sold and made a great deal of money.

The fever of speculating in land entered his blood. He bought an enormous amount of unsettled lands. Improvements did not come. He could not pay his creditors. He gave note after note, but no money could be found. This was his country's opportunity. A helping hand at this time would have saved him from dishonor. But no help was offered.

At last the crash came. On February 16, 1798, when he was sixty-five years old, he was arrested and placed in jail. He was there three years, six months, and ten days. His family was in dire distress. His friends tried to help him, but his debts were too large. He had very little money and his lands were worthless.

Washington heard of Morris' misfortune. He loved him, and wanted to help. He could do nothing for Robert himself, but he could help his wife. At once Mrs. Morris was asked to make her home at Mount Vernon. Nothing, however, could persuade her to leave Philadelphia. She wished to stay near her husband.

When Morris was released from prison he and his wife lived in a few rooms until his death. He died in 1806. He was buried in Christ Church graveyard. A simple stone marks the grave of the Financier of the Revolution.

ANTHONY WAYNE

1745-1796

YOU have read stories of New England's famous boys, of Virginia's famous sons, and of boys who came here from across the great seas to win fame. The great colony of Pennsylvania, too, sent its sons to win fame and honor in the service of their country.

Anthony Wayne was a Pennsylvania boy. Shortly after his birth the Indians and French were actively raiding the English settlers in the valleys of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. A few years later Washington made his famous journey to see the French commander at Fort Le Boeuf.

So the boy Anthony grew up surrounded by war activities. He was sent to school. He was not fond of study, but he did like to play soldier. Many a fort and redoubt were built when he should have been studying. One day his father said, "Anthony, either study or work on the farm." Anthony at once went to his books. In course of time he was sent to the Academy in Philadelphia. For two years he studied hard. On graduating he was a skilful surveyor.

At nineteen years of age an association was formed to make settlements in Nova Scotia. At Franklin's sugges-

tion young Anthony was made the leader. In Nova Scotia all went well. Wayne diligently made surveys of the district. His ability was so marked that he was made resident manager. This enterprise lasted two years. Troubles between Great Britain and the colonies forced the settlers to return.

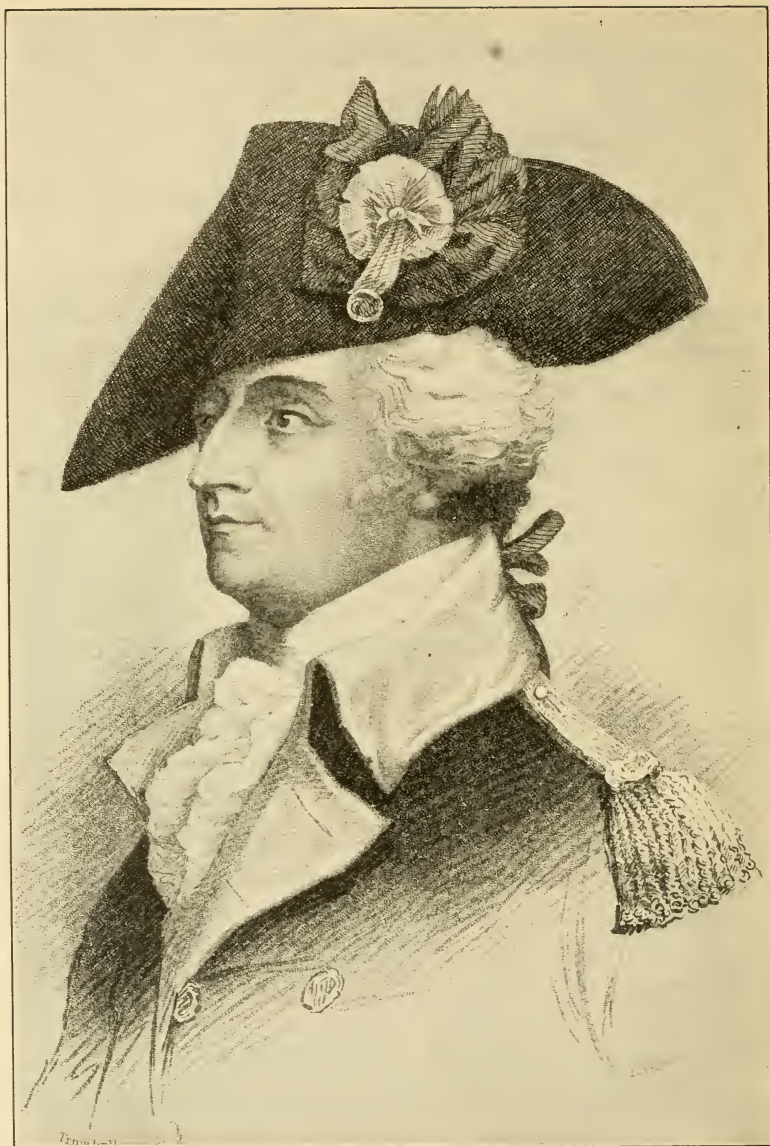
When twenty-two years of age Wayne married, living on his father's estate in Chester County. He built a large tannery which he managed successfully. He soon became the leader of the town, holding many offices.

Wayne, however, was not destined to stay in peaceful surroundings. In 1776 the colonies were at war with the mother country. He at once offered his services to his country and was made a colonel.

Wayne joined the army under Washington. Later he was sent to Fort Ticonderoga, and still later ordered to join Washington at Morristown. His bravery and skill soon earned promotion. As General Wayne he commanded eight regiments of Pennsylvanians. These saw active service at Chadd's Ford and in the Battle of Germantown.

The long, weary winter at Valley Forge saw Wayne visiting and cheering his men in their humble huts. Their sufferings went to his heart. "I am not fond of danger," he wrote to a friend, "but I would most cheerfully agree to enter into action every week in place of visiting each hut of my encampment."

The long winter grew to a close. As you know, the French decided to help us. The British left Philadelphia. Wayne was with the Americans in the pursuit across New Jersey.



ANTHONY WAYNE.

From Irving's
"Life of Washington."

His daring, dash, and skill made him an ideal leader for an assault. Stoney Point, on the Hudson, had been seized by the British. This must be retaken. At nightfall Wayne and his little army marched to the attack. Between them and the fort was a tract of marshy land. Silently, with fixed bayonets, they hurried on. Before their presence was known they were scaling the walls. The fort was taken and with it 500 prisoners.

Unfortunately, Wayne did not have enough men to hold Stoney Point. Cornwallis was advancing in force. So the little army withdrew to safety. Wayne was active here, adding new laurels to his record.

At the close of the war he remained in the army.

While Washington was President serious troubles sprang up with the Indians west of the Ohio River. By the treaty that ended the Revolution the English had agreed to leave all this territory. They remained. Indian activities against the settlers increased.

General St. Clair was sent to destroy the Indian power. His army was surprised and the greater part killed by the Indians. A year or so later a new expedition under Wayne was sent to make this land safe. Through the woods the expedition advanced. Fort Recovery was built on the old battleground. A few miles farther on Wayne erected Fort Defiance. He tried to end the troubles peacefully, but the Indians would not listen.

Then he struck and he struck hard. Charging with fixed bayonets, the troops forced the Indians to leave their hiding-place of fallen timbers. The Indians broke and fled. The troops pursued. For three days they

ravaged the cornfields, burning the storehouses of the English.

The Indian power was broken. Many Indians lay dead on the ground. The broken tribes then agreed to withdraw, giving up all lands east of the Wabash River. The expedition pushed on to Detroit. A few years later the English forts were given over to the Americans. This section was made safe to settlers again.

From Detroit the expedition sailed to Presque Isle, now Erie, Pa. Here Wayne sickened and died. At his own request he was buried at the foot of the flag pole.

In 1809 his son had his remains removed and reburied in St. David's churchyard, at Radnor, a few miles from Philadelphia.

JOHN BARRY

1745-1803

ISN'T it curious that two of the greatest naval heroes of the Revolutionary War were not born in America? John Paul Jones was a Scotch lad, John Barry an Irish boy. Little is known of Barry's youth except that he soon formed a great love for the sea and decided to be a sailor.

When fifteen years old he came to Philadelphia. Here he secured jobs on various ships belonging to Samuel Meredith, and later on those owned by Willings and Morris. At twenty-one years of age he was a full-fledged captain sailing between Philadelphia and the Barbadoes. From this time on he was constantly at sea. His commands became more important and his cruises longer.

When the Revolution broke out Barry had just returned from a trip to London. He at once offered his services to Congress. His skill was well known. All of his cruises had been successful. So he was appointed at once to one of the largest war ships then in our possession.

On board the "Lexington" Captain Barry started down the Delaware. Soon the ship was stopped. The ice was too thick for it to push through. When the river was open again he set sail for the open sea.

An English vessel sighted him and sailed in pursuit. The "Lexington" was too fast and sailed rapidly away. A week later Captain Barry sighted a sloop of war. He started in pursuit. The sloop turned to fight and heavy broadsides were fired. Soon the English ship lowered its colors.

Among the prisoners taken was a young Virginian, Richard Dale. Dale had been induced to join the British. Captain Barry talked with him long and earnestly, finally winning him over to the American cause. Dale enlisted on the "Lexington," later served with Paul Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard," and became a captain in the American navy.

This capture, while not of much importance when we think of the size of the ship, was most important because it was the first engagement between an American and English war vessel. It put courage into the hearts of the patriots on shore. As the battle of Bunker Hill showed that Americans could stand firmly against the British regulars, so this showed that Americans could meet the great British navy and hold their own.

Captain Barry returned to Philadelphia. He was placed in charge of the shipping on the Delaware River and Bay. His small fleet sailed these waters, protecting the vessels bringing supplies and defying English war vessels to enter the bay.

About this time he was given a larger ship. Congress placed him in command of the "Eggingham," a ship carrying twenty-eight guns.

In those troubled days when Washington hurried across

New Jersey with Cornwallis at his heels, Barry was ready with boats to assist in the crossing of the Delaware. Later he directed the transport of the troops to attack Trenton, and carried the prisoners and captured supplies down the river to Philadelphia.

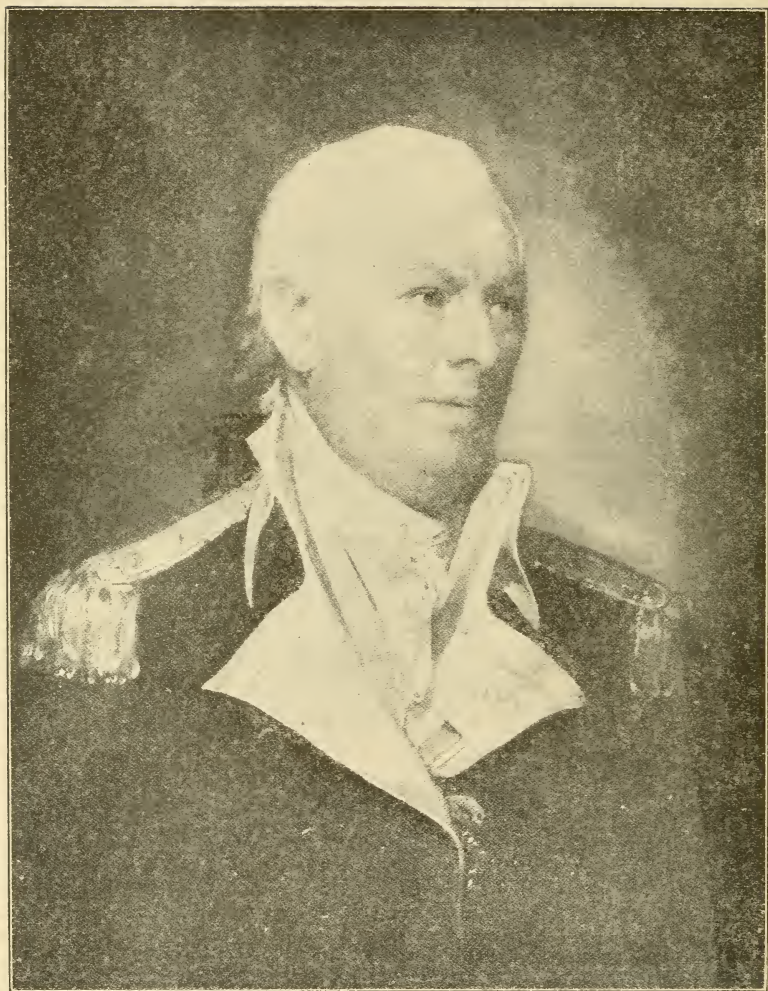
When the English sailed against Philadelphia, they planned to ascend the Delaware. This was impossible because of the forts and Barry's ships. The English came up the Chesapeake instead, marching overland to Philadelphia.

Barry was still on the Delaware River and Bay. His work was to keep supplies from reaching the English at Philadelphia by way of the Delaware. The hard pressed army in Valley Forge owed many of their supplies and much of their clothing to Barry's gallant actions. Few indeed were the English supply ships that passed him.

The expected arrival of powerful British war ships and the capture of Fort Mifflin compelled Barry to run past Philadelphia to the waters north of the city. In safety, one dark night, the entire fleet sailed past the British batteries to the more shallow waters above the city. Here they could lie in safety.

While anchored here Barry thought of a plan to destroy the English ships. He secured a number of ship buoys, loaded them with powder, and set them adrift to float down to the English ships. These curious floats were seen by the British on the shore. The batteries opened fire. The attempt failed. Francis Hopkinson called this the "Battle of the Kegs," writing a funny poem about it.

In five row boats, with 27 men, Barry attacked some



Bradford Photo.

JOHN BARRY.

From portrait in
Independence Hall.

British supply vessels and captured them. An English sloop of war appeared—the “Alert.” He signaled it to surrender. The commander gave up his sloop. Barry boarded her and took her for his own ship, sailing up and down the river, doing as much damage to English shipping as possible. Later he had to run aground to escape capture by a larger war vessel that outsailed him.

The small fleet in the upper Delaware was ordered sunk by Congress. Later they were raised. Soon after the English succeeded in burning them. Barry was now without a command.

So valuable a man could not long remain inactive. Barry was ordered to Boston to take command of the “Raleigh.” He found the ship in bad condition. Nevertheless he put to sea. Two large English ships pursued him. He could not escape. In the engagement two of his masts were shot away. He ran the ship aground on an island, planning to blow it up. A traitor aboard prevented this, so the English captured the “Raleigh.”

A court of inquiry acquitted Barry of any blame. He was at once placed in command of a small fleet to lead an attack in Florida. This was prevented by the English attack in Charleston.

Barry was then transferred to the “America,” a ship of seventy-four guns. He was ordered to superintend its building in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

This task was not pleasing to his active nature. While waiting for the ship Barry accepted service on a fleet of privateersmen fitted out in Philadelphia. Putting to sea, he captured many prizes.

The wreck of a large French ship near Boston compelled Congress to give the "Albatross" to France. Barry was then placed in command of the "Alliance." This was the largest ship in the navy. It was this ship that earlier, under the command of the Frenchman, Landais, had fired on the "Bon Homme Richard" in the fight with the "Serapis." Barry retained command of this ship until the close of war.

This ship carried our special envoy, Colonel Laurens, to France, and at the close of the war took the distinguished Lafayette to France.

When the war was over the "Alliance" was sold, becoming a merchant vessel.

The United States was now without a navy. In 1793 England and France were again at war. Both of these nations captured our merchant vessels. Washington recommended the building of war vessels. Six ships were ordered built.

Captain Barry was the officer first named to take charge. He was made the ranking officer and given command of the little fleet. He was now a Commodore, though he retained the title of Captain.

The Commodore was commissioned to supervise the construction of the frigate "United States." He made a trip to Georgia where he personally selected live oak for the timbers. In May, 1797, the good ship was launched; and in July of the same year put to sea.

Commodore Barry was ordered to cruise along the coast to protect the towns and our shipping. Later he went to the West Indies where a fleet of small French war ships had

collected. He captured several, returning to Philadelphia with his prizes.

In 1798 he was made chairman of a committee appointed to reorganize the American Navy. This committee's recommendations were followed. Many of its suggestions are still in use.

During Jefferson's administration the navy was put in reserve. Barry was released from service, returning to his home in Philadelphia. His health began to fail. Troubles with Tripoli compelled Jefferson to put the ships again in commission. He offered the command to Barry, but Barry's failing health prevented his acceptance. This time his country's call had to pass unheeded.

In 1803 he died at his home on Chestnut Street, near 10th. He was buried in St. Mary's churchyard.

In 1907 a fine statue of Commodore Barry was erected in Independence Square. In Philadelphia one of its newest and finest school buildings is named after the Commodore, who spent his life in the service of his country.

JOHN PETER MUHLENBERG

1746-1807

MERCHANTS' sons, farmers' boys, and traders' children walked side by side to fame and honor. The professions, too, gave their share. Muhlenberg was a minister's son.

He, like Anthony Wayne, was a Pennsylvanian. He came of that strong, sturdy stock called the "Pennsylvania Dutch." His father was the founder of the first Lutheran Church in America. John Peter was the oldest son. He was destined from his birth to be a minister, to carry the Lutheran beliefs to the people of America, to take up his father's task where he laid it down.

Until the boy was fifteen years old his father taught him at home. The family then moved to Philadelphia, where Peter entered the academy. At sixteen years of age he went to Germany to complete his education. He entered a preparatory school and later a university.

Peter was a hot tempered lad. One day, in a fury over some fancied wrong, he struck his tutor in the face. This meant his expulsion. He ran away and enlisted in a German regiment. An Englishman, a friend of Peter's father, found him in a garrison town. He arranged for his discharge.

Young Muhlenberg returned to America. His father received him with open arms and great kindness. John Peter realized his mistakes and gave his earnest attention to study. He was not anxious to be a minister, but yielded to his father's desire. He studied theology.

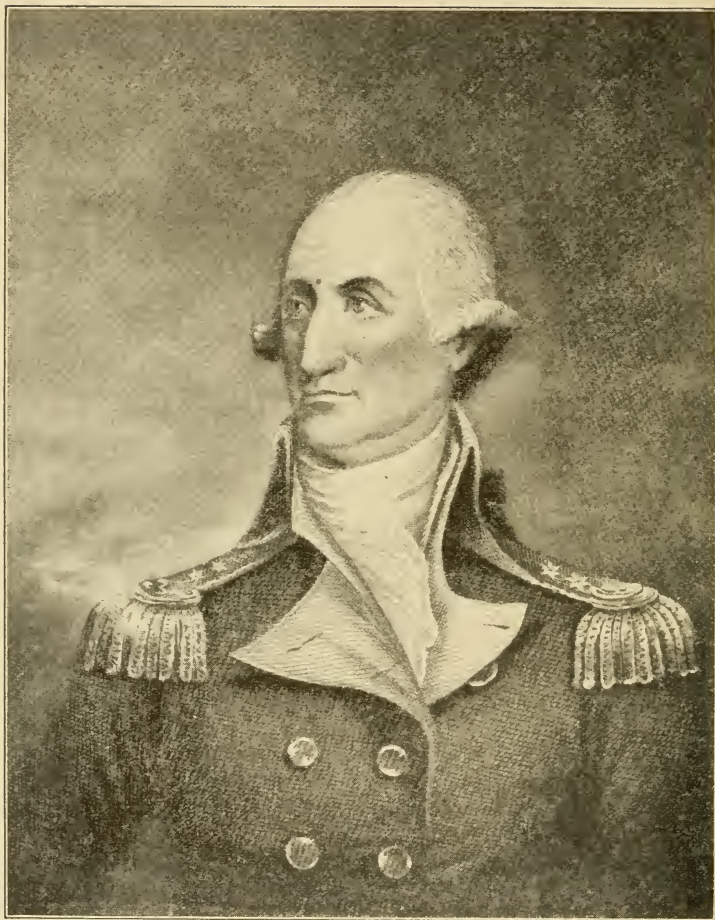
When twenty-one years old he was ordained rector of a church in New Jersey near Morristown. He stayed there four years, when he was asked to take charge of the church at Woodstock, Virginia. This was in 1772.

You will recall that at this time, throughout all the colonies, the harsh measures of the English Government had aroused intense feeling among the people. Muhlenberg's interests were with the people. He was against the king's party. Muhlenberg at once became well liked and exerted a great influence over his people. He was fond of hunting and fishing. He was a good shot. These things further endeared him to the Virginians. Frequently he went hunting with Washington and fishing with Patrick Henry.

In 1774 the Boston Port Bill fanned the embers of discontent into flames. The citizens of Woodstock called a meeting and formed a Committee of Safety. Muhlenberg was made chairman. He was made a member of the House of Burgesses and of the State Convention. In the Convention he supported the resolutions proposed by Patrick Henry.

Throughout the state companies of volunteers were being raised. Muhlenberg was made a colonel. He decided to leave the ministry and give his whole time to the colonial cause. He was now twenty-nine years old.

He sent in his resignation as rector of the church. Sun-



Bradford Photo.

JOHN PETER MUHLENBERG.

From engraving in Penna.
Historical Society.

day came. The little church was filled to the doors. The quiet burial ground was jammed with men. They had come to hear their beloved pastor preach his farewell sermon.

Muhlenberg, clad in full military uniform, with his pastor's cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders, ascended the pulpit.

An expectant hush thrilled the audience. Excited faces looked intently at the speaker. Muhlenberg told them of the sufferings of the people, of the injustice of the English Government, and the sacred character of their cause, and then declaimed that there was a time to pray and a time to fight, "and that time has now come!" Rapidly descending from the pulpit he threw aside his priestly robes, ordering the drums to beat for recruits. Three hundred men answered his call to arms that afternoon. The next day more flocked to his standard. He was the first colonel in Virginia to complete his regiment.

Muhlenberg took part in all of Washington's campaigns, beginning with the winter at Morristown Heights. He was made a Brigadier-general. He helped hold the English back at the Battle of Brandywine and covered the retreat of the main army.

His division was successful at Germantown, breaking through the English line in a savage bayonet charge. The failure of the other wing almost trapped him, but his men fought their way out to safety at the point of the bayonet.

He lived and suffered with his men during the long hard winter at Valley Forge.

Muhlenberg was at Yorktown. One of his regiments stormed the redoubts, helping win the battle.

At the close of the war he refused to return to the ministry. He decided to go to his father's home in Pennsylvania and later enter business in Philadelphia.

Receiving from the government 13,000 acres of land for his services during the Revolution, Muhlenberg located them in Ohio. Congress appointed him superintendent of the bounty lands, as the soldiers' lands were called. He went to Ohio to make arrangements for the distribution and surveys of the land. Indian troubles prevented the completion of this work. He went home through Kentucky and the Cumberland Gap.

In 1785 he was elected Vice-president of Pennsylvania, a position he held until 1788. In this position he had to suppress an insurrection at Wyoming caused by trouble among the settlers over boundries.

Muhlenberg was successful in inducing the German population of the state to ratify the Constitution. He was made a member of the First Congress and later a senator from Pennsylvania.

President Jefferson appointed him Superintendent of Internal Revenue, and in 1802 made him Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. This was one of the best paying positions in the country. He held this office until his death in 1807.

He is buried in Montgomery County, beside his father.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

1757-1804

ONE of the greatest financiers our country has ever known came here when a youth. Alexander Hamilton was an English boy born on the Island of Nevis in the West Indies. His father was a Scotchman, his mother a descendant of the French Huguenots.

Very little is known of his early life. At twelve years of age Alexander was employed in a counting house. Here he worked and studied. He was always interested in literature. When seventeen years old he wrote a fine description of a hurricane in the West Indies. This aroused so much interest that money was raised to send him to school.

He was sent to America in 1772, and entered a school at Elizabethtown, Massachusetts. One year later he entered King's College (now Columbia) in New York City. Two years later he visited Boston, becoming much interested in the colonies' side of the trouble with England.

One day after his return to New York he saw a great meeting gathered in a field. Speaker after speaker addressed the crowd. Hamilton listened and gradually drew nearer the stand until he could keep still no longer. Ascending the platform he poured out his thoughts in a speech the clearness of which astounded his hearers. He was now definitely on the side of the colonies.

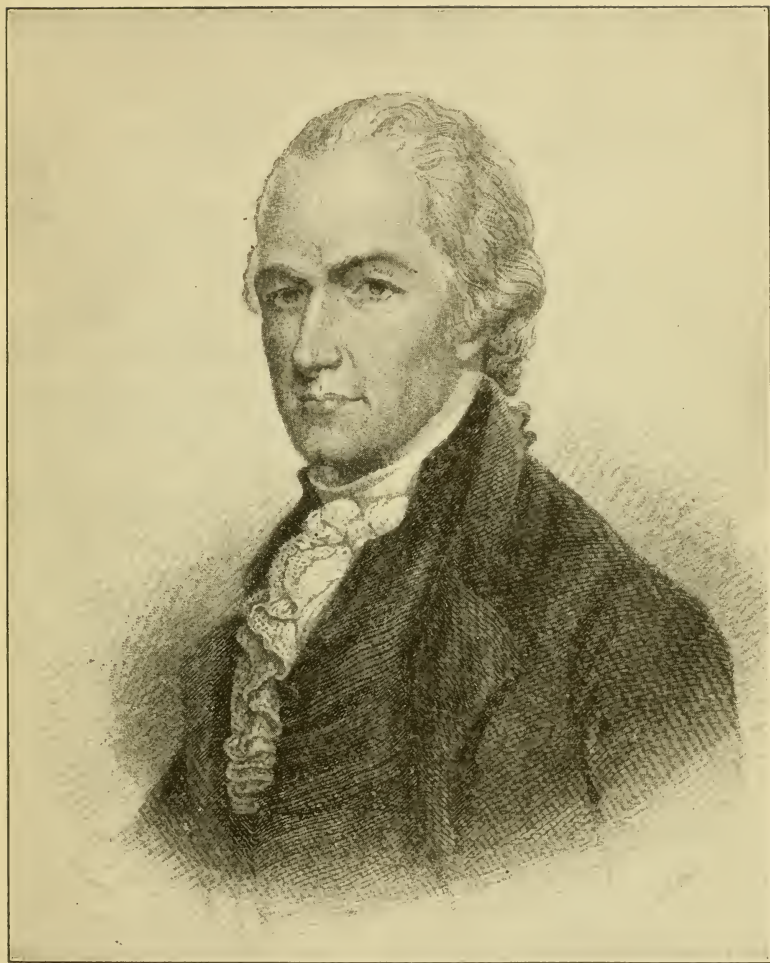
A Tory pamphlet appeared stating the King's side of the story. Hamilton answered it. The argument grew heated, Hamilton was winning. Friends of the Tory planned to challenge Hamilton to duels until one of them should kill him. Fortunately, they decided not to risk this.

At the beginning of the war he was made commander of a company of artillery, forming in New York. While engaged in this work he met General Greene, who introduced him to Washington. Washington soon discovered Hamilton's ability.

At the Battle of Long Island Hamilton calmly remained at the rear of his retreating troops as they left the island. He was with Washington's forces in the retreat across New Jersey.

In March, 1777, with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, he became Washington's aide. This position kept him in close touch with the great general. Washington trusted him in everything. As aide he carried on all the correspondence and wrote many of the papers issued by the commanding general. The friendship thus formed continued throughout their lives.

One of his difficult tasks was a mission to secure some troops from General Gates. General Gates was at the height of his popularity. The Battle of Saratoga had just been won. Gates had a very good opinion of himself. Of course, Washington could command General Gates to send the troops. He did, indeed, give Hamilton a letter of command to use if he needed it. Hamilton approached General Gates so skilfully and tactfully that the general willingly agreed to send the troops.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

From Irving's
"Life of Washington."

One day Hamilton kept General Washington waiting and was reproved for it. Drawing himself to his full height Hamilton resigned as aide. Then he returned to the regular army and took part in the siege at Yorktown. He led his troops himself in one of the most savage attacks on the forts.

At the close of the war he began to study law. In 1782 he practised his new profession. In the same year he was made Collector of Taxes in New York. At once he began a close study of financial matters, thus preparing for the greatest work of his life.

Our country now passed through its darkest days. There was no real power in the central government. The Continental Congress, at first a body of men who had won the admiration of Europe, now became a body that met only contempt.

The various states were jealous of each other. They refused to vote money. They refused to act together on commercial matters. Everything was in confusion. All Europe was looking on. England refused to leave the forts in the Northwest. France was waiting for an opportunity to enable her to take us under her protection.

This was not to be. Virginia took the lead and a convention was called at Annapolis, Maryland. Hamilton was a delegate. As only five men were present, they could do nothing. Hamilton, however, suggested that they request the states to send men to a convention to be held in Philadelphia the following year, 1787. This was approved. The convention was called, and the great Constitutional Convention came together in Independence Hall to see what could be done to make the union stronger.

Hamilton had a hard task before him. His state did not approve of any convention. In spite of the opposition he succeeded in having delegates appointed. He was made a delegate.

As a delegate he took little part in the debates. He knew that the other delegates from New York would vote against him. After a while all those delegates withdrew. When the Constitution was completed Hamilton courageously signed it as a delegate from New York.

His work was not yet done. New York had to ratify the Constitution not because it was such an important state at that time, but because it stood between New England and the rest of the country. New York could not be left outside. Such a condition would make intercourse between New England and states south of New York almost impossible.

Day after day Hamilton stood in the state convention urging, coaxing, and arguing until New York ratified the Constitution.

With all this work he found time to write a great many pamphlets explaining the Constitution. These have been collected into one book. They are now called the "Federalist."

The states ratified the Constitution and George Washington was elected the first president of the United States.

The most important work of the new government was to strengthen its finances. We had no money, we had no credit, and trade had almost disappeared. Washington knew that Hamilton was the right man to change these conditions. His long association with Hamilton during the war

had taught him to know the man. He made him Secretary of the Treasury.

Picture the task before Hamilton. For more than ten years there had been no power to raise money for the government. No government can live without money. We were deeply in debt, owing large sums to France and Holland. We owed great amounts to citizens of our own country. The salaries of the soldiers had not been paid. In addition, each state owed money that it had borrowed.

Hamilton had two main ideas:

1. He wished to strengthen the interest of each state in the government.

2. He must establish public credit.

How did he do this?

"We owe all this money," said he. "The only honest thing to do is to pay it." But there was no money. He suggested that a tax be laid on goods brought into the country. The money thus raised was to be used to pay the interest on the debt. Then he suggested that Congress announce that all the debts would be paid and that the new government would pay the state debts too. This made the states interested in the government, for they now would not have to pay their own Revolutionary War debts.

Finally he proposed that a bank be started as a place to keep the money until it was needed.

These suggestions were adopted by Congress and the nation started toward a period of prosperity.

Daniel Webster later said of Hamilton, "He struck the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

Hamilton was never a popular man. In his work he

met one Aaron Burr. They were close rivals. Hamilton never liked him and Burr hated Hamilton. Many a time Hamilton told the truth concerning Burr's underhand methods.

Finally, in 1803, Burr planned to kill Hamilton. He did not wish to be tried for murder. He decided to use a custom of the day—the duel.

In those days a man could challenge an opponent to fight him with swords or pistols. If he killed him he could not be punished. So Burr challenged Hamilton. Hamilton accepted.

Burr at once began to practice shooting. Hamilton continued his work. They met early in the morning of a July day on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. They faced each other. The signal was given. Burr fired. Hamilton fell mortally wounded, first firing his pistol into the air. A few hours later he died. Thus needlessly ended a life spent in the service of his adopted country.

STEPHEN DECATUR

1729-1820

THE call of the sea was strong in American life. Of all its sons who tempted the stormy ocean, none was braver than Stephen Decatur, the Maryland boy.

From birth he had every advantage that wealth could buy. He was sent to the best schools and given all the opportunities then open to boys.

At eighteen years of age he became a midshipman in the navy. He was older than most of the other midshipmen. He soon made a name for bravery and daring. He became the leader in the sports aboard ship and in the various trials of strength and courage.

Decatur was made a lieutenant on the "Essex," sailing with Captain Bainbridge to the Mediterranean Sea.

At this time the states on the north coast of Africa, called the Barbary States, were the homes of pirate bands. Every nation whose vessels sailed on the Mediterranean was compelled to pay money to these states or have their ships taken and destroyed.

Up to this time no nation had made any real attempt to break up these pirate bands.

Our nation, weary of paying money for protection in the Mediterranean, sent a fleet to break up the robber nests.



Bradford Photo.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

From portrait in
Independence Hall.

One of our largest vessels, the "Philadelphia," went aground near the harbor of Tripoli. Every effort was made to float her. There was not time to destroy her. She was surrounded by pirate ships. Our men escaped, but the ship was taken. The pirates managed to float her, taking her into the harbor, where she was moored. They now owned a fine, big ship.

The officers of the American fleet determined to destroy the "Philadelphia." This would be a most dangerous task. The harbor of Tripoli was encircled with forts, while the "Philadelphia" herself was heavily armed. The Commodore decided to send Decatur to destroy the ship.

Decatur captured a Tripoli fishing sloop. Disguised as Maltese sailors the crew manned the small sloop. Most of them went below decks. Plenty of combustibles were put aboard. Then they started. As they approached the harbor a terrible storm arose and blew them out to sea. For five days and nights they were storm tossed. When the storm ceased they started back, accompanied by one of the American warships.

Approaching the harbor, the warship stood out to sea, while the sloop went on. A beautiful moon flooded the bay with light. A good breeze sent the little ship forward. Past the forts they slipped, across the harbor, close to the good ship "Philadelphia."

They hailed an officer on her deck. "May we tie up to your stern? We lost our anchor and cable in the storm." "Yes," replied the officer. A rope was sent to the frigate. Soon the little sloop was swinging from the stern of the big ship.

The full moon shed its beams on the decks. "What are those things?" said one of the pirates. "They are anchors and cables. They are Americans."

At these words the American sailors swarmed on the deck, into the small boats, and up the sides of the Philadelphia. The battle was on; the Tripolitans fought bravely, but our men forced them out of the ship.

Tar was flushed on the rigging and over the deck. A double shotted gun was pointed down the hatchway to blow a hole in the bottom of the ship. The fire was started. Soon the good ship was in flames.

Our sailors hastened back to their sloop, manned the oars, spread the sails, and started away. On shore all was confusion and noise.

The forts fired, but the shots fell short. Fortune favored our sailors. The sloop moved on, on, on out of the harbor toward the warship, reaching it without the loss of a man.

The "Philadelphia" was a mass of fire. Her guns exploded and the gallant ship disappeared.

For this brave work Decatur was made a post-captain. He was in many more engagements in the Mediterranean.

In 1812 war broke out with England. Decatur was given command of the frigate "United States." On October 25, 1812, the "United States" met the British ship "Macedonia," commanded by Captain Caldwell. Decatur and Caldwell had been personal friends before the war. Each had boasted of the prowess of his ship and of his crew. Now they were to test their ability.

The battle started. Broadside after broadside was fired. A heavy sea was rolling. Our men fired with speed and

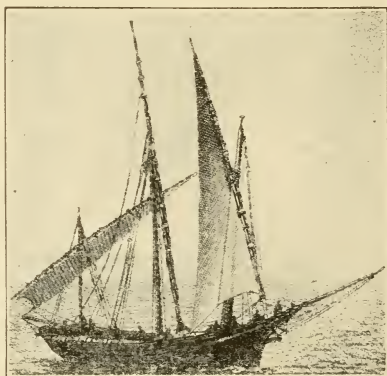
accuracy. The British replied with spirit, but less skill. The firing raged for seventeen minutes, when the English captain, badly beaten, hauled down his flag. Boarding the "United States," Caldwell offered his sword to Decatur. Decatur refused it saying, "I cannot take the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship."

Later he was to reap the reward of this courtesy. In a new ship, the "President," he sailed from New York harbor and was surrounded by British ships. After a gallant fight he had to haul down his colors and surrender. The British officer refused his sword, using his own words to Caldwell.

After the war he was made one of the Commissioners of the Navy, making his home in Washington.

In 1820 he fought a duel with Commodore Barron. He fell on the field, dying soon after being carried to his home.

So died Decatur, after spending a lifetime in battles, subject to the dangers of the sea, passing unscathed through all, only to fall a victim to a false idea of honor, dying on the duelling field.



TRIPOLI FISHING BOAT.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

1785-1819

THE tiny state of Rhode Island sent one of its boys to brave the ocean's storm. Oliver Hazard Perry, the son of a naval captain, lived to make America respected on the waters of our great inland seas. His parents wished him to study law, but the call of the sea was too strong. At fourteen he entered the navy, a midshipman on his father's ship, the "General Greene."

At seventeen Perry was made an acting lieutenant. His ship was ordered to the Mediterranean to watch the Barbary pirates. Before actual fighting began he was ordered to return home. The following year he returned to the Mediterranean where he distinguished himself.

When twenty-four years old he was given command of the "Revenge," a small schooner carrying fourteen **guns**. Three years later the War of 1812 began. In this war Perry became renowned. He was taken from sea service and sent to Lake Erie.

An English squadron of six ships held the lake. The American Army had been defeated in Canada. All eyes were turned on the lake. Were the English or the Americans to control it? It was indeed a serious task laid out for Perry. No American ships were on the lake. Ships had to be built,



Underwood Photo.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY at Lake Erie.

From an old painting.

launched, manned, and provisioned. All material had to be brought from the sea coast.

With characteristic energy he started work. Day after day they toiled, the English ships lying off the harbor waiting for them. Near the entrance to the harbor was a bar. At this place the water was shoal and it seemed as if the new boats could never leave the harbor after they were launched. One day the boats slid down the ways into the water. All the men worked like beavers. The English captain thought they could not cross the bar. He sailed with his ships across the lake to attend a dinner.

While they were gone the Americans, by using the utmost skill and hard work, forced the vessels out into the open lake. The return of the English found them waiting and ready.

The battle began. Perry in his flagship, the "Lawrence," engaged the English flagship. This ship was larger and carried more guns. Broadside after broadside was poured into the "Lawrence." Soon riddled with shot, its guns useless, Perry's ship could no longer be steered. It was but a hulk. Perry left the sinking ship in a small boat still flying his banner bearing Captain Lawrence's famous words, "Don't give up the ship."

Through a torrent of shot the small boat plied its way. Reaching the "Niagara," he hoisted his pennant. The battle raged on. Superior gunnery and seamanship finally won. The English ships hauled down their colors. Perry had won a great victory. American valor had regained control of Lake Erie. His famous message to Congress still rings in our ears, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

STEPHEN GIRARD

1750-1831

A SEA captain, living in Bordeaux, France, had a little boy named Stephen. As Stephen was the oldest son he had to stay at home to help his father. His brothers and sisters were sent to school, some of them going to college. This made him feel that he was not given a fair chance.

When he was eight years old he learned that he was blind in one eye. This blindness made him look queer. Children made fun of him. He became sensitive and tried to stay alone.

Stephen loved the sea. When he was just thirteen years old he secured a job as a cabin boy. For nine years he sailed from his home town all over the world. On these voyages he studied whenever he had leisure. He wanted to be a captain. Starting as cabin boy, he rose gradually until he was in full command of a merchant vessel. He made many voyages to the West Indies and to New York.

In 1775 his vessel was caught in a heavy fog. Girard lost his bearings. The fog lifted and an American ship nearby answered his signal, "What place is this?" "Delaware Bay," answered the American. Girard was bound for New York. "You'd better come in," said the American.

"The Colonies are at war with Great Britain and English war ships are all around."

Girard at once entered the bay, sailing up to Philadelphia. He sold his ship and opened a small store on Water Street, where he sold wine and cider.

His business grew larger. Girard was a man of tireless energy. He worked hard all day and late into the night. At this time he still could barely speak English. His rough, gruff ways made neighbors afraid of him. Yet everything he touched seemed to turn into money.

His short, stout, brisk figure became a familiar sight on the streets of the city. His clothes were old fashioned and shabby. His hair was braided into a pigtail and hung down his back. He wore a wide brimmed hat and a narrow skirted coat. When driving he rode in a plain, uncomfortable gig, drawn by an old and ugly horse. He seldom bought new clothes and yet he was the richest man in Pennsylvania.

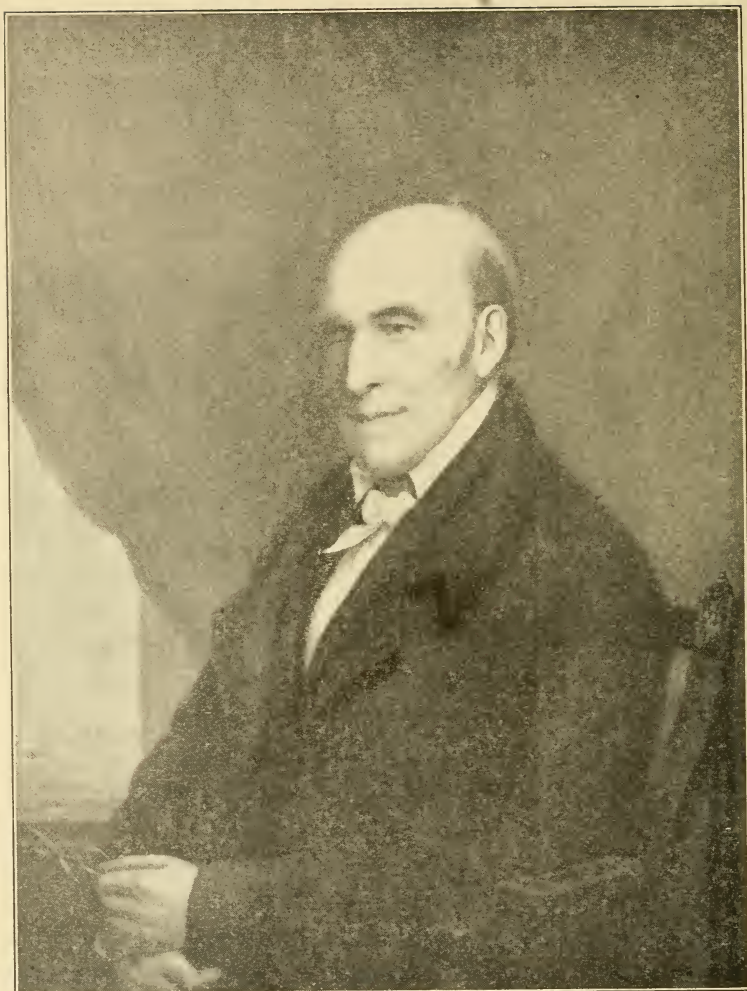
Business was good. Girard enlarged his store. He bought and sold anything that would yield profit, from junk to ships.

The English captured Philadelphia. Girard fled with his wife to New Jersey, where he bottled claret, selling it to the British in Philadelphia at a good price.

Some time after this his wife became insane. She was placed in the Pennsylvania Hospital, where she died.

Girard's business continued to increase. He bought a ship. After a successful voyage he used the profits to buy another ship. He continued this plan until he had the largest fleet in the United States.

The greatest part of his fortune, however, was made



Bradford Photo

STEPHEN GIRARD.

From portrait.

during the War of 1812. This war almost destroyed American commerce. Still, one successful trip paid the losses of many failures and left a profit. Girard was extremely fortunate. He lost few ships. One of his ships was captured just as it was entering the Delaware. The English captain, fearing that the Americans would recapture his prize, sent a boat with a flag of truce to Girard, offering to let him pay a ransom for the boat. Girard agreed, paid the money, and the ship was set free. He made over half a million dollars from the sale of its cargo.

In 1811 Congress refused to recharter the United States Bank. It was offered for sale. Girard bought it. After changing its name to Girard Bank he continued the business.

One of his first acts in managing the new bank was to reduce the wages of his employees. They now received just what other bank clerks did. He also refused to give the watchman his usual Christmas present.

Girard was honest. Throughout the hard times of the War of 1812 the notes of his bank stayed at face value. When other banks had to contract their business, he expanded.

In 1814 the national government issued bonds for \$5,000,000. They were on sale for many weeks. Only \$20,000 had been subscribed. The loan was failing. In this crisis Girard bought the rest of the issue, \$4,980,000. This saved the credit of the country and provided money sorely needed for our soldiers and sailors.

Girard was never known to give any help to those who begged or to merchants who failed. Yet he was always ready to help in public improvements.

Despite his rough exterior, rude ways, and harsh measures, he had strong sympathies and great courage. These qualities were shown vividly in 1793. In that year Philadelphia was visited by a terrible epidemic of yellow fever. Half the terrified population hurried from the city. The streets were silent day and night. Lone walkers hurried past, holding disinfectants to their noses. Death wagons rumbled by. Three of the four newspapers stopped business. Churches were closed. The Great Coffee House and the Library shut their doors. All business was at a standstill. Death stalked the streets.

There were not enough doctors to take care of the sick. Nurses could not be found. The hospital at Bush Hill was in a terrible condition. It had not been cleaned and could not be used. A call was sent out for volunteers to help stop the epidemic. Twenty-four citizens volunteered, but only twelve had the courage to attend the meetings. Stephen Girard was one of the twelve.

The doctors told of Bush Hill Hospital. Stephen Girard and Peter Helm volunteered to take charge of everything concerning it. Girard took charge of all the work inside the hospital. Peter Helm looked after the work outside.

Girard spent his money freely and gave all his time and energy. He had the hospital cleaned and in working condition in two days. The sick could now be brought there. He attended to the living and buried the dead.

In his carriage he went to the homes of the sick and brought them to the hospital. No one would help him. He had to carry the sick in his arms. Even the carriage driver turned his head away as Girard struggled toward the car-

riage with his sick burden. He was tireless. He worked until the epidemic passed, then quietly returned to his business.

Two years before his death he prepared his will. He had frequently said that "no man would ever be a gentleman on my money." His lawyer studied orphan asylums in England and in America. Girard planned a home for orphan boys. In this home the boys were to be kept, fed, and educated to take an active part in the life of the world.

For three weeks the lawyer worked writing his will. Girard wanted to be sure that no one could break his will after he died.

At his death in 1831 the will was read. He left a few thousand dollars to his relatives and employees. The great bulk of his fortune of over \$10,000,000 was left to help the public.

He left money to the Pennsylvania Hospital, to the asylum for the deaf and dumb, to the Lancaster Public Schools, to buy fuel for the poor of Philadelphia, to help sea captains and their widows, for public improvements in Philadelphia, including money to be spent in certain schools in the city, and to build a free public school in Passyunk. (This school is still in use; it is called the Stephen Girard School, and is at 18th and Snyder Avenue.)

The balance of his estate, about \$6,000,000, was to be used to endow a home for boys.

When this will was read at his funeral his relatives were angry. They employed lawyers. They tried to have the will set aside. They tried again and again, but always failed.

Girard had taken pains to see that his money should be used to build his college.

Girard College was opened. It has beds for over 1500 boys. These boys are cared for until they are eighteen years old. Then they are graduated ready to do their work. The College is a monument to the industry and charity of its founder, Stephen Girard.

DANIEL BOONE

1735-1820

DANIEL BOONE was just such another back-woods boy as George Rogers Clark. Daniel was born in a log cabin on the frontier of Pennsylvania. At that time the frontiers of Pennsylvania were on the eastern side of the Appalachian Mountains. Daniel spent his young life in the wilderness. His daily toys were guns, knives, stones, and plants. When ten years old he hunted small animals, like squirrels, killing them with a knob-rooted stick which he hurled at them. His father gave him his first rifle when he was twelve years old and he soon became a good shot. It was now his task to provide game for the family table.

There were no schools near his home, but his mother taught him to read and write. Later in his life Boone studied surveying. He also learned blacksmithing and weaving. At thirteen he began a custom which he followed the rest of his life. He spent every winter hunting. This habit gave him wide acquaintance with wilderness life and made him an expert backwoodsman. It also brought him in contact with the Indians and enabled him to study their customs and habits.

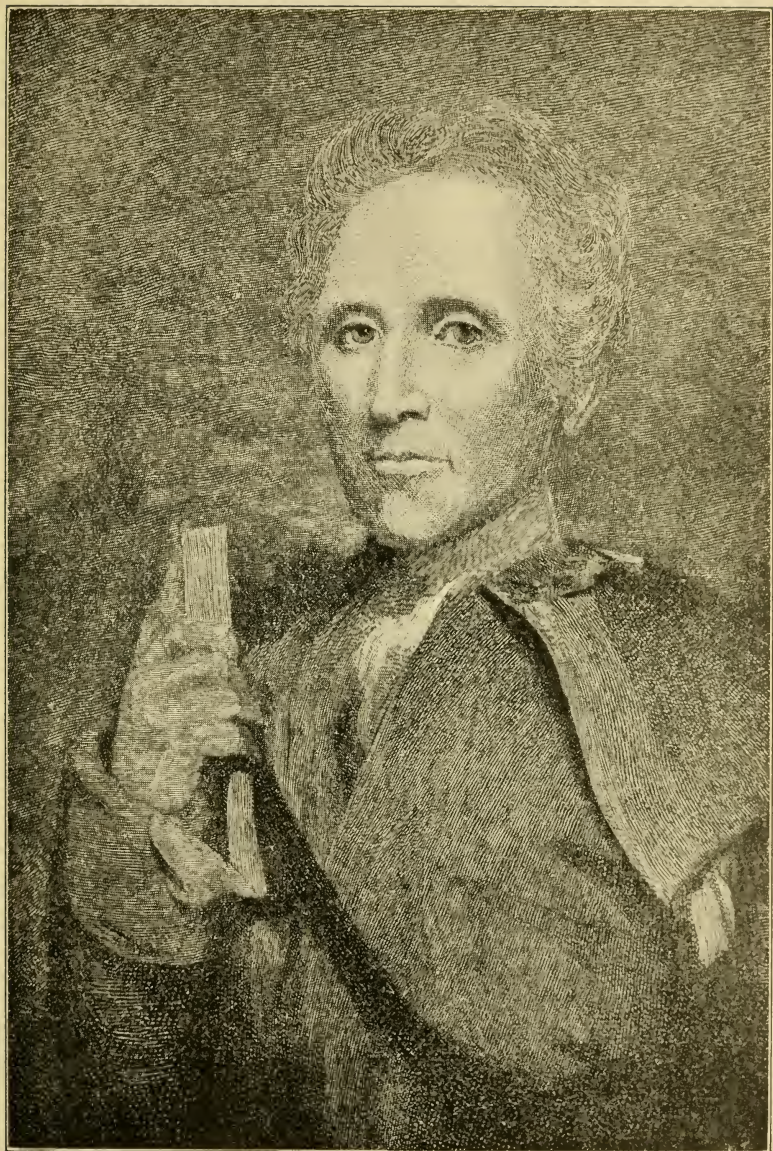
When fifteen years old his family moved to South Carolina. This journey of five hundred miles was made over-

land in wagons. A great part of their way was along untraveled roads. The family had to live by hunting. It took them over a year to make the journey. They stopped frequently on the way to camp out and rest themselves and their horses. They settled in South Carolina on wild land. Trees had to be cut down, roots pulled out of the ground, houses built, and the fields ploughed and planted before they could rest.

Throughout this time various Indian troubles arose. England and France for many years had been at war with each other. The final struggle was approaching. West of the Appalachian Mountains the French forces had descended the Ohio River and planted forts. You have learned how Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to warn them to leave the valley, and how later General Braddock came from England to lead a force against the French. Daniel Boone was a member of Braddock's expedition. Daniel joined the expedition to fight, but his skill as a blacksmith kept him out of the struggles. He brought up the rear with the wagons, and in the inglorious retreat following Braddock's disaster he drove a wagon back through Virginia. While a member of Braddock's expedition he met a man named Finley who told him of the wonders of hunting in Kentucky. They planned to go there after the war was over.

Indian attacks became more frequent and rumors of a rising of the Indians in the southwest began to drift into the settlement. Boone was in many of these conflicts taking an active part in the defense of the village.

After peace was declared he again spent his winters hunting and exploring. He noticed that the wild animals



DANIEL BOONE.

From the "Century
Magazine," 1885.

were continually going westward. He decided to follow them. A few friends joined him and they started out, but winter overtook them and they were compelled to return. Finley visited him at his home and spent the winter with him. Many were the tales told around the fire those winter nights, tales of wild life in Kentucky, tales of abundance of game and wonderful adventures. The listeners were thrilled and a number agreed to go when spring came.

On May Day, 1769, five of them started on horseback, each leading a pack horse. Their pathway led through the Cumberland Gap and thence through the wilderness to Kentucky.

They spent the next winter hunting and trapping. Fur-bearing animals were plentiful and they soon had enough to load their horses. They started home. A band of Indians met them, captured them, took away all of their booty, and then let them go, telling them never to return or they would kill them.

Daniel Boone, however, was not the kind of man to give up so easily. He led his party back into the wilderness and they spent another winter in Kentucky shooting and trapping wild animals. Again they started home, their pack horses laden. Another band of Indians met them, captured them, and took their booty. Boone and his brother-in-law were taken to an Indian village. Daniel Boone made the Indians like him. They gave him more liberty. One dark night he awakened his brother-in-law, stole to the horses, and galloped off. They overtook their friends just as they had met the relief party and were going home.

Boone, however, decided to stay in Kentucky. Three

of the party stayed with him, the rest went home. When their pack horses were laden, Boone's companions decided to go home, but Daniel made up his mind to stay in Kentucky until they came back.

Boone spent one year alone in the wilds of Kentucky exploring and getting his hunting materials ready for the next winter. His idea was to find a place that he could clear and bring his family to settle.

One night on his return from wandering through the wilderness he found that the Indians had visited his camp. He was afraid to stay, fearing a trap. So he spent several nights in the bushes. One day a hostile band of Indians surprised him near the river. The banks at that place were 60 feet above the surface of the water, but Boone did not hesitate. Rushing to the river, he grabbed an overhanging branch. Swinging far out, he let go, slipped into the water beneath, and swam to the other shore.

Boone's brother returned in July and they spent the summer and fall hunting. When cold weather came they started home, reaching the Cumberland Gap in safety. At that point a marauding band of Indians robbed them of all their months' work and sent them off. Daniel had had enough of Indians for awhile, so he went home, poorer than when he started out.

He stayed at home a couple of years, planning to lead a party back to make a settlement. The party was formed. It reached Cumberland Gap, when rumors of Indian attacks made them camp there until spring.

Meanwhile a company was formed to buy Kentucky from the Indians and to establish a new colony. The In-

dians sold their land to the company and arrangements were made at once to send settlers to the new country. There was no way through the wilderness. The company decided to build a road. Daniel Boone was the only man who knew the way thoroughly. So he was employed to break a road through the wilderness.

On the 10th of March, 1775, he started out. They passed through Cumberland Gap, and crossed the river just south of the present boundaries of Virginia and Tennessee. This part of the journey was easy. All they had to do was to choose the path, mark the trees, and cut the underbrush until they reached Rock Castle River. Crossing the river, they plunged into the forest.

For twenty long miles they had to cut and hew the way. Think of cutting a road 12 feet wide through the forest! Day after day the little band of hardy men chopped a way forward. At last they were out of the forests. But dense cane breaks lay before them. Again hatchets had to be used. For several more miles they chopped their way through. This was the last of their difficulties. The great blue grass region lay before them.

A sound like thunder was heard. The little party climbed a small hillock. As far as the eye could see they beheld buffalo after buffalo coming toward the salt fields near the river. It was the first herd of buffalo they had ever seen.

This wilderness road was 200 miles long. At its end the settlement of Boonesboro grew up. Boone brought his family. More settlers arrived. The settlement became prosperous. Cabins were built, a strong fort made,

and a palisade fence constructed. The settlement was attacked repeatedly by the Indians.

One day Boone and a party of ten went out to the salt licks to make salt. Boone was scouting and hunting. He was pursued by four Indians and captured. He learned that they were planning to go to Boonesboro. Fearing for the safety of the village, he led the Indians to the salt makers and so diverted their attention from Boonesboro.

The salt makers surrendered, and the Indians, satisfied with their captives, marched to their camp. It was in the midst of winter and the cold was severe. Food was scarce, but the Indians shared what they had with their captives. Boone made a fine impression and the tribe decided to adopt him.

The captive was prepared for adoption. His hair was pulled out until nothing was left but the scalp lock. He was then washed in the river several times to remove his white blood. His face was painted. The chief told him of the high honors that were being paid to him and what he must do as an Indian brave. Then there was a great feast.

Daniel Boone pretended to like the adoption. He took an active part in all of the Indian games. At last he was permitted to hunt, but his bullets were counted. On his return from a hunt he had to show an animal for each bullet that he had used, but Boone was cunning. He cut his bullets into halves. With the half bullets he shot his game and hid the parts he had saved.

One day Boone was sent with a party of Indians to make salt. They were gone ten days. When they returned he

found a number of Indians had come into the village and that plans were on foot to attack Boonesboro.

That night Boone rose stealthily from his couch, stole to his hiding place in the woods, took up his powder and shot, and hurried on. He must reach the Ohio River before morning. He knew the Indians would be in hot pursuit and that nothing but death would await his recapture. He reached the Ohio, found a broken Indian canoe, repaired it, and crossed to the other side. Still he did not dare to fire a gun as Indians were all around him. He went several days without food. On the fourth day he killed a buffalo and then pushed on to Boonesboro.

The Indians did not come at once. Boone, at the head of 30 men, started out to find them. They went 150 miles into the wilderness. Finding the savages approaching, they returned. The Indians attacked the fort and besieged it for twelve days. Knowing how well Boone and his men could shoot, the Indians were afraid to make a direct charge. Starting near the river they dug a tunnel, but the river water burst into their trench and discouraged them. They gave up the attack and returned home. Boonesboro was never again attacked by the Indians.

Kentucky now developed rapidly. The wilderness road was improved so that wagons could travel on it. When sixty-three years old Boone left Kentucky and started for Missouri, saying, "It is crowded here. I want more elbow room."

Missouri was then a Spanish possession. At St. Louis he was given a tract of land by the people and made a magistrate. When Louisiana was purchased from France, Boone

lost his office and had his land taken away from him. He was then seventy-five years old.

He returned to Kentucky and paid all of his debts. Congress was petitioned to return his lands. After some delay his land in Missouri was returned in recognition of his services in Kentucky.

After his wife's death in 1813 he spent his time visiting among his children. He continued hunting up to the day of his death in 1820. He was buried beside his wife. In 1845 they were exhumed and reburied in Frankfort, Kentucky. A grateful people erected a fine monument to his memory.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

1804-1805

BEFORE 1800 the great lands west of the Mississippi River belonged to Spain. In the story of Thomas Jefferson you learned that this great tract was purchased by the United States in 1803.

Louisiana extended from the Mississippi River westward to the Rocky Mountains and from Texas on the south to the Great Lakes on the north.

Very little was known about this land. It is true that traders and hunters had gone for some distance into the unknown parts, but the greater portion had never been visited by white men.

West of the Rockies, toward the north, lay the great Oregon Country. Captain Cook had discovered the mouth of the Columbia River in 1792. English traders were penetrating this section. The United States must do something to make its claim to Oregon stronger.

For some time President Thomas Jefferson had wished to find out more about the lands west of the Mississippi. He urged Congress to provide money for such an exploring trip. "It won't cost much," said he. "The men can live on the country, and as they will be army men there will be no extra cost for salaries."



Route of the
Lewis and Clark
expedition.

After much urging Congress made a small appropriation. Jefferson had long ago decided on the leader.

Captain Meriwether Lewis was a skilled officer. He was born in Virginia. From boyhood he was interested in the woods. He studied about plants and animals. He was now Jefferson's private secretary. Jefferson chose him to lead the expedition.

Captain Lewis did not wish to carry the responsibility alone. His friend, Captain William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, was an expert backwoodsman and a skilled military officer. Lewis asked him to go with him as second in command.

The expedition was ready to start, but supplies were scarce. This caused so much delay that they were compelled to go into winter-quarters on the eastern bank of the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Missouri River.

Meanwhile our government had purchased Louisiana from the French. Now the expedition was to explore our own land.

Why was this exploring trip planned? It had many purposes: (1) The explorers were to make careful observations, so that a map of the new country could be made. (2) They were to make a record of the natural resources of the country, that is, they were to examine the soil to see if it would make good farmland, to look for minerals like coal, gold, silver, etc. (3) They were to make friends with the Indians and study their manners and customs.

What did they have to help them in this perilous trip? A boat 55 feet long, drawing 3 feet of water. It had a sail and twenty-two oars. There was a cabin and a forecastle. In the centre was a breastwork to protect them from Indian

attacks. In addition, there were two open boats propelled by oars.

The party consisted of Lewis and Clark, about twenty soldiers, eight or nine Kentucky riflemen, and a husky negro servant. This was a small party indeed to start out on such a long and dangerous voyage. All of them, however, were strong, courageous people, used to hardship and travel through the wilderness.

During the first winter Captain Clark looked after building the boats, while Lewis bought the supplies, and sought for information about the route to be followed.

On May 14, 1804, they broke camp, pushed out on the broad waters of the Mississippi, and crossed to the rapid, muddy waters of the roaring Missouri.

Their progress up the river was slow. In many places the current was too strong for rowing. Men had to land and haul on towing ropes while those aboard pushed with long poles against the bottom of the river. Many a narrow escape was made as the banks, undermined by the rushing waters, suddenly caved in.

The party was divided, one landed and went afoot or on horseback, while the others stayed in the boats.

The land party hunted and explored. Often they were miles from the river and had great trouble in finding the boat party. Captain Lewis was usually in charge of those on land. He made many notes about the country and collected material to send back.

On May 25th they passed the home of Daniel Boone, then still hale and hearty. This was the last white settlement on the river.

On they went, breasting the rapid current, ever struggling to the Rockies. Many a time they narrowly escaped destruction. The land party also had many difficulties to overcome. Two of the worst were the low thorn bushes and the prickly pears. These tore their clothing and flesh, making walking painful and hard. They suffered intensely from mosquitoes and ticks. Snake bites were numerous and many had sunstroke.

Game abounded everywhere, so the party was well fed.

One night the water party camped on a sand bar in the river. In the middle of the night the guard noticed that the bar was slipping into the water. There was barely time to awaken the others and climb into the boats before the whole bar was gone and the river rushing over the place where it had been.

Strange as it may seem, with all their toil, hardships, and privations, but one of the party died on the whole trip.

The expedition was now approaching the end of the known part of the journey. Soon they were to traverse land and water never before seen by a white man.

The Indians were usually friendly. Both Lewis and Clark were skilful in handling them. So great was their success with them that they met with no opposition at all on their return journey over the same route.

There was but one unpleasant happening with the Indians. At one point an Indian brave stole a hunter's horse. Clark demanded that the horse be returned at once. This was done. Then a council was held. Everything went smoothly until it was time to leave. As the

men prepared to embark some of the young Indians seized the boat's rope. Clark ordered his men to take their arms. They thrust the Indians away, jumped to the boats, and prepared to attack. This show of fearlessness made the Indians afraid. The pipe of peace was smoked and the trouble all over.

Winter was now approaching. They planned to spend the winter with the Mandan Indians, a friendly tribe, farther up the river. They pushed on, reaching the place. Log huts and a palisade fence were built. They had traveled 1600 miles from the mouth of the Missouri in 173 days, an average of 9 miles a day.

They named their camp Fort Mandan. Here they spent five months, busy all the time making preparations for their start in the early spring. Many white trappers and hunters visited them that winter. Most of them were English or French.

These men were not friendly to the expedition. They told the Indians that these new white men were the first of great crowds of settlers who would come and take their lands from them for farms. Lewis and Clark were worried over these tales. For a time it looked as if the Indians would believe the stories. Then they would attack the fort and massacre the men. But Lewis and Clark won out. "We are your friends," said they. "We are here to become acquainted. Later we shall send you traders who will treat you better and pay you more than these traders do." Their skill in doctoring the sick Indians helped them also.

During the winter the temperature was often 20 degrees below zero. Nevertheless, Lewis traveled around the coun-

try learning the language of the Indians and preparing materials for the map. Clark worked in the camp, providing food and firewood.

Captain Lewis needed an interpreter, someone who could talk to the western Indians in their own language. A French hunter living near Fort Mandan had a young Indian wife who had been taken from her family in the far west when she was a little girl. Lewis persuaded this hunter to go and take his wife along. Her name was "Sacajawea," and, although she had a little boy only two months old to take along, she made the entire trip and was of great help to the expedition.

On April 7th a canoe was sent back to St. Louis. It contained two men who had tried to desert, nine cages of living animals and birds, several boxes of rocks, soil, dried plants, stuffed animals, Indian clothes, utensils, weapons and ornaments, and a description of their journey.

On the same day the party broke camp and started up the river. As they went on the current became stronger, making their progress more difficult. April 26th they reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Beyond this was the great unknown land.

Many adventures befell them. Once when Captain Lewis was hunting alone he had just shot a buffalo. Hearing a loud growl, he turned. There just behind him was a large bear. The nearest tree was 300 yards away. Lewis tried to reach it, but had to give it up. He rushed for the river, the bear close at his heels. In he plunged. Fortunately, the grizzly decided to stay on land and Lewis escaped.

The boat company struggled on. Their task was still more difficult. Men stood on each side of the boat pushing on long poles, while on the shore another group with a towing rope over their shoulders tugged and strained.

June 3d they reached the forks of the river. Which way should they go? They had no map, and no one knew the route. Lewis ascended a mountain. Clark explored along the banks. Finally they chose the south fork. They were right. This branch led them toward the source.

At this point they hid the big boat. The stream was no longer deep enough to float it. They buried many of their supplies, leaving them to await their return. They embarked in the canoes and went on. Soon they were at the great falls of the Missouri. Abandoning their boats, they traveled overland for 18 miles until the falls and rapids were passed.

Only waiting to build a new dug out, they embarked. July 25th they were again puzzled. At this point the stream divided into three smaller ones. Clark pushed on, following the southwest branch, and leaving a note for Lewis. Sickness forced them to return to the forks. Lewis met them. Five days were spent deciding on the course. Taking the southwest branch, they went on.

Somewhere near this point they expected to find some Snake or Shoshone Indians to guide them across the mountains.

The Indian girl, Sacajawea, knew this region, as years ago she had lived there. She had been captured by an enemy tribe and taken far away. The expedition depended

on her to act, as interpreter, and to secure the friendship of the Indians.

They were nearing the source of the river. Lofty mountains raised their heads close to the river's brink. The current ran faster. There were many shallow places. Across these the men had to drag the canoes. In these high altitudes game was scarce, and the meat supply began to give out.

Lewis pushed on afoot. He was anxious to meet some Indians to inquire the way. Prickly pears and thorns made traveling hard. That night Lewis outwalked his party, spending the night alone. The next morning his men found him.

August 4th the boat party reached another fork. Clark decided to go on, leaving a note for Lewis. Unfortunately, he tied the note to a green pole. A beaver cut the pole, dragging it off, note and all. This route was too difficult. Clark returned, to find Lewis waiting for him.

They chose the middle fork. The mountains were now snowcapped. On the eleventh day the long-sought Indian was found. He was timid and hurried away. The next day Lewis reached the source of the Missouri. It was an ice-cold spring, bursting from the mountain side.

Pressing on, Lewis crossed the divide and found the source of a tributary of the Columbia River. Here he met some Indians who took him to their camp. They agreed to furnish horses. Lewis led the way back to meet Clark. When they reached the Missouri, Clark had not yet arrived.

His absence alarmed the Indians. They thought Lewis had been lying. He had great trouble to keep them with him. Fortunately, Clark arrived and saved the day. Their

Indian squaw recognized the Indian chief as her long lost brother. There was an affecting scene and the friendship of these Indians was assured.

Leaving their boats they crossed the divide. The stream discovered by Lewis was too small. They started off over Indian trails to find a broad river that the Indians told about. The trail wound along the edges of precipices, down steep mountain sides, and through rushing mountain streams. The horses stumbled and fell. Some of them had to be killed for food. A blinding snow storm swept the path. Fallen timber added to the hardships of the road.

As they descended from the mountains the heat became intense. When the plains were reached the men were exhausted. A few days' rest, then on again. New canoes were built. Their remaining horses were branded and left with a friendly Indian to keep until their return.

Game was still scarce. They lived on roots, a few fish, and dog meat bought from the Indians. Some of the Indians were hostile. All were treacherous and great thieves. It was necessary, however, to make them friendly, for they must return over this route.

November 1st they reached tide water. The river was 5 to 7 miles wide. On November 7th they heard breakers. "Great joy in camp," wrote Lewis, "we are in view of the ocean." The river was rough, the little canoes tossed and pitched. The shores were steep and rocky. It began to rain. The storm lasted ten days.

They encamped on the rocky shores. Everything was soaked, clothing, bedding, and the travelers. For six days they were weather bound. The storm ceased and the little



WILLIAM CLARKE.

Bradford Photo.
from portraits
in Independence Hall.



MERIWETHER LEWIS.

party pushed off once more. They rounded a high point, and the broad Pacific rolled before their delighted eyes. They had succeeded. Through many toils and dangers they had blazed the first trail across the continent.

They spent the winter on the coast, resting and preparing for the return the next spring. The remains of their huts and palisades were visible sixty years later.

Lewis and Clark spent the winter writing their journals, studying the Indians, and securing specimens to take home. The men tanned skins for clothing, split wood, hunted, and fished. A number of them spent two months making 20 gallons of salt from the sea water.

Food was scarce and their tobacco gave out. All were anxious for spring to return. On March 23d, with snow on the ground, they broke camp and started for home.

After six months of toil, exposure, and hardships they reached St. Louis. The entire settlement turned out to greet them. Long ago they had been given up for dead. Ovations and banquets were prepared. Here they posted their letters and materials to Jefferson, and the little company of men, disbanding, left for their several homes. One of the most wonderful exploring trips in history was ended. For one year, four months, and nine days the little band of men had toiled and suffered and at last conquered.

This wonderful expedition prepared the way for settlement and gave us a stronger claim on the great Oregon Country west of the Rocky Mountains. It also told the people that this new Louisiana land was very large and very rich in natural resources. It proved that the United States had obtained a valuable addition to its territory.

DAVID CROCKETT

1786-1836

OF the many quaint and picturesque characters developed in our early history none was better known or more beloved than David Crockett. He was a Tennessee lad who spent almost his entire life on the frontier.

When David was ten years old his father, who kept an inn, hired him to a drover. David helped drive the cattle for over 100 miles. When the cattle were sold his master made him stay with him. They pushed onward until David was 400 miles from home.

One day David recognized a wagon from his home town and its driver. "When are you going home?" asked David. "Tomorrow, at sunrise, we shall start," was the answer. David planned to run away from the drover. That night he went early to bed. He couldn't sleep, and at midnight he stole out of the house. It was bitter cold. The wind blew a gale, snow was falling, but he pushed on, his teeth set. He meant to travel those seven miles through the snow to the tavern. He must go home. Tired and weary, but still filled with courage, he reached the tavern. Already they were at breakfast almost ready to start. There was no time to rest. Hastily eating breakfast, he climbed to a wagon seat to start on his 400-mile drive home.

You can picture how glad he was to rush into his mother's arms, and how glad she was to see him.

Up to this time David had never been at school. He didn't know his letters. His father entered him in a nearby school. After four days' attendance he whipped a boy larger than himself. He was afraid to go back, thinking the teacher would thrash him. So he played truant. David's father then took him to school, following him with a hickory rod. Near the school David made a dash into the bushes and hid. What should he do?

If he went to school the teacher would thrash him, if he went home his father would. While hesitating, a drover passed by, so he asked for and obtained a job. Many miles from home his brother met him and asked him to go home. He was still afraid. He wandered around, even reaching Baltimore. At Baltimore he planned to go to sea, but his employer stopped him.

A great longing to go home overpowered him. David began to save his money. At last he started. His way for many miles lay through the woods. It was full of danger. Still he plodded on, afraid of the whipping, but going bravely homeward.

The village was reached. The old tavern was in the distance. Tears of joy blinded him. David reached home just as dinner was served. Quietly stepping in he took a place at the table. His sister saw him and the simple dinner was turned into a feast of joy.

Crockett was now fifteen years old and unable to read or write. Business was dull at home. His father was in debt. David agreed to work to pay off the debt. He worked

for a Quaker whose son was a teacher. Four days a week, for six months, he attended school. During this short time he learned to read, write, and to do arithmetic. This was all of his schooling.

When twenty years old Crockett married and moved farther toward the frontier. The Creek Indian War started. Crockett enlisted at once. He did scout duty through the war, going far into the Indian lands for information. These expeditions led to his acquaintance with General Andrew Jackson. He was made a colonel.

At the close of the war Colonel Crockett was elected to the state legislature.

Like Daniel Boone, he could not live where there were too many people. He moved again toward the frontier of Tennessee. His home was a log cabin, warm and snug, but with none of those things that we call comfort.

Winter came soon after his hut was built. His brother-in-law had promised to bring him a keg of powder from the settlements. David's supply was very low. The powder was at his brother's house, six miles away. Between them was the river. It had risen and flooded the lands. The only way over the river and across the marshes was by a series of log bridges. He had no boat. He must either go or not eat.

Early in the morning he started. In his pack he carried a dry suit of clothes to put on when he reached the other side of the river. There was snow on the ground. Without hesitating he stepped into the icy waters and started across. He reached the island in safety.

On the other side of this island was the first log bridge.

This he crossed easily, bringing him to the marsh. Here the log bridge was three feet under water. Cutting a sapling he reached it across until it stood near the tree at the opposite end of the log. With this as his guide he waded over.

Beyond was still another slough. Here the log bridge was floating. Fastening his dry clothes to his gun and holding it high over his head, David started across. Just as he reached the middle of the log it rolled. He was thrown into deep water. He had to swim for a few minutes, still holding his clothing and gun clear from the water, until he reached the shallow water.

Almost frozen, he walked ashore, donned his dry clothing, and started off. He tried to run, but was too numb with cold. He persisted, however, until he reached his brother's cabin.

Crockett stayed a couple of days resting. Then he started home with the keg of powder on his back. It had grown steadily colder. The river had a half inch of ice on it. A few days wait and he could walk across. But days were precious. He knew that there was no food at home. He must get home.

Crockett stepped on the ice, it broke, and he started wading toward the stronger ice, cutting his way with his tomahawk. This ice also broke. At last he reached the slough. This was frozen strong enough to bear him. He crossed to the island. Here the current was too strong to permit freezing. He placed his gun against a tree, took his precious keg of powder in his arms, and crossed over the sunken log. Then he returned for his gun and recrossed the log.

Wet from head to foot and half frozen he waded on. Footprints, broken through the ice, looked like a bear trail. He started to follow it. The tracks led to his own home. They had been made by a young man who had gone out to look for him.

That night it rained hard. The next morning everything was covered with ice.

In spite of his weariness David started hunting for game. The underbrush, covered with ice, tore at his clothing, but he went on. The dogs smelled a bear. David Crockett was the greatest bear hunter of the state. He couldn't resist. So he followed his dogs, at last shooting one of the largest bears he had ever seen.

Some time after this he was elected to the national Congress. He served several terms. During his life as a Congressman he visited Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He was known all over the country for his "queer" way of living and talking, and for his great honesty. Wherever he went crowds gathered to see him and to meet him. He was showered with honors, gifts, and attentions.

General Andrew Jackson, who was then President, became angry with Crockett and prevented his re-election to Congress. Crockett was fifty years old. He decided to leave Tennessee and go to that part of Mexico which is now our state of Texas. At that time less than 40,000 white people lived there.

While David Crockett travels to Texas suppose we read a little about this great, new country to which he was going.

It was part of Mexico, and that country had asked for settlers. In 1833 Americans had crossed the border and

made settlement in this land. Mexico was the scene of many revolutions and much cruelty. The Americans in Texas did not like the Mexican Government, and in 1836 set up their own government. They made a Declaration of Independence and sent it to Mexico. Santa Anna was President of Mexico then. He was cruel and savage. With his army he set out to subdue the Texan revolt.

This was the time when David Crockett chose to go to Texas. He arrived at San Antonio in 1836 just in time to help them stand siege.

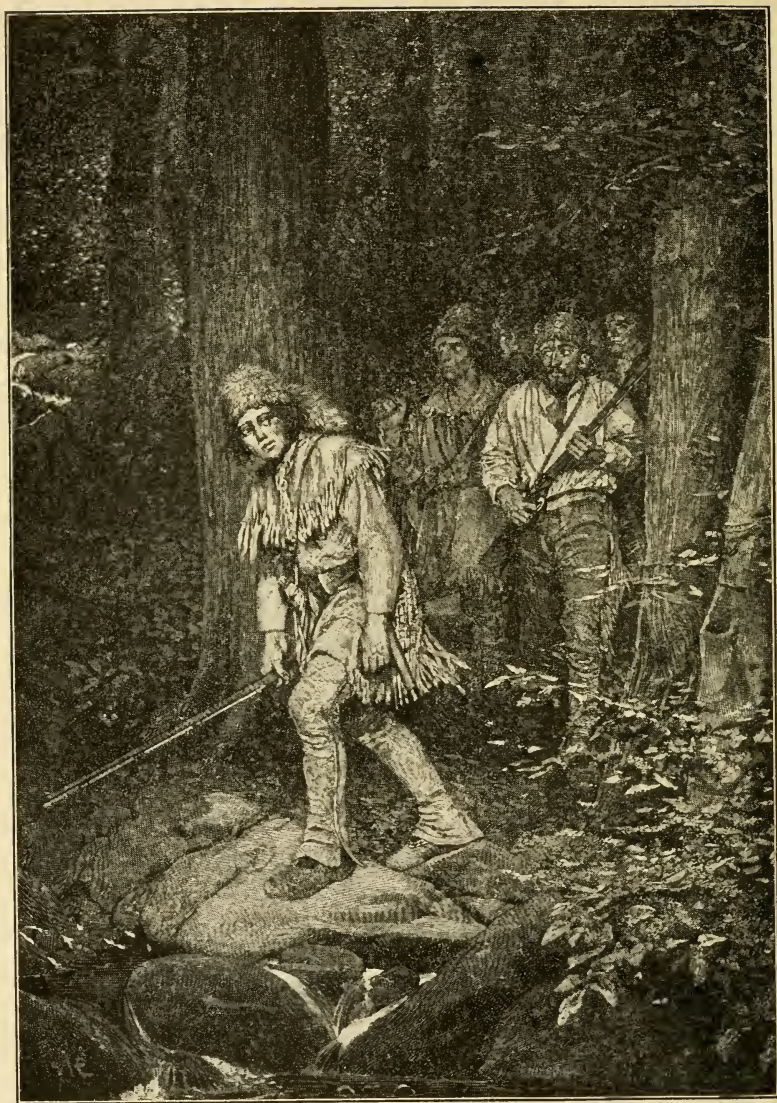
San Antonio was a small town about 75 miles west of Austin. It stood on the San Antonio River. The old town had three parts—San Antonio proper, the Alamo, and Chihuahua. The Alamo was an old Spanish Mission or church. It had stout walls and made an excellent fort. There were 1200 citizens in the town when Colonel Crockett arrived. Out in the Alamo was a garrison of 182 fighting men. Crockett at once went to the Alamo. He found them all fighters. They had plenty of ammunition and the fort.

February 22, 1836, Santa Anna, at the head of 1000 men, appeared before the fort. He demanded its surrender. The reply was a cannon shot.

Santa Anna at once prepared to attack. Cannon were set up. The Mexicans were poor shots.

The garrison sent a messenger to hasten help. No help came! The water-supply was in danger. Happily they beat the Mexicans away from this side. Travis, their commander, said, "I never intend to retreat or surrender. Victory or death."

The Mexicans threw bombs into the fort, but these did



SCOUTS IN INDIAN COUNTRY.

Wood engraving in
"Harper's Magazine," 1885.

no damage. Their cannoniers, however, were becoming better marksmen.

David Crockett, standing on the rampart, saw them place a new gun and aim it at the fort. He waited until the gunner was ready to fire it. Then he shot him. Men stood near him and passed him loaded rifles. In quick succession he killed four more who approached to fire the gun. That gun was silenced.

For eleven days the siege continued; 300 Mexicans were killed. Reinforcements reached them; 4000 Mexicans advanced to the assault on Sunday, March 6, 1836, their bugles playing, with orders to give "No quarter."

Scaling ladders were brought by the Mexicans. When the ladders were full the defenders toppled them backward, hurling the Mexicans to the ground. After two hours' fighting they forced an entrance to the fort. The garrison fought on.

The unequal contest could not last much longer. Soon but six of the garrison were still alive. David Crockett and his five companions made their last stand in an angle of the fort. Dead Mexicans lay all around them. In one hand David held his bowie knife dripping blood, in the other the barrel of his rifle. His face was covered with blood from a gash in his forehead.

Their brave stand against overwhelming odds appealed to two Mexican officers. They asked Santa Anna to spare them. "No quarter," said Santa Anna. "Shoot them." Crockett rushed at him, but before he had taken two steps he fell, riddled with shot. The other five were soon killed. So fell David Crockett. No wonder that the battle-cry of the Texans afterward was "Remember the Alamo!"

Santa Anna's cruelty and barbarism soon caused his defeat. All the Texans were aroused. Uniting, they defeated him and forced Mexico to acknowledge their independence. In 1845 Texas was made a part of the United States.

Near the old State House at Austin a monument has been erected to the defenders of the Alamo. On its side are carved the words: "Thermopylæ had three messengers of defeat, the Alamo had none."



THE ALAMO.

Underwood & Underwood,
Photo.

JOHN C. FREMONT

1813-1890

ON a bright winter morning, in the sunny state of Georgia, in the year 1813, was born John C. Fremont, destined to become one of the greatest explorers in American history. His father was a Frenchman who had left his home in France to escape the terrors of the French Revolution. His mother was an American, a cousin of George Washington.

When John was five years old his father died, leaving him and his mother to struggle unaided through the world. They moved to Charleston, S. C., where the boy spent his youth. He worked for a lawyer. In this office he received all of his early education. Having a taste for mathematics, he turned his attention to mastering that subject.

When he was twenty years old his state, South Carolina, defied the national government. A sloop of war was sent to the harbor of Charleston to force obedience to the government's law.

Fremont secured a position aboard the boat as teacher of mathematics. For two years and a half he cruised around, teaching mathematics.

At the end of this period he decided to study surveying and railroad engineering. His first task in this new pro-

fession was to plan a railroad route from Charleston to Augusta. While engaged in this work he explored large tracts of land in South Carolina and Tennessee.

This trip gave him a taste for further explorations. It decided his life work. Henceforth he was to be the finder and maker of new trails through the great unknown West.

His first important trip was the exploration of the upper region of the Mississippi. He was a lieutenant in this expedition, serving under a man named Nicollet. After this he made extensive explorations of the lands between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

Senator Benton for many years had been urging Congress to supply money for exploring the great West. Young Fremont met the senator on his return from an exploring trip. Senator Benton liked the young man. His enthusiasm, his courage, his self-reliance appealed to Benton. He had found the man to lead exploring expeditions—a man who would push onward, undaunted by any hardships or difficulties.

Congress at last set aside money for an exploring trip to the great West. Benton had Fremont appointed to lead the expedition. Fremont had dreamed dreams of this great unknown land. He could fancy settlement after settlement growing in the unknown land, if only some one marked the way. He was glad of the chance to be the "Pathfinder."

In 1841 he explored the basin of the Des Moines River. On his return he married Senator Benton's daughter. Mrs. Fremont entered enthusiastically into his plans, though



JOHN C. FRÉMONT.

Wood engraving from
portrait, "Century
Magazine," 1885.

they meant that she would not see him for long periods of time.

In May, 1842, he was sent to explore the South Pass to find the best route to the Pacific Coast. The party advanced along the basin of the La Platte River, through the South Pass, and thence to the Wind River peak, one of the highest peaks in the Rocky Mountain System. Its crest is 14,000 feet above sea level.

On the way they were surrounded by a band of hostile Indians who threatened to massacre the party if they tried to go on. A council was called. Every member of the expedition advised against going on. The Indians were called to the council. Fremont said that he was going to advance. His fearlessness and the firearms of the party awed the Indians. They passed on in safety.

On August 15, 1842, the little party ate breakfast on a table land near the peak. Carefully covering the remains of the food, they saddled their mules and started the steep and dangerous ascent. The sure footed mules carried them well up the mountain. Soon, however, they reached a place where the mules could not be used. Turning them out to graze, the party went on.

Both hands and feet were now necessary in the climb. Huge rocks had to be circled or climbed. The path was steep and slippery. Snow was everywhere save in one narrow path where it had melted. They walked on the edges of precipices whose straight walls towered for thousands of feet from the valley below. A misstep meant death on the rocks below.

They were near the crest. Fremont sprang upon the

summit. Another step would have hurled him into an immense snow field 500 feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer, icy precipice, and then with a gradual fall the field sloped off for about a mile until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. "We fixed a ramrod in a crevice and unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before."

Not a sign of animal life was anywhere, save a bumble bee who lighted on the knee of one of the party. This messenger of summer fields and flowers filled them with a keen joy while they rested in the snow of the mountain top.

Returning to their starting point, they embarked on a lake and followed it to its outlet. This small stream raced through an immense gorge, the walls rising straight up for hundreds of feet. They shot through the canyon, jumping three small cataracts.

At the end was a small open place, and beyond a second canyon stretching between rocky sides for seven or eight miles. There was no way to walk around it. They must go through. Three men, holding a rope attached to the stern of the boat, went ashore. The boat started. The swift current seized it. Onward it rushed. The rope was snatched away from two of the men. The third held on and was jerked headlong into the seething waters. He was rescued with difficulty.

At one place the stream narrowed. The boat was too wide to pass through. Water rushed over them. Jumping out, they lifted the boat past the narrow place. "We cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the current." The party

was excited. They sang a Canadian boat song. Just then the boat struck a rock and upset.

All of the party reached the shore in safety, but their supplies and records were swept down stream by the rushing waters. The boat was hastily repaired. One of the party entered it while the others followed the shores, many times up to their knees in the water. At the end of the canyon they found most of the supplies and records in the quiet waters as the stream flowed lazily through the valley.

On October 17th they returned to St. Louis. In 1843 Fremont started on his second expedition. This time he planned to explore the lower basin of the Columbia River. On this trip he crossed the South Pass, entered the Great Interior Basin, and discovered the Great Salt Lake. He spent but little time here. The approach of winter compelled him to return.

In 1845 he again reached Great Salt Lake, making a complete tour of the lake. From here he went westward to California, reaching the Pacific coast. California was ruled by Mexico. He obtained permission from General Castro, the Mexican commander, to explore that region. This permission was soon withdrawn. Nevertheless, Fremont pushed on.

Learning that Castro was leading a force to attack him, he hastily fortified a place near Monterey. The Mexican general was afraid to attack. Fremont started for Oregon. On the way he met two horsemen, the advance guard of a party of six, who were bringing dispatches from Washington. One of these ordered Fremont to remain in California to help prevent the English from securing that land.

The American settlers there joined his forces. Several battles were fought with the Mexicans. The American forces won. The arrival of Commodore Stockton in San Francisco Bay helped them, and Mexico surrendered California to the United States. Fremont was made governor of the new territory.

General Kearny, commanding an American army, reached California. Stockton and he had a quarrel over who was in command. Fremont sided with Stockton. Later the authorities at Washington made Kearny commander. He arrested Fremont, sent him to St. Louis, where he was tried by court martial and convicted. The President pardoned him. Fremont, stung by the injustice of his conviction, resigned from the army.

After this Fremont returned to California, living there for several years. Business ventures compelled his return to the East. He was very popular and was nominated for President. As Fremont was known to be opposed to slavery and the country was not yet ready to abolish that evil, he was defeated by the only President ever elected from the state of Pennsylvania, James Buchanan. Retiring to private life, he devoted his time and energies to preparing a complete account of his explorations. The noted "Pathfinder" died in 1890.

ELI WHITNEY

1765-1825

AMERICAN inventors have given to the world many of its most helpful machines. Eli Whitney's cotton-gin was the first of America's labor-saving gifts to the world.

Eli Whitney, first American to be famous as an inventor, was born in Massachusetts. He soon showed great skill in using tools. Even when only ten years old he liked to steal away to the wood-shed and make things. As he grew older he learned to make nails, canes, tubs, and even made a violin.

There was little money in Eli's home. The boy was eager to learn. He planned to go to college, though to do so meant work. He entered Yale College when he was twenty-four years old, finishing the four-year course in three years.

The young man was ready to teach. For a time no opportunity came. An offer of a position in Georgia sent him hurrying to that state. When he arrived the position had been filled.

Bitterly disappointed, he sought employment as a private tutor. In his search he met Mrs. Greene, widow of General Nathanael Greene. She liked the struggling young teacher, and invited him to make her home his. Whitney accepted her offer.

While in Mrs. Greene's home he made an embroidery frame for her and several toys for the children. Mrs. Greene soon thought him a wonder with tools.

One day some cotton planters visited Mrs. Greene. They were in great trouble. Their farms were good cotton-growing land, but it cost too much to clean the cotton.

Each cotton boll is full of little sticky seeds. These must be removed. A slave could remove the seeds from but a few pounds of cotton daily. To clean enough cotton for one bale took a long time. The planters were in despair. They thought of giving up cotton planting and of turning their farms into indigo or tobacco plantations. "If we only had a machine to clean the cotton," said one of the planters.

"I know a man," said Mrs. Greene, "who can make you a machine, I'll get him."

Returning with Eli Whitney, she said, "Here, gentlemen, is a man who can do anything."

Whitney was embarrassed. He knew nothing about cotton. The planters urged him to try. "We will tell you about cotton," said one. "You think about it. Try to make a machine."

Whitney agreed to try. Difficulties arose at once, as nowhere in the South could he secure the necessary tools. He had to make them. There was no wire. He made it. Day and night he worked in Mrs. Greene's cellar.

One day Whitney called her to see the new machine. She hurried to the cellar. Placing some cotton in the machine, Whitney turned a crank. In a few minutes a stream of clean cotton fibres poured out of the machine.



ELI WHITNEY.

Wood engraving from portrait,
"Century Magazine," 1885.

Mrs. Greene was pleased. "May I send for our planter friends?" asked she.

"I shall be glad to show the machine to them," replied Whitney.

The planters came. The exhibition was successful. All were pleased and happy. Whitney was urged to hurry to place the machine on sale.

One night a party of men broke into the cellar and stole the machine. Whitney was angry. He had to begin all over. In disgust he left Georgia, going to Connecticut. Here he built a new machine and had it patented.

Whitney's gin, as it was called, was a simple machine. It consisted of a basket with a bottom of fine wires, placed so close together that a cotton seed could not pass through. Under the basket was a wheel with iron teeth stuck in its tire. A crank turned this wheel. The teeth passed through the wires forming the bottom of the basket, seized the cotton, and pulled it through the grating. The seeds, being too large, remained behind. They poured out of the basket through a pipe placed in one end. Under the toothed wheel was a cylindrical brush. This revolved, brushing the cotton fibre from the toothed wheel.

The Southern States were ungrateful. Whitney always had trouble in securing payments for his machines. Planters everywhere employed mechanics to make imitations. Law suits were started. Whitney won them, but rarely could he make the planters pay. Of all the cotton states, North Carolina was the only one that paid him his money. Whitney never received enough money from this invention to support his family.

Whitney's cotton-gin made cotton planting pay. Thousands of acres were planted in cotton. Cotton planters became wealthy. Before the gin was invented only 10,000 bales of cotton left the United States yearly. Its invention increased this export until in 1860 4,000,000 bales were sent to Europe.

Before 1793 slave labor was unprofitable in the cotton states. Many people thought of freeing their slaves. The cotton-gin changed all this. Before its invention a slave could clean a few pounds of cotton daily. After its invention he could clean several hundred pounds daily. Slave labor became valuable. The cotton-gin helped fasten slavery on the nation.

The increase in cotton growing made cotton mills spring up in the North. This industry grew larger and larger, giving work and money to thousands of people.

It is interesting to note that Whitney stopped making his gin. He could collect nothing from the users of his invention. He became interested in rifles. He invented several improvements, started a factory to make the new rifles, and made a fortune.

At his death he was able to leave his family in comfortable circumstances.

ROBERT FULTON

1765-1815

ROBERT FULTON, who made steamboat navigation possible, was a native of Pennsylvania. He is a part of that great army of men and women who have helped make the great state of Pennsylvania renowned in every walk of life.

Robert's father died when the boy was three years old. Robert spent his boyhood in Lancaster. He went to school, learning to read and write very quickly. He was not much interested in his school studies. He liked machines and everything relating to them. Most of his playtime was spent in machine shops.

The workers liked to have him around. He was skilful with his pencil, making valuable suggestions about the shapes and decorations of much of the work done in the shops. Frequently he made calculations to show the size of a gun needed to send a bullet a given distance.

The American Revolution began when he was eleven years old. Robert was intensely patriotic. He longed to shoulder a gun and march with the troops against the English.

One Fourth of July he wished to make a celebration. He wanted to have lighted candles in his windows. This was forbidden, for candles were very scarce. What should he

do? He bought some powder and made skyrockets. That night he had a fine celebration and felt much better.

Fulton was always interested in inventions. When fourteen he tried to make an air-gun. This was not a success. A friend asked him to go fishing with him and his father. Away they went. The father was an expert angler. He was glad to have the boys along. They could row the boat while he fished.

Robert thought rowing too hard. The next time he refused to go. That week he visited an aunt. All day long he worked in the barn. "What are you doing? Don't clutter up this barn," said his aunt. Still the boy worked on. One day he showed his aunt his work. It was a model of a rowboat with a paddle wheel.

Leaving the model in the barn he went home. Then he joined his friend. Together they worked until paddle wheels had been fitted to the rowboat. Now they could sit in the stern, turn a crank, and force the boat through the water.

His natural talent for drawing induced him to study art. He went to Philadelphia to study. Here he met Benjamin Franklin, who learned to love him. He made rapid progress, finally deciding to go to England to finish his studies. With money made in Philadelphia he bought a large farm for his mother.

Friends in Philadelphia gave him letters of introduction to Benjamin West, the famous Pennsylvania artist. West met him, liked him, and took him for a pupil.

In England Fulton was rapidly becoming an artist of note. It looked as if a great career in art lay before him.

A friend in England, however, interested him in civil engineering. His old mechanical tastes returned; this was his profession. In this line of endeavor he could work harder than in any other.

While in England he worked diligently. He made an improved mill for sawing marble, a machine for spinning flax, and one for making rope.

A friend of his was trying to perfect a steamboat with paddle wheels. Fulton was interested. He decided to try to make such a boat.

Meeting Mr. Watt, the inventor, he had an opportunity to study his steam-engine. How could this engine be made to turn paddle wheels to force a boat through the water? That was the question. This work took time and money. To make a little money he began to paint. He went to France. His paintings were liked. In France he invented and painted the first panorama ever shown. The sale of this painting gave him enough money to continue his experiments.

In 1801 he produced an under-water boat. This was the first submarine. In the boat he stayed under water with three companions for one hour. Strangely enough, no nation wanted the boat. No one thought it would ever be useful.

His next invention was a torpedo. England was tempted to buy this. They demanded, however, that Fulton should pledge himself never to let any other country use it. Fulton, full of patriotic love for his country, replied, "Whatever may be your award, I never will consent to let these inventions lie dormant should my country at any time

have need of them. Were you to grant me an annuity of 2000 pounds, I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my own country."

In 1806 he returned to America. The submarine was offered to our government. Many tests were tried, but the boat failed and was rejected.

Meanwhile many men in different countries were working to make a steamboat. Experiments were tried in England and in France. In America as early as 1786 John Fitch planned a boat to run by steam. In his boat water was to be sucked in from the bow of the boat and to be hurled out at the stern. Such a boat was tried on the Delaware River, but failed.

While Fulton was not the first to plan a steamboat, still he was the first man who was able to build a steamboat that really worked and could be used for safe travel.

Fulton decided to stop everything else and give his whole time to making a steamboat. He returned to France. Robert R. Livingstone, the American minister there, helped him with suggestions and money.

Livingstone before going to France had secured all the rights to steamboat navigation on the waters of New York State. So he was much interested in Fulton's plans.

Fulton worked daily. After weeks of thought and labor a boat was built. An engine was placed in it. Everything was ready for a trial on the following day.

That night Fulton was awakened by loud knocks on his door. "What is the matter?" he cried. "Your boat has broken in half and gone to the bottom," was the reply.

Hastily dressing, Fulton rushed to the river. The boat

was gone. For twenty-four hours, without rest or sleep, he worked until the engine and boat had been raised. Undaunted, he began again. The boat was repaired and made much stronger. This boat showed that steamboats could be made a success.

Fulton was always a lover of his native country. He wished America to have the honor and credit of his new boat. His native land was the place to work. So he left France and came to New York.

No one in America seemed interested. His reception was cold. No one wanted to risk money on such a hare-brained scheme. People thought him crazy. Still he worked on, conquering each difficulty.

His boat began to take shape. He ordered an engine from Watt. How could he make it run the boat?

After much thought and planning his paddle-wheel rowboat, made when a boy, showed him the way. Two paddle wheels were built. Each one was 15 feet in diameter. The paddle boards were 4 feet long and dipped 2 feet into the water.

In August, 1807, the boat, called the "Clermont," was ready for its trial trip.

Fulton's heart beat high with joy. Success was near. Starting the engine, the little craft pushed out from its mooring on the East River, steamed slowly away into the Hudson River, and across to New Jersey.

On the New Jersey side the boat was made ready for its real trial trip up the Hudson. On the morning of September 10, 1807, the strange looking little craft was ready to start. Great crowds lined the wharf and shores. It was a



Bradford Photo.

ROBERT FULTON.

From portrait in
Independence Hall.

jeering crowd. No one believed the queer boat would work. Jokes were made and many laughs started.

Fulton worked calmly on. His faith in his boat was strong. All was ready for the start. Would it work? These were anxious moments. The engine started. Splash, splash went the wheels. "Look! it is actually going!" cried the crowd.

Slowly the little boat steamed out. Great clouds of dense black smoke poured from its funnels. Great clouds of spray flew from the splash of its paddle wheels. It gained speed. Soon it was going five miles an hour. The crowd burst into cheers. Then the boat stopped.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the crowd. "Of course it couldn't work." While they jeered and laughed the little boat started again. This time it kept on. Up the Hudson, against the current and winds, the little boat pushed its way.

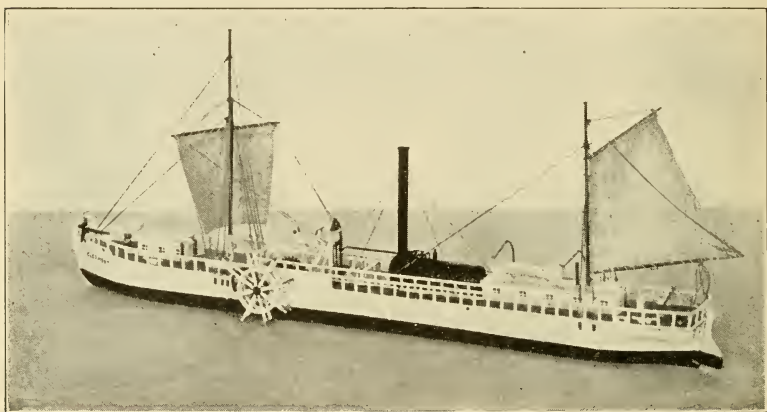
All along the shores cheering crowds greeted the strange craft. Sailing boats on the river gave it a wide berth. Their crews were frantic with fear. They thought that Old Satan was on the river coming after them.

The trip to Albany lasted thirty-two hours. Today it is made in a few hours. At that time the speed was wonderful. That little boat paved the way for the marvels of steam navigation of today. Soon the "Clermont" was making regular trips between New York and Albany. It carried freight and passengers.

Fulton built other boats. They sailed on the waters of New York state. Other states wished to try this new way of traveling. Soon they were a common sight on all the rivers

of the Union. He designed a special boat for the shallow waters of the Mississippi.

What did his invention mean? It meant that water navigation would no longer wait on currents and winds. Boats could ascend a river even though the wind and current was against them. Again, the steamboat made better time



THE CLERMONT.

Photo. of model in
Penna. Commercial Museum.

than the sailing vessel. It made possible better and safer boats for passenger travel. It made commerce between America and Europe safer, quicker, and more profitable.

It is interesting to mention that Fulton in 1814 built the first steam war vessel ever made. He died before he could see this invention perfected.

He is buried in Mr. Livingstone's family vault in Trinity Churchyard, New York City. No monument or tablet marks his simple grave. But as the steamboats and steamships ply the waters of the world, each one is a monument to the genius and hard work of the American—Robert Fulton.

GOVERNOR CLINTON AND THE ERIE CANAL

1817-1825

EARLY English settlements had been made along the Atlantic Coast. Little by little hardy pioneers pushed their way into the western wilderness. The close of the Revolutionary War saw sturdy little settlements west of the Appalachian Mountains. For a time Indian troubles stopped their advance.

When peace was made with the Indian tribes, a steady stream of settlers poured into these western lands. As early as 1818 prosperous towns had grown up in western New York, Pennsylvania, and in the country between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The lands were fertile and well watered. Flourishing farms developed. Near the rivers and other streams manufacturing began to play an important part in the life of this section. The great need, however, was for some way to carry the products of the farms and factories to the markets in the East. It is true, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers formed natural highways. Unfortunately, they led to a part far removed from the big cities near the coast. The Great Lakes were closed to shipping by Niagara Falls.

At that time there were few good roads, no railroads, and no canals. This new land, however, must have an outlet to the sea.

Europe for many years had been using its waterways and building new ones. Canals connected many places. Could not the new world use this method?

De Witt Clinton, of New York, thought it could. For many years he studied the question. Across New York state from Lake Erie to the Hudson River was a route that nature seemed to have prepared for a canal. Here the mountain ranges are low and rivers in the right places.

At first Clinton met with no encouragement. Some people thought him crazy. He kept steadily on. Then his opportunity came. He was chosen governor of the state. One of his first public acts was to ask the legislature to give money to build a canal. Of course it refused. Clinton asked again and again, until the money was granted.

In 1818 the first spadeful of earth was lifted. Many thought "Clinton's Big Ditch" would be a failure. Along the route of the canal farmers left their work to dig the ditch. At the end of a year a portion of the canal was finished. Water was let in. The ditch held it. Boats were floated on the canal. Soon cargoes were being sent back and forth. Encouraged, the workers toiled on. The canal was a success.

The finished canal was 363 miles long, 40 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. The digging was a hard task. There were no steam shovels in those days. Men dug the ditch with spades. All work was man and horse labor. Trees had to be cut and stumps had to be pulled. In places the ground was

so filled with roots that sharp knives had to be placed on plows to loosen the earth.

The year 1825 saw the canal completed. Lake Erie was now connected with the Hudson River.

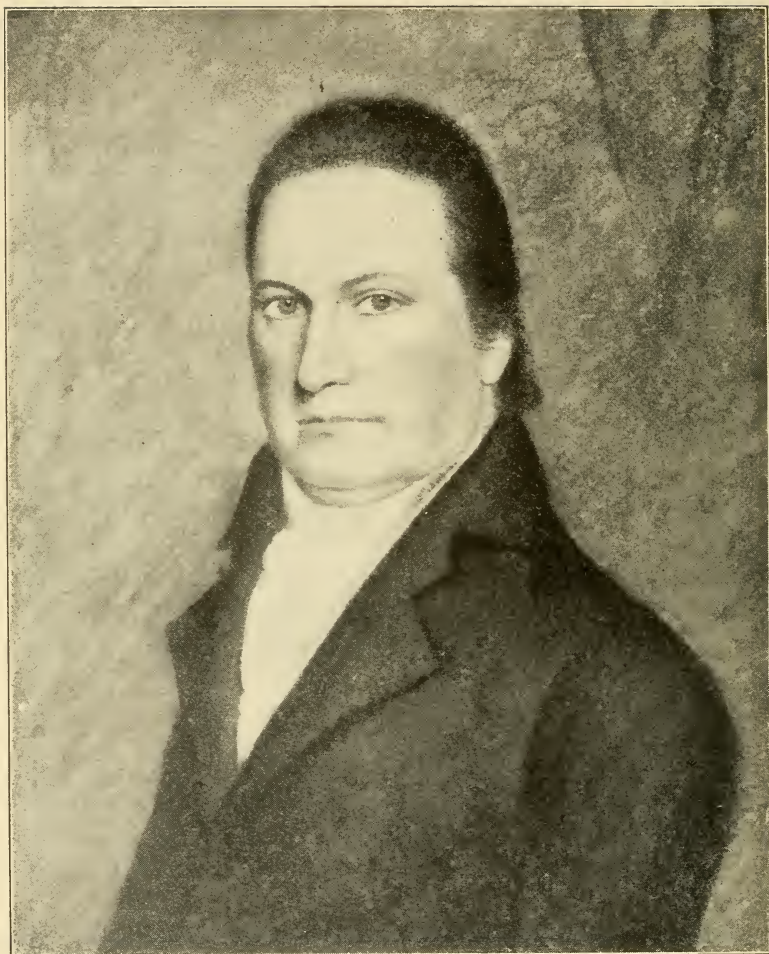
This same year the canal was opened to traffic with a formal celebration. A procession of boats formed on Lake Erie. One of them, called "The Seneca Chief," carried Clinton and his party. Two kegs of water from Lake Erie and two baskets of apples from western New York were placed on board.

Near "The Seneca Chief" was another boat, "Noah's Ark." On board this barge were two eagles, a bear, some fawns, fishes, birds, and two Indian boys. The West went to meet the East carrying its representatives along.

All along the canal and Hudson River cannon had been planted. As the procession started the first cannon was fired, then the second, and so on until the cannon in New York City announced the start of the boats. So was the news carried from Buffalo to New York City. It took one hour and twenty minutes for the news to reach New York.

The boats sailed slowly along the canal. The banks were filled with people shouting and laughing with joy. Celebrations were held everywhere, but the biggest was in New York City.

The boats reached Albany. From there they sailed down the Hudson, past the city of New York, on out to sea. Off Sandy Hook, where the waters of the Hudson mingle with those of the Atlantic, Governor Clinton poured the water from the kegs into the ocean. "This is intended to commemorate the navigable communication accomplished



Bradford Photo.

DE WITT CLINTON.

From portrait in
Independence Hall.

between our Mediterranean Seas and the Atlantic Ocean," said he.

Turning, the boats sailed back to the city. Processions were formed, and the rest of the day made a holiday. In the evening parties and banquets were held everywhere. When it was quite dark there were fireworks.

Well might New York rejoice. The Erie Canal was the beginning of its great wealth. It alone of the cities of the Atlantic Coast was now able to bring the products of the West to its doors by water. Before the canal was opened it cost \$100 a ton to carry freight. After the canal was opened freight rates fell to \$10 a ton. Prices at once fell. Trade came more and more to New York City. The city grew and grew still larger. Today it is the largest city in the United States.

Not only was the Erie Canal used to carry freight but also passengers. In those days it was a great relief to travel leisurely and comfortably aboard the slow-moving packet. It was a decided change from the discomforts of the stage-coach.

In those times it took seven days' travel by canal from New York City to Buffalo. Today rapid express trains cover the same distance in a few hours.

Clinton's "Big Ditch" was the wonder of its day. It made possible the close connection of the East with the West, and paved the way for better means of travel.

STORY OF THE FIRST TRAIN

THE Erie Canal gave to the people of the western lands a way to send their goods to New York City. Highways across Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia also helped furnish outlets to the Atlantic coast cities. These outlets were not large enough. The people of the West needed those of the East. Some better method of transportation must be found.

Huge Conestoga wagons drawn by several horses went back and forth on the highway. Along the road inns were built. Many a jolly evening was spent in these taverns at the close of a day. The horses were fed, and the drivers, drawing close to the roaring fire, told stories of the road. When day broke the wagons went on.

Many persons were trying to improve the method of carrying goods. The many ruts in the road suggested to one man the laying of rails. These rails were strips of iron nailed on wood. Horses drew the wagons over the rails. This was the first step toward the railroad.

Men now began to plan ways to haul the wagons without horses. One wagon was built with a sail. All went merrily as long as the wind blew from the right direction. When it came from the front, the wagon stopped.

Another genius proposed a treadmill wagon. In this wagon the horse stood inside on a moving platform. He had to move his legs as in walking. This made the platform move and so turned the wheels. This plan was a failure.

Across the mountains of Pennsylvania a gravity railroad was built. Loaded cars were hauled to the top on an endless chain. From the top of the mountain the cars ran themselves down the rails on the other side to the valley. In Reading, Pa., there is still such a railroad on Mount Penn.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century many men were at work trying to make a steam-engine that would run

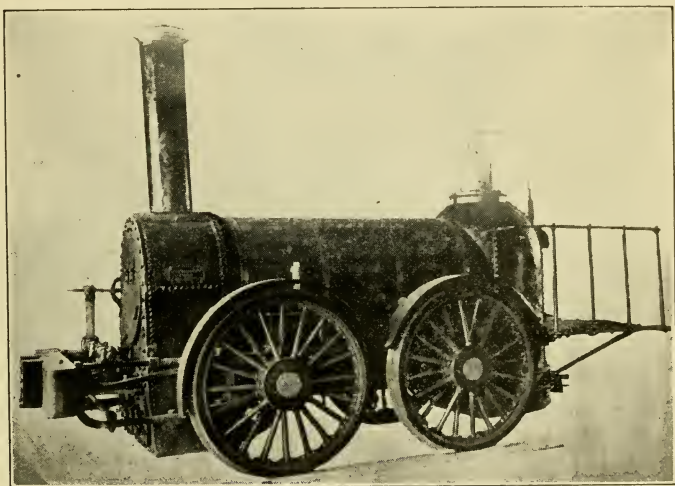


Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

THE ROCKET—Stevenson's Locomotive.

on wheels. George Stephenson, a Scotchman, was the first to succeed. In America, Peter Cooper built a locomotive called "Tom Thumb" for a new railroad at Baltimore, Maryland.

On Independence Day, 1828, Charles Carroll, one of the few living signers of the Declaration of Independence, lifted the first spadeful of earth. This was the beginning of railroad construction in the United States.

In 1830 the road was completed. "Tom Thumb" was attached to coaches. The train started. There was much excitement and great cheering. This first train ran 13 miles in one hour and thirteen minutes!

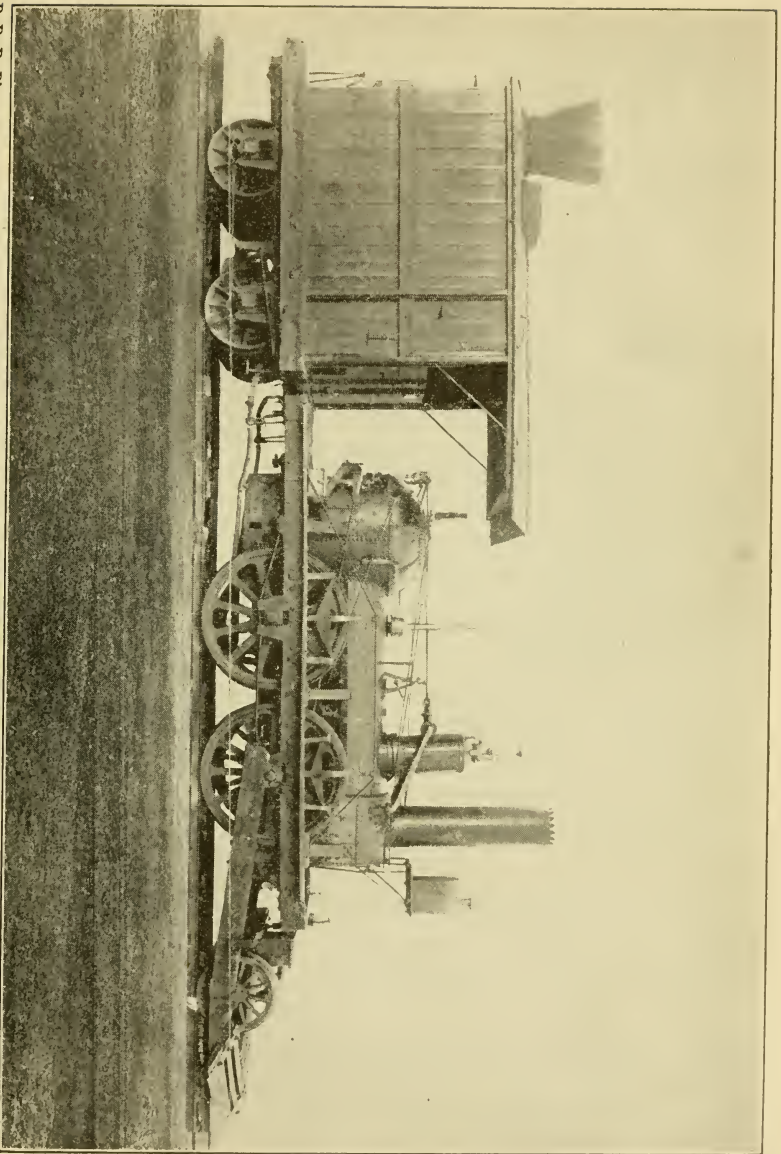
Soon after this trial trip daily trips were made. Baltimore was happy. Its people thought that the new road would bring the trade of the country to them.

One day the train ran a race with a car pulled by a horse. Puff, puff, went the train; crack, crack, the whip. The horse won.

Travelers on that railroad had no comforts. The coaches were the old stage-coaches on rails. Dense black smoke from the engine poured back into their faces. Sometimes the top-heavy coaches fell over. Nevertheless the new train was a great step forward.

In Philadelphia the locomotive industry began in the workshop of Matthias Baldwin. It was at 4th and Walnut Streets, later at 6th and Minor. Today it has grown until it covers several city blocks in the neighborhood of Broad and Spring Garden Streets. The Baldwin Locomotive Works are world known.

Baldwin's first order was to make a miniature engine for the Philadelphia Museum. This was to run on tracks laid on the floor of the museum. It was a great success. Curious crowds paid to see the marvel. One day an owner of the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Railroad saw the little engine. He was interested. "If it were large enough it could haul our cars in place of horses," thought he. He went to Baldwin and gave him an order to build a large engine.



P. R. R. Photo.

THE FIRST PENNA. R. R. LOCOMOTIVE—"JOHN BULL," 1831.

After many failures Baldwin built the engine. Its first trip was successful. Improvements were made. Soon the new engine made daily trips between 9th and Green Streets, Philadelphia, and Main Street, Germantown.

Many people went to the station to see the new machine. The company advertised their marvel in the daily papers. Tickets for rides were sold at 25 cents each. The rides became popular. Excursions started daily.

Baldwin's engine was called "Old Ironsides." It is now on exhibition at the Columbia Avenue station of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad.

Gradually railroads were increased. Today steel rails connect every city and town. Giant iron engines run swiftly along the rails. Today we ride in safety and comfort. The railroads have united the country.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK

1809-1884

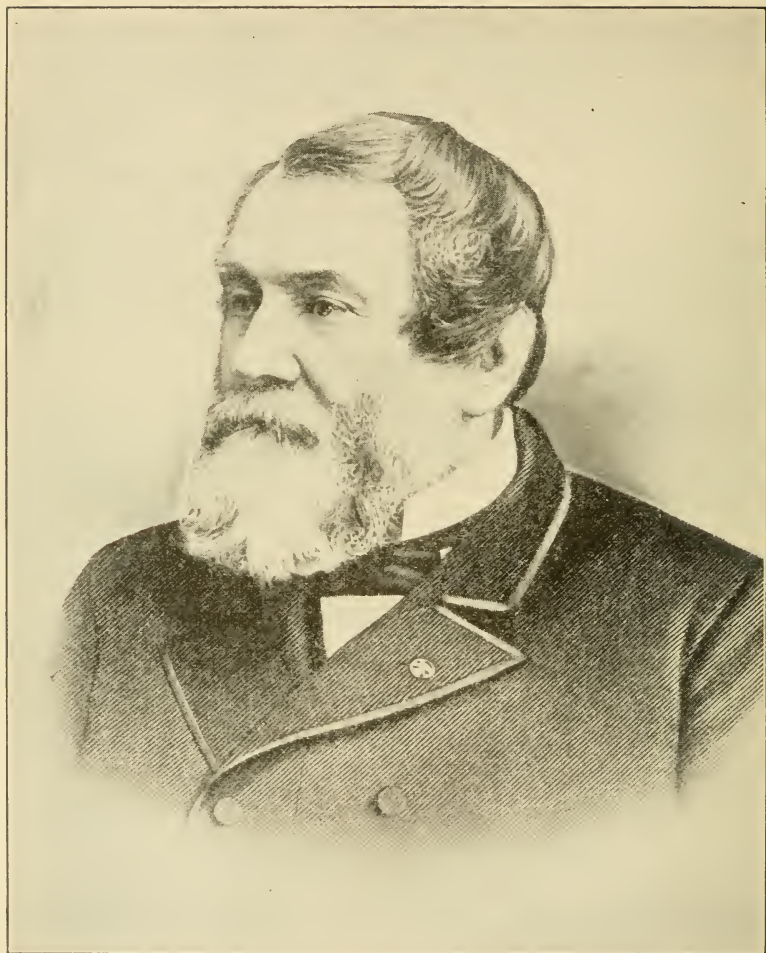
MANY years ago all farm work was done by hand labor. There were no machines, even the iron plough was unknown. In colonial days wooden ploughs drawn by oxen were used to break up the fields for planting.

When the grain was ripe and ready to reap, gangs of men entered the fields, each armed with a long sharp scythe. With a swish and a swash the small army worked from one end of the field to the other. Often races were run to see who could cut the most grain, or who could reach the end of the field first.

Such methods of farming could not lead to big farms. The great grain fields of our West could not be reaped by hand labor. In those days only enough grain was grown for one year. If anything happened to spoil a crop, famine was the result.

In such a year of famine the boy Cyrus McCormick was born in Virginia. Curiously enough, a famine year produced a genius who through his invention was to prevent such famines in the future.

The McCormicks were prosperous farmers. They owned four farms and worked them steadily. The father was an energetic man with a turn toward invention. The old



CYRUS H. MCCORMICK.

Photo. International
Harvester Company.

scythe method of reaping grain was too slow. He thought grain could be cut by machinery.

So he turned one of his buildings into a blacksmith shop. Here he thought and worked. One day he brought out a queer looking machine. It had a row of knives in front and a place at the back for the horse to push it.

Hopefully he tried the new machine, but it failed. He tried again; again failure. He put the machine aside.

Cyrus, however, was much interested in his father's machine. Tools and machines always attracted him. He had made a map on rollers and a quadrant to use in surveying.

Much labor in the hay and grain fields made Cyrus anxious to find a machine to do the work. A careful examination and trial convinced McCormick that his father's machine had been made wrong. He thought of the motions of the scythe. In cutting, as one stepped forward, he swept the scythe sideways. A reaping machine must have these two motions. He devised a saw-toothed blade that moved under a similar blade that was stationary. At the end of the blade there was a wooden rod to separate the grain left standing from that to be cut. The cutting parts were placed on the side of the machine. The horse could now pull it and still not trample the standing grain.

McCormick toiled to finish his machine in time for the harvest in 1831. Part of a field of oats was left standing. Hitching the horse to his machine, he drove out. The machine worked. It cut the grain.

That winter he made many improvements. The next harvest time McCormick was ready for a public exhibition.

One afternoon he cut six acres of oats. Six laborers would have worked hard all day to cut the same amount.

Another day McCormick drove the reaper to a neighboring town. He tried it on a rough, hilly tract. It wouldn't work evenly. "You are spoiling my grain," cried the owner; "clear out."

Another man said, "Here, I'll give you a fair chance. Tear down that fence, cross into that field, and cut the grain." McCormick cut six acres of grain that afternoon.

In spite of these successes, no one would buy a reaper. Farmers did not like new ideas. Farm hands feared they would lose their jobs. McCormick steadily grew poorer. He kept on, however. Nothing dimmed his faith in his reaper.

One day a man visited McCormick's farm. He wanted a reaper. This was the beginning of success. Soon his little blacksmith shop was not big enough to supply the demand for reapers.

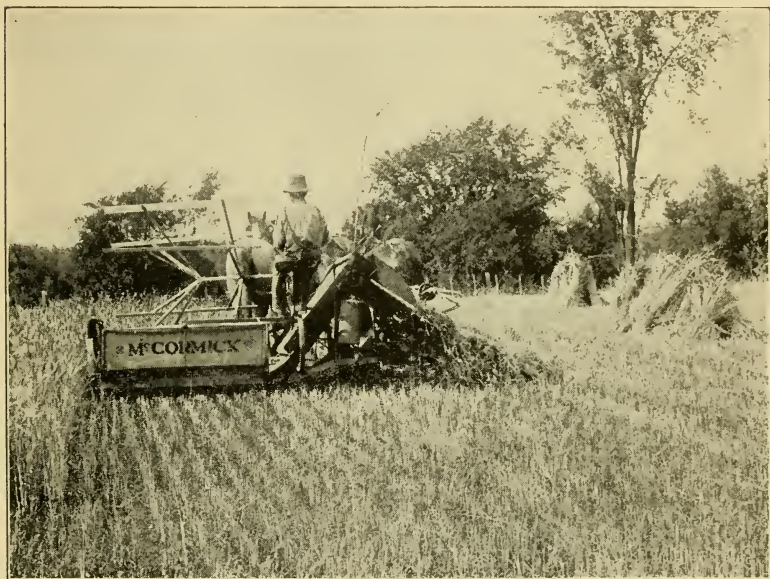
McCormick went West. The great rolling prairies appealed to him. Here was an ideal place for grain and an ideal place for a reaper. Looking around, he found a small new town growing up. It was on Lake Michigan and was called Chicago.

McCormick went to Chicago. He interested a wealthy man named Ogden, who advanced money and became his partner.

A factory was started. McCormick worked day and night making reapers. Farmers became interested. Reapers were sold all over the United States and in Europe.

His factory became larger and larger, and McCormick made a fortune

This wonderful invention made possible our great grain fields. The reaper with its many improvements is today able to do the work of many men. Great reapers drawn by engines are in use in the West. These big machines



A McCORMICK REAPER.

can cut, thrash, clean, and put in sacks the grain from 75 to 100 acres in a single day.

McCormick lived to see his reaper a great success; to see it used in all parts of the world, and to know that his invention had increased the wealth of the people and made farm work less burdensome. He died in 1884.

At the time of his death the United States was producing ten bushels of wheat for each person living here. Before his reaper made the great grain fields of the West possible our wheat crop was only four bushels for each person.

The railroads, steamboats, factories, and new industries had called many men from the fields. City life was developing. Many people were leaving the country to live in the cities. McCormick's reaper took the place of these workers in the fields. Without it the farmer could not have cut his grain. Through its help the West became the "granary of the world." In the great world crisis in 1918, when the United States had to feed the world, McCormick's reaper made possible the bumper crops of that year.

Each summer as the reaper clicks merrily across the fields and the ripened grain falls before it the farmer blesses the memory of the man who gave this great invention to the world.



McCORMICK GRAIN REAPERS AND BINDERS.

SAMUEL MORSE

1791-1872

SAMUEL MORSE, like Robert Fulton, began his career as an artist. He was born in Massachusetts, educated in the public schools, and was graduated from Yale College two years before the War of 1812.

To complete his studies in art he went to England. There he studied with the great American painters—West, Copley, and Allston. His paintings attracted wide interest and attention. His career seemed most promising.

Lack of money, however, compelled him to stop his studies. Returning to America, he lived in New York. He found most of the artists jealous of each other. Morse thought this wrong. It should be changed, so he invited a number to visit him. The evening was spent in pleasant talk. They became better acquainted. Morse proposed to begin a National Academy of Design. This was a good idea. The artists combined, forgot their jealousies, and started the Academy, with Morse as its first president.

Some time later Morse sailed for England to finish his studies. He remained abroad three years, returning to America to become Professor of Literature of the Fine Arts in the University of the City of New York.

All this time he was intensely interested in chemistry and natural philosophy. His greatest delight in his leisure

hours was to experiment with electricity. He read, studied, and thought until he became one of the best informed men on the subject.

He decided to return to America to continue his electrical studies. The ship was crowded with learned men and women. Some of the party were telling about experiments with electromagnets that they had seen in Paris.

Morse listened intently. To those around the talk was merely interesting and a good way to while away time on the long trip across the ocean. To Morse, however, the conversation meant much more. From these accounts he obtained the idea that led directly to his telegraphic machine.

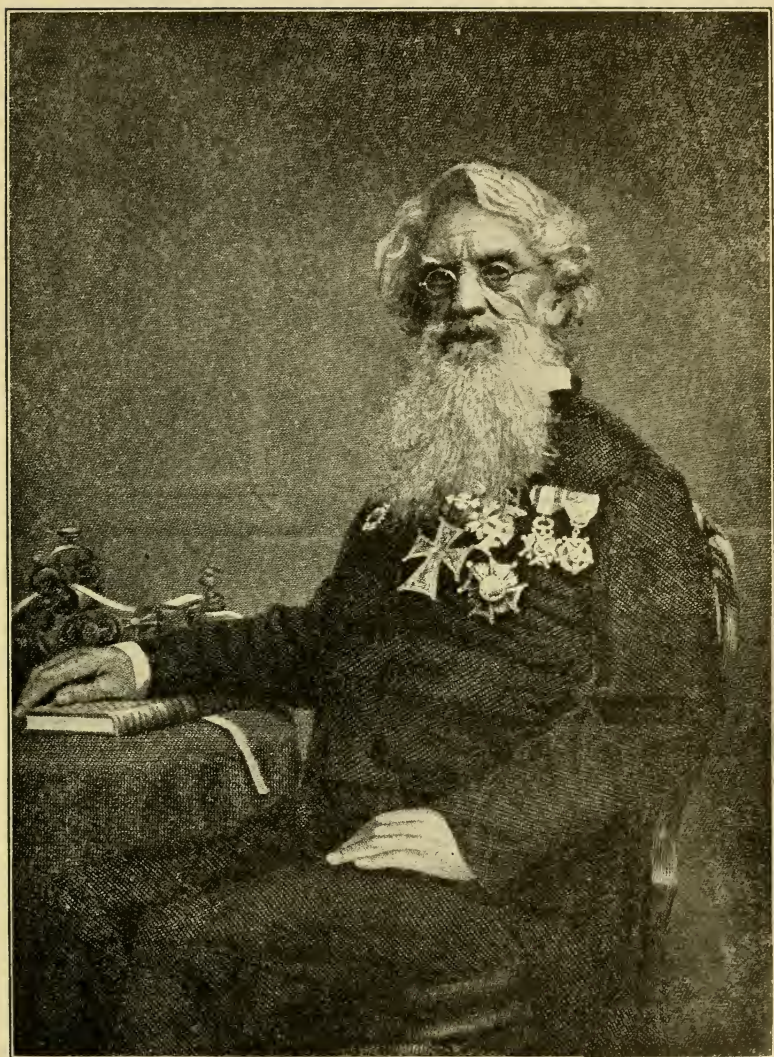
Day after day Morse thought about it. As he walked the decks in the beautiful moonlight he pictured his invention and how to make it work. In his cabin he made drawings of the machine and invented his alphabet. This was in 1832.

Three years later he built his first model. It was only a rude instrument, but with it he sent messages over a wire half a mile long.

As yet he had no way of returning a message. He needed a machine at the other end of the wire. He had no money to pay for it. Patiently he worked and saved for two years. Then his savings were enough to let him build a second instrument. Placing the new machine at the other end of the wire he listened with pleasure to the returned messages. The invention was a success.

For a couple of years he lectured, exhibiting the instrument to large audiences. In 1840 he obtained a patent.

Then began a long series of failures and disappoint-



Bradford Photo.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

From engraving.

ments. Morse was poor. To build a telegraph line would take thousands of dollars.

In this extremity he applied to Congress for help. Congress was not impressed with the invention and could see no need for such a machine. Help was refused. Morse turned to England for aid, without success. He then took the instrument to France. They, too, failed him.

Almost hopeless, he returned to America. Again he asked aid of Congress. The long session dragged on. Morse waited hopelessly. The last day came. Would Congress help?

That night Morse packed his trunk, preparing to leave the city. He was hopeless and almost penniless.

The next morning while at breakfast an item in the paper caught his eye. He gasped and read it again. Forgetting his breakfast, he rushed out and up the street to the Capitol. "Yes, it is true," said the clerk. "Congress voted you \$30,000 yesterday to build a telegraph line."

Despair turned into joy. Eagerly he began work. Poles were set up between Washington and Baltimore. Wires were stretched on them and instruments placed in position. The day of the test came.

On May 27, 1844, Morse, happy, confident, but very nervous, prepared to send his first message. Many guests were present. Seated before his instrument, Morse calmly clicked off the first telegraphic message ever sent. It was the beautiful words, "What hath God wrought?"

Almost immediately an answer came back from Baltimore. Message after message was sent and returned. The entire test was a great success.

Morse's fortune was made. The value of the invention was seen at once. Companies were formed throughout the United States. They grew rapidly. Soon miles and miles of telegraph lines connected every part of the country.

Europe became interested. Companies were formed in every nation. Telegraph lines spread everywhere.

Some time later Cyrus Field asked Morse's opinion about a telegraph under the sea. He and Field worked together until the first cable was laid. This made possible quick communication between America and Europe.

Today we would not know how to transact business without its aid. Railroad trains as they run to and fro are safeguarded by this wonderful invention. In a few hours merchants in New York communicate easily and cheaply with those in San Francisco.

In 1872, full of years and honor, Samuel Morse died. Each telegraph line today reminds us of this great man. His invention made possible the growth and wealth of this nation. Rapid and easy communication knit the country together.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

1847-

DURING the Great War in Europe the telephone went side by side with the advancing troops. By means of it the commanding general could speak at once with any officer in his division.

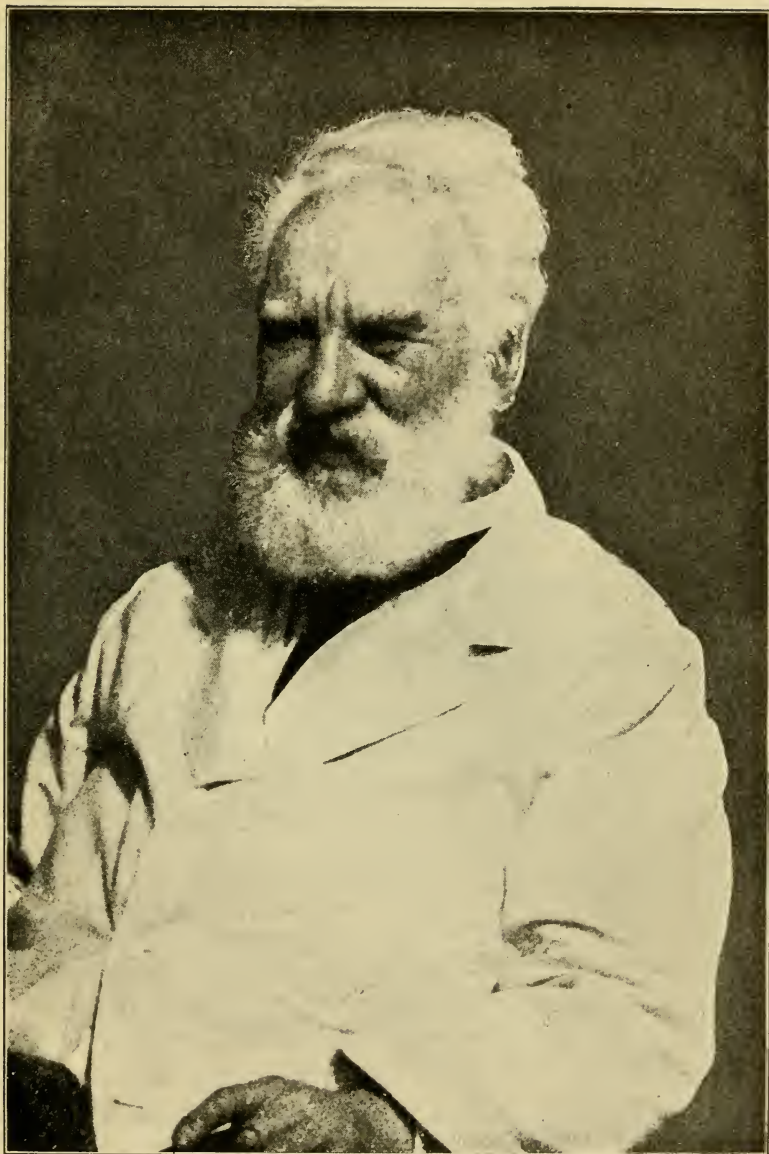
A few years ago this was not possible. Before 1876 there were no telephones. In that year Alexander Graham Bell astonished the world with his wonderful invention.

A long time ago a family named Bell lived in Scotland. In 1847 a new little boy came to their house. He was a bright youngster and as he grew older showed a great interest in sounds.

When he was old enough Alexander attended High School in Edinburgh. Later he went to college.

Alexander's father was much interested in deaf mutes. He studied to find a way to teach them to speak. The boy listened to his father's talks, and soon became eager to help. His father encouraged the boy to experiment.

One day Alexander and his brother made a model of a human head. It was a curious thing. One boy pumped air into the neck, the other moved the jaws, and the figure said "Ma, Ma!" Like all boys, they used it to startle their friends. Many a good laugh had they with this toy.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Photo. by
Underwood & Underwood.

Alexander studied music. He became interested in experiments with tuning-forks. A man had been making tuning-forks repeat vowel sounds. Alexander thought the forks were made to do this by electricity. "If the forks can make vowel sounds, why not consonant sounds also?" was his thought. This was the starting-point of his telephone.

Alexander had been working hard. His health failed. Two of his brothers died. So Alexander's father insisted on his taking a rest. The two men left Scotland and went to Canada where they lived on a farm. Alexander studied and taught.

When Bell was twenty-five years old the Board of Education in Boston asked him to take charge of a school for deaf mutes. Accepting the offer, he began a careful study of methods of teaching the dumb to speak.

Bell planned to make pictures of sounds to show the children. He invented a curious machine. Into this he talked. A membrane made a needle trace lines on a smoked plate. These lines were pictures of the sounds.

One day he told a friend about this. "Why not use a human ear?" said his friend. "I would like to try it," replied Bell, "but where can I get an ear?"

"I'll get you one," said his friend.

Bell took the ear, moistened the drum with glycerine, and used it on his machine. The bones of the ear made tracings on the glass. "Why not try a piece of iron instead of the bones?" thought he. This experiment was successful.

Only one more step was necessary. As he looked at the apparatus and thought about it, the idea came to him:

"Why not make the iron touch an electric magnet and have wires attached to the magnet!"

If this succeeded, he would have a talking telegraph. Two years more of hard work and privations were between him and success.

During this time a friend named Watson helped him. One day as they worked the instruments stuck. Watson pulled the iron away from the magnet. As he did so, Bell, looking at the instrument near him, saw the iron on his magnet move too. "Try it again," he shouted. Again and again Watson pulled the little piece of iron, and the other piece moved too.

Three instruments were made. Two failed, but the third succeeded.

Watson took one instrument to the cellar. Wires were run from his instrument to Bell's. The two men could hear each other over the wires. The speaking telegraph was now a possibility.

Bell made his first public exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia, 1876. His exhibit was last on the list. It was hot and the judges tired. All day long they had been looking and listening. Bell waited patiently. He was next. Disappointment seemed his doom. The tired judges were turning away.

Bell was in despair. He must return to Boston soon. Just then one of the judges, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, saw him. "Are you not the Mr. Bell whose school I visited in Boston?" "Yes," said Bell. "What are you doing here?" asked the Emperor. "I have an exhibit," replied Bell.

"Let us go to see it," said the Emperor. The crowds

followed him. Dom Pedro sat at the table. He lifted the receiver, holding it to his ear. He did not know what to expect.

Suddenly a look of surprise flashed across his face. "It speaks," said he.

A famous scientist took the receiver, listening with pleasure. He said: "It does speak. It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America. . . . It is the greatest marvel achieved by the electric telegraph. . . . Before long friends will whisper their secrets over the electric wire."

From this small beginning grew the great telephone lines of today.

Friends talk to friends over the wire. Doctors may be called quickly to aid sick people. Engagements of all kinds are made. Many business deals depend on the telephone. All modern life is linked with this wonderful instrument. A business man in New York may talk with his salesman in Chicago or San Francisco. Many a sale is made and many a dollar earned through the telephone.

Alexander Graham Bell is still living (1919). Each day finds him at his work. His eager interest in science is still keen. His active brain is still working clearly.

Millions of homes and buildings today have a monument to Bell. It is a little box, and an instrument called the telephone. As we use it we honor its great inventor.

THOMAS A. EDISON

1847-

BOYS now living accept without question and as everyday affairs marvels of convenience that were unknown a few years ago.

Colonial boys and girls had small schools; no lights but candles, such as Franklin made as a boy. No heat but that from the open fireplace. There were no trolley cars, automobiles, or airplanes. We today are living in the age of marvels.

In February, 1847, in a small village in Ohio, Thomas A. Edison was born. This boy became the man who through his inventions made possible many of the wonderful conveniences in use today.

Edison was rather a small boy, but he was full of energy. He liked hard work. It was a pleasure for him to conquer anything that seemed hard.

His father was a big, strong, sturdy man; his mother a beautiful, cultured woman. Thomas inherited strength from his father and his keen intellect from his mother.

Good schools were not a part of Edison's town life. He was educated by his mother. This wonderful woman developed in Thomas a fine love for learning. She taught him to read good books.

When only ten years old he planned to read all the books in the public library. He read all on two lower shelves. Then the boy decided to select his reading more carefully.

In those days little boys were employed on trains. They sold fruit, candy, and newspapers. Thomas Edison got a job as train boy. The little merchant was only twelve years old.

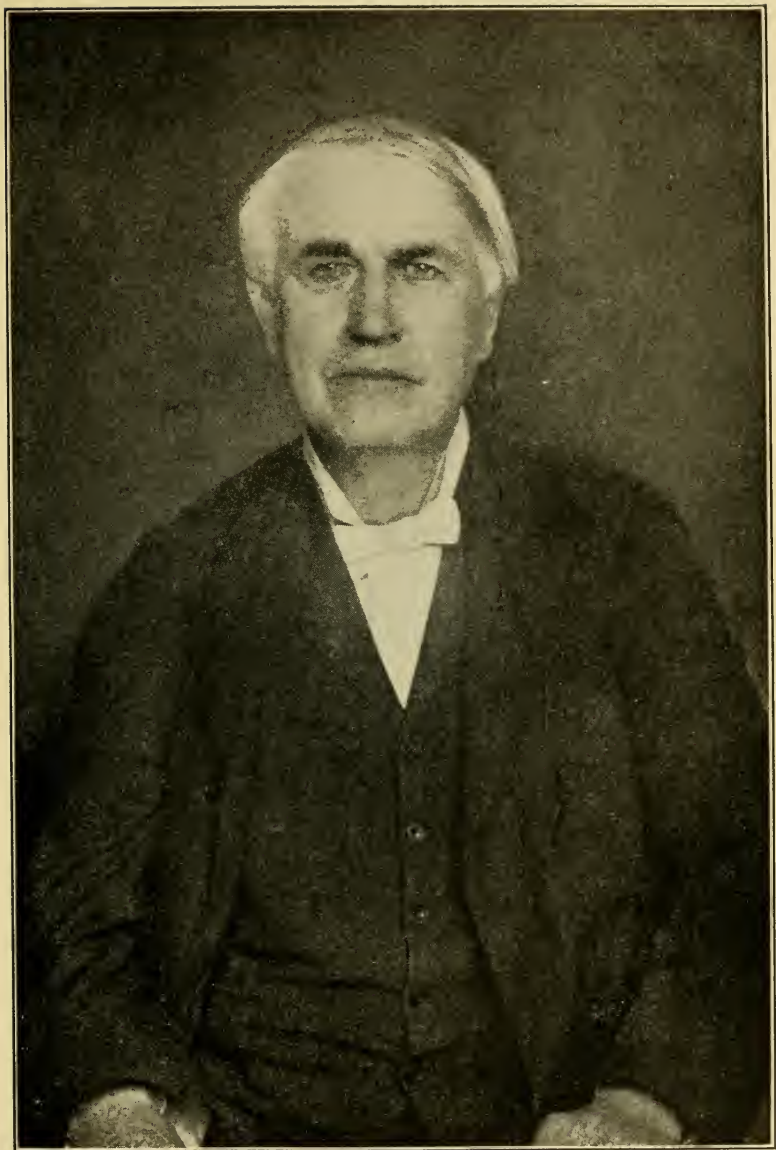
Day after day he walked through the coaches calling his wares. He was not content with this, however. The crowds gathered at the stations gave him an idea. Thereafter he telegraphed the headlines of his newspapers to the stations. A friend wrote them on the blackboards. When the train arrived Thomas jumped off, went to the crowds around the bulletin board, and rapidly sold his papers. Soon he was able to employ four other boys to help him. He averaged \$500 a year for himself.

Having plenty of time on the train, Edison thought it a good chance to increase his knowledge. He bought a book on chemistry and some second-hand apparatus. All went well in his experiments until one day he spilled some phosphorus.

This started a fire in the coach. The angry conductor threw his laboratory out of the window and Thomas after it. The boy picked up his stuff, took it home, and began again in his father's cellar.

While on the train he started a newspaper. This was the only paper at that time printed, published, and sold on a train. He had no press. He set his type and printed the paper by pressing it against the type with his hand.

Electric machines always interested him. He began to



THOMAS A. EDISON.

Photo. by
Underwood & Underwood.

study telegraphy. A friend and he built a short line between their houses, sending messages back and forth.

Soon after this Thomas saved the station agent's daughter from death before a train. The grateful father taught him telegraphy.

At eighteen years of age Edison obtained his first position as a telegraph operator. He was not successful. The machine interested him more than his job. While he was working out improvements on the sending apparatus many messages were neglected. The company had no time for dreamers, and so he lost his job.

Not a bit discouraged, he went to Canada. There he secured work as night operator. While thinking of many ways to improve the machinery an important message arrived. He forgot to give it to the conductor. The train pulled out and barely escaped a head-on wreck. Of course he was discharged.

Still undaunted, he came home. There was an ice jam in the river. The telegraph cable broke. Edison wanted to send a message across the river. Climbing a locomotive he tooted the whistle, using the Morse alphabet. The operator on the other side listened, understood, and answered.

After this Edison was made operator on the newspaper wire. He was not rapid enough and lost the job. Then the young man practised hard until he was able to send and receive messages rapidly.

Leaving the west, Edison went to Boston. Here he was given charge of the wire to New York City. This was the most important wire in the office. After two years' work in this office he went to New York.

He had no job and could find none. Frequently he was without food and lodging.

One day, looking for work, he entered a telegraph office. The sending machine was broken. No one could fix it. Edison asked to try. Soon the machine was working better than before. The owners asked him to stay.

His mind was now actively working on inventions. He was approaching his life work. During this time he made so many valuable improvements for the company that they decided to help him.

Two companies united. They furnished Edison with an office and assistants. In return he was to give his entire time and energy to making improvements on electrical machines.

Edison built a factory at Newark, New Jersey. This was the only factory of its kind in the world. The things he made were not to sell at once, but the entire factory was at work making inventions that later could be marketed.

Some time after this he moved to Menlo Park. Here he built a factory and started business for himself. In this wonder-house many of our electrical appliances have been thought out and made perfect.

Around him he drew a force of men with inventive and mechanical genius. These men worked on their own inventions and ideas, Thomas Edison helping and suggesting.

Edison has remarkable power for work. When interested in an invention he works day and night. Sleep seems to leave him. When through, he rests. He uses neither alcohol nor narcotics. It is said that no one who smokes cigarettes can work for him.

When your grandfather was a boy there were no electric lights. In some places gas was used for lighting, but in most homes kerosene lamps were the only means of lighting. Streets had but few lights and those were poor.

Today Edison's inventions have made possible brilliant lights at night. He improved the electric light so that it could be used safely and without great expense. He invented the incandescent light and then improved it so that today it has become the best means of lighting our houses.

One of his greatest inventions was a new method of telegraphing. By this system four messages can be sent over the one wire at the same time—two in one direction and two in the opposite.

When you sit at home, start the phonograph, and listen to the world's best singers, or dance to its music, you are using a machine made first by Thomas A. Edison.

When you spend a delightful time seeing beautiful or funny pictures in the "movies," again you are seeing the results of Edison's wonderful genius.

When you use the modern telephone and distinctly hear your friend at the other end of the wire, you are again indebted to Edison. He made improvements on Bell's telephone that made the modern instrument possible.

These are but a few of the many marvels that have been given to the world by Thomas A. Edison.

A few years ago Edison's great factory at Menlo Park burned to the ground. He was then sixty-eight years old. Undaunted and with splendid courage, he drew new plans and rebuilt the factory.

Mr. Edison is a plain man. He hates to attend dinners

in his honor or to hear speeches praising him. He prefers to be in the factory working night and day on his inventions. He dresses simply, working in an old stained suit. One of his chief delights is to show visitors through his wonder factory.

This marvelous man, now (1919) aged seventy-two years, is still at work in his wonder-house, striving to make machines to save labor and to give pleasure to others.

LUCRETIA MOTT

1793-1880

IN 1609 a small ship sailed up the James River, bringing a few negro slaves to this country. As time passed, more and more slaves were brought, until every colony had some.

In parts of the country some people began to think that this was wrong. In the South, however, more and more slaves were added to those already there.

In 1793 Whitney's cotton-gin made slave labor profitable. Many cotton mills were started. As slave labor supplied these with cotton it looked as if slavery had come to stay.

In that same year, in a small town in Massachusetts, a little girl was born. It was a cold, bleak winter day when Lucretia Coffen first saw the light. This little girl was destined to be one of the foremost leaders in the movement against slavery.

Lucretia's father was captain of a whaling ship. During his long absences from home the mother taught her little girl to read and write, and to be thrifty and honest.

Captain Coffen decided to leave the sea. He sold his ship and went to Boston. In Boston Lucretia attended private schools for a while, later going to the public schools. Her father wished her to be educated with other boys and



Bradford Photo.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

Penna. Historical Society.

girls in the public schools so that she would learn the democratic spirit of this land.

When thirteen years old Lucretia went to New York and entered a French school. Two years later she became a teacher there. She met James Mott and learned to love him.

At this time she began to think that men had more rights and opportunities than women. She thought this unfair. "I early resolved," said she, "to claim for myself all that an impartial Creator had bestowed." From this time on she thought about women's rights.

Her father now moved to Philadelphia. Lucretia joined him in that city. Soon Mr. Mott resigned his position and started in business in Philadelphia. He was a frequent visitor at the Coffen's home.

In the course of time he and Lucretia were married. Soon after the marriage Mr. Coffen died. The young couple opened a school to support themselves and Lucretia's mother and sisters.

Lucretia was now becoming intensely interested in anti-slavery thought. She was a member of the Society of Friends. The members of this Society freed all their slaves. Mr. Mott gave up his cotton business because it was supported by slave labor.

In 1833 sentiment against slavery began to grow in Philadelphia. It grew stronger and stronger. A society was formed to oppose slavery. Mrs. Mott was its first president.

All over the country men and women were beginning to think about this great evil. They wished the slaves to be freed. From the South came tales of cruelty and hardships.

Many hearts were sad at the thought of people held fast in bondage.

Slaves ran away from their masters. They fled North. Lucretia Mott gave them refuge and helped them to reach Canada. She formed societies to help the runaways. This was not all pleasant, however, as many people in the North still had little sympathy with the slaves. When Lucretia Mott lectured against slavery crowds burned her halls. She was insulted and scoffed at on the streets. Nevertheless, she worked on.

A national Anti-slavery Society was formed. Mrs. Mott joined and worked day and night. She met Lloyd Garrison and John G. Whittier. These three worked constantly to help the slaves.

An "underground railroad" was formed. This was not a real railroad; neither was it underground. It was merely a secret society. The members pledged themselves to help runaway slaves reach Canada, where they were safe.

It worked like this: An escaped slave started north. Some member of the society would hide him, feed him, and send him on to another member, until he reached safety. Each member did all he could to help the slave and refused to tell the pursuers anything.

The South became angry. They had a Fugitive Slave Law passed. This made it unlawful to help the runaways. The society worked on in defiance of the law.

In 1840 Lucretia Mott was sent to London to represent the anti-slavery people of the United States in a great convention. She met Elizabeth Cady Stanton, another delegate. Together they went to the hall. What do you think

happened? The doorkeeper would not let them enter. "Only men can attend this convention," were his words.

Of course, the ladies were angry. Were they not delegates? Had they not the same rights as the men delegates? Their indignation had no effect. They could not enter.

The two ladies retired to talk it over. Out of this talk grew a society to demand Women's Suffrage. Mrs. Mott brought the movement to America. It grew until a convention was held in Seneca Falls, New York, in July, 1848. This was the first Women's Rights Convention.

From this small beginning the thought grew and spread until in the English-speaking nations women have demanded the right to vote.

Today (1919) an amendment to the Constitution has been adopted by Congress. This amendment will give suffrage to every woman. When it is ratified by the states the injustice done women for so many years will be removed.

Mrs. Mott lived to see the negro freed and the suffrage movement well launched. She died in 1880 aged eighty-seven years.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

1811-1896

MANY years ago a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. This is a tale of slave days. The hardships and sufferings of the slaves are told in vivid words. One can almost see the slave standing on the auction block. Bound together by clanking chains the slave gang passes by. There in the harvest field are the gangs at work.

Uncle Tom is the hero and Eliza the heroine. At the beginning each is owned by a kind master. His death results in their sale to the planters of the cotton plantations. Goaded by the cruelty of her owner Eliza runs away. Trailed by savage blood-hounds she reaches the Ohio River. She crosses on the floating cakes of ice. The hounds come nearer and nearer, but are stopped by the river. Eliza is received by agents of the "underground railroad," who take her to Canada.

Uncle Tom is taken far south. He works faithfully. His owner whips him and works him to death.

This book was a strong influence in making people hate slavery. It was read everywhere in America and in England. It has been translated and printed in nearly every country of the world. Its author was Harriet Beecher Stowe.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Wood engraving in "The
Century Magazine," 1885.

Mrs. Stowe was born in Connecticut. Her father, Lyman Beecher, was a minister. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, was the famous Boston preacher.

Mrs. Stowe became interested in the slave question. In her home was a little negress who had escaped from her owner. At that time Mrs. Stowe lived in Ohio. Under the laws of that state the girl was free. Her former owners came from Kentucky to capture her. Mrs. Stowe drove her 12 miles into the country and hid her until the slave hunters left. This little incident inspired her to write her book.

Mrs. Stowe lectured and wrote against slavery. She became known all over the world. England asked her to visit that country, and great ovations were given her. An offering of pennies was made. These pennies were turned into 1000 gold sovereigns (\$5000) and given to help fight slavery.

The Duchess of Sutherland gave her a gold bracelet. The links were like those of the slave chain. There were twenty-eight links. On twenty-seven of them were inscribed the dates of the abolition of slavery in the English possessions. On the twenty-eighth link Mrs. Stowe, later, had 1865 cut. This was the date of America's emancipation.

Mrs. Stowe returned to America. She continued her work against slavery. She founded schools, even taking the colored children to her own home. She helped buy ill-treated slaves and set them free. Each day saw her writing letters against slavery to influential people.

Mrs. Stowe lived to see the slave freed and many institutions founded to educate him. She died in 1896.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

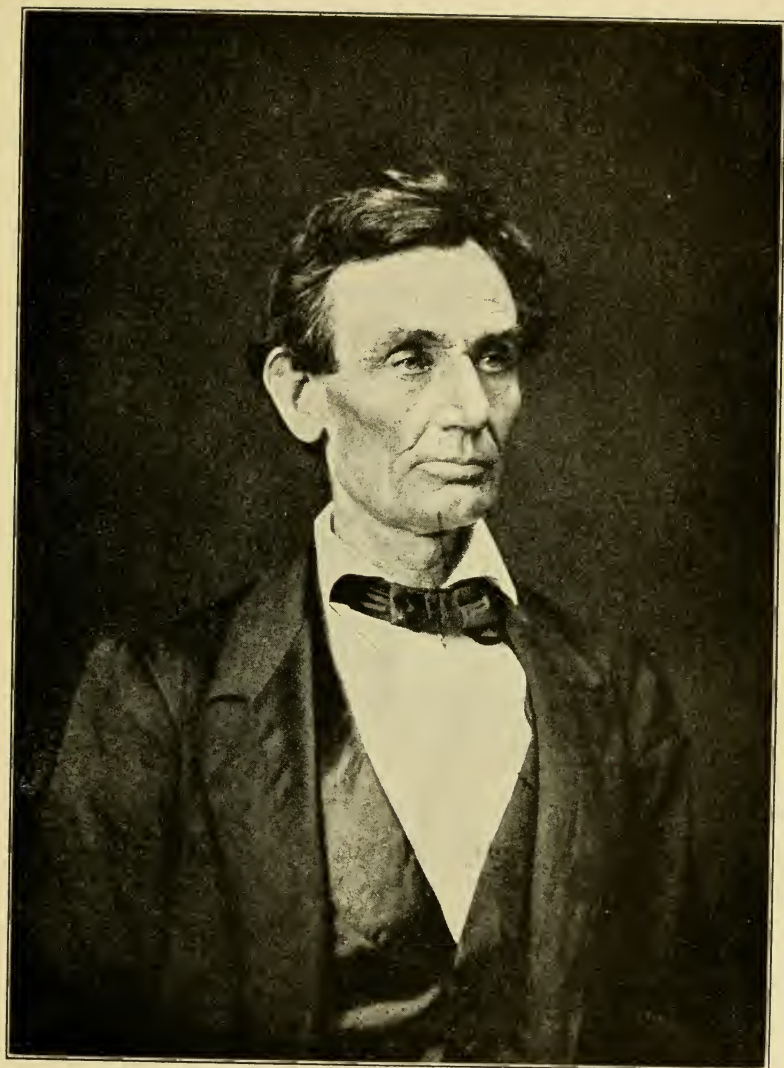
1809-1865

ON a small farm in the backwoods of Kentucky was once a small one-room cabin. One window let in light and a big clumsy door creaked slowly on its hinges. Extending above the roof was the huge, squat chimney. It told of the fireplace in the room below.

One chill February day in the year 1809 a baby boy, Abraham Lincoln, came to live in the little cabin. Amid privations and poverty Abraham struggled and worked ever onward and upward to fame and honor. He became the greatest man of his time and many people think he was the greatest President this country has ever known.

Abraham never had any of the fine chances that boys have today. He went to no fine school building, no electric cars carried him from place to place. His clothes were rough homespun, made in his own home. His shoes were rough leather, comfortless and ungainly. But he was a real boy. Nothing was too hard for him. What he decided to do, he did.

Abraham's father liked to move to new places. When Abe was seven years old the family moved to Indiana and began life again. In a rude log hut the family spent that winter. During the winter the trees were



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Bradford Photo.

cut down and the land made ready for ploughing in the spring.

The little hut had a garret. This was Abe's bedroom. Every night he climbed the pegs in the wall and went to sleep in the dark.

When he was nine years old his mother died. The next year his father brought him another mother. This new mother was kind and loving. She was energetic and honest. She put new life and energy into the home. Lincoln, when a man, said that most of his success came from her loving care and training.

Of course, Lincoln did not go to school. In this new land there were no schools. His mother taught him to read, write, and cipher. Night after night he sat beside the log fire reading from his borrowed books, or writing with charcoal on the clean side of a shingle.

Each day saw Abe up at sunrise and ready to work on the farm. All day long he toiled as only a farmer's boy toils. What a strong, healthy boy he must have been to stand all the work and still be willing and able to study at night!

In his sixteenth year he earned his first dollar. He built a small flat boat on the Ohio River. One day he was looking proudly at his boat. Two men came hurrying along. "Can you take us out to the steamboat?" said one.

Jumping into the boat, Abe pushed off. Proudly he held his small craft alongside the steamer. The men jumped aboard. Each threw him a bright, new, shining half dollar. He had never had so much money before. He felt rich.

Lincoln was a tall, strong, thin boy. He could run faster, fight harder, and wrestle better than any of the other boys. All the boys liked him. He was good natured and fine at telling stories.

At nineteen years of age he made his first trip down the Mississippi on a flat boat. This was a big event in his life. The rushing water, the hard work, and his rough companions pleased him. On one of these trips he saw a slave gang for the first time. Slaves sold in the market and marching to work under their new masters was a new sight to honest Abe. It made him sorry and angry. "If ever I get the chance to hit this thing I'll hit it hard!" he exclaimed. This was the beginning of his hatred of slavery.

Soon after this his father moved to Illinois. The young man was tired of this never-ending moving and breaking new land for a new home. He told his father that he would work for him one year more, and then he would begin to work for himself. That year the two men built a log hut, split rails to fence in ten acres of land, ploughed the fields, and planted corn. At the end of the year Lincoln left the farm.

When Abe was twenty-three years old an Indian Chief, "Black Hawk," made war on the white people. Volunteers were called for and Lincoln enlisted at once. He was made a Captain. When the short war was over he returned to his home.

What should he now do for a living? An opening in a blacksmith shop was offered him. He refused it. He opened a store. The store failed. He decided to become a lawyer.

I CERTIFY, That *Samuel M. Thompson* volunteered and served
as a private in the Company of Mounted Volunteers under my
 command, in the Regiment commanded by Col. SAMUEL M. THOMPSON, in the Brigade under the com-
 mand of Generals S. WHITESIDE and H. ATKINSON, called into the service of the United States by
 the Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the State, for the protection of the North Western Frontier
 against an Invasion of the British Band of Sac and other tribes of Indians,—that he was enrolled on the
21st day of *April* 1832, and was HONORABLY DISCHARGED on the
7th day of *June* thereafter, having served *48 days*
 Given under my hand, this *21st* day of *September* 1832.
A. Lincoln Capt.

Discharge paper given by Lincoln as Captain of Militia.

During the day Lincoln worked at odd jobs, at night he studied law. He had few books. Once he heard of a man who had a set of law books. That night he walked many miles to borrow them. When he was twenty-eight years old he passed his examinations and became a lawyer.

As a lawyer Lincoln rode the circuit, attending court in the various towns of his district. He was never a great lawyer, but he was always able to state his case clearly and forcefully. This ability usually made him win his cases.

Lincoln, the lawyer, became interested in politics. He was elected to the state legislature and to the national Congress. He was preparing for his life's work.

Throughout the country men and women were taking sides on slavery. In the North and West many people thought slavery wrong. They thought that no one had the right to own another human being. In the South most of the people thought slavery was right. To them the negro

slave was only an animal. They trained him to work for them just as they trained their horses and cattle.

As time went on the feeling against slavery became much stronger in the North. The South feared the North would try to free their slaves, so slave owners were making ready to leave the union of states.

In 1860 it was time to choose a new president. Every one was much excited. The great political party split into two parts—a northern Democratic party and a southern one. The people opposed to slavery formed a new party. It was called the Republican party.

Each of these three parties named a man for President. The Republicans named Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln was elected.

At this time Lincoln's views on slavery were well known. The South had decided to leave the Union if he were elected. News of his election reached them. They prepared to form their own government.

Lincoln told them he would not touch slavery in their states, but the South did not believe him. Lincoln tried to avoid a conflict, but finally in one of the states, South Carolina, State troops fired on the stars and stripes floating over Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. This was the beginning of the War of the Rebellion.

For four long years the North and the South fought on many battlefields. The northern men fought to save the union, the southern men to break it. Lincoln's strong hand guided the North.

In the middle of the great contest Lincoln decided that the time had come to free the slaves in the southern states.

A great battle was fought at Antietam. The Union forces won. The next day Lincoln read his "Emancipation Proclamation." This was a paper stating that the slaves were free in all the warring states.

Fighting still went on. The southern army invaded Pennsylvania. They advanced to Gettysburg. There the northern forces met them. For three days the battle raged. At the end of the third day the defeated southern troops hurried back to Virginia. This was the high-water mark of the Rebellion.

Full of sorrow and pain at the thought of so many men dying for their country President Lincoln went to Gettysburg. While on the train he wrote a speech that came straight from his heart. Standing in a field made sacred by the blood of the men who fell there Lincoln delivered his "Address." It was one of the greatest short speeches in history.

When he had finished speaking there was no applause. Each heart was too full. The beautiful words and thoughts carried all who heard them back through the war. At the same time the speech made the people look forward to success and to "resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—and that government by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Some day you will read and appreciate this beautiful speech.

A little more than a year passed. The war was over. The North had won. One evening, tired and weary from the four long years of care and worry, Lincoln went to the theatre with his wife and friends. The party was seated in a box enjoying the play.

A young actor, John Wilkes Booth, quietly entered the box from the rear. Going close to the President he shot him in the head. With a huge knife he stabbed a member of the party and jumped on to the stage. His spur caught in the draperies. He fell and broke his leg. Staggering to his feet and waving the bloody knife, he shouted "Sic semper tyrannis" (So always to tyrants) and fled.

The crowd was amazed. For a minute no one moved. The miscreant, in spite of his broken leg, made his escape.

Doctors rushed to the President's side. He was tenderly carried to a small house across the street. All night long the doctors worked. They could do nothing. In the early morning Abraham Lincoln died for his country.

Soldiers searched the surrounding country for his murderer. He was found in an old barn. After a desperate fight he was shot and killed.

The news of Lincoln's death traveled rapidly over the nation. Everywhere there was sorrow and gloom. Lincoln's body lay in state in Washington. The funeral train passed through Philadelphia. Lincoln lay in state in Independence Hall, and was seen by thousands of Philadelphia's citizens. He was buried in Illinois.

Lincoln, the boy rail-splitter, became Lincoln, the President. He gave his best to his country. In our memories he stands with Washington. Washington started our country toward success; Lincoln saved it from destruction.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

1822-1885

MANY years ago a strong English family sailed from England to Massachusetts. These sturdy Puritans scattered throughout the country. One of their descendants traveled westward to the new state of Ohio.

Here in a small town on an April day the great military leader, Ulysses S. Grant, was born. Ulysses' father owned a large tannery and farm in Ohio. There was plenty of work in the tannery and on the farm. All the family helped.

When Ulysses was eight years old he drove a team from the woods to the house, hauling the winter's supply of firewood. He liked this job, for he was driving horses. He loved horses, and was willing to do anything to handle them.

When eleven years old he ploughed the fields, and until he was seventeen he did all the farm work that made him use horses.

Ulysses soon learned to ride. Sometimes he used a saddle, at other times he rode bareback. He practised stunts. One day he surprised his family by galloping past standing erect on his horse.

The boy's life was not always full of work. Grant went to school and worked at the three R's, some days industriously, some days lazily. Work and play alternated.

Fishing and hunting were always permitted, while winter time brought the joys of skating and sleighing.

Three years of his life were spent in a kind of preparatory school a few miles from his home. "I was not always studious," says Grant.

Father Grant was proud of his son. He thought that some day Ulysses would be a great man. The neighbors, however, thought that the boy would never amount to much.

During vacations and after school hours Ulysses worked in the tan yard sorting bark or cleaning skins. How he hated that place!

"What do you want to do?" said his father one day.

"I want to go to college," replied the boy.

Father Grant was willing to please the boy. He could not afford to send him to college.

His father thought and thought. "Perhaps I can get him an appointment to West Point," thought he.

Through a friend an appointment to the Military Academy was secured. In 1839 Ulysses, then seventeen years old, started on the long journey from Ohio to West Point. That journey was a big event in the boy's life. He had never before been far from home. He traveled on horseback, in stage-coaches, canal-boats, railroad, and finally in a steamboat. The close of the eventful trip brought him to the famous Military Academy on the Hudson River.

In the Academy Grant showed no promise of future greatness. He passed all his examinations, but that was all. In horsemanship, however, he surpassed all his class. In 1843 he was graduated and assigned to the Fourth United States Infantry as second lieutenant.

After a three months' vacation the young lieutenant went to St. Louis to join his regiment. Garrison life was dull. Each day saw the same duties done. Advancement seemed impossible. He decided to resign.

Just at this time the Mexican War began. Grant at once changed his mind. Here was a chance for work, excitement, adventure, and promotion.

First he was sent to the Rio Grande with General Taylor. Later he was with General Scott in the march through Mexico to its capital city. Grant was in nearly every battle in the war. He served with bravery and honor, and was promoted to first lieutenant.

After the war his regiment was sent to California. On the coast, away from friends and loved ones, the lonely young man spent several years. He was made a captain. Six years after the close of the Mexican War he left the army to return to his wife, whom he had married during the war.

Returning to St. Louis, his father-in-law gave him a large farm. Early and late he worked to make a living for his family. A fever seized him. He was sick a long time. There was no one to work the farm. The crops failed.

Selling the farm, Grant tried business. This was also a failure. Discouraged, he took his family to his father's home. The firm of Grant & Sons gave him work in its tannery as bookkeeper. His army experience was a great help. Success in business seemed near.

The clouds of war, however, were gathering. Thicker and thicker they grew until the storm burst. Grant offered his services to his country. "We have a government, and

laws, and a flag, and they must all be sustained," said he. His application for a commission in the regular army was never answered.

While waiting for the answer he became mustering officer for the volunteers of his state, Illinois.

For several months Grant waited for his commission. No word came. He was anxious to serve. What should he do? The answer came from Illinois. A regiment had been formed and its colonel appointed. Nothing went right. The colonel knew nothing of military affairs. In despair, he resigned. Friends made the governor of the state think of Captain Grant. "Will you accept a commission as colonel of the 21st Illinois?" was the message sent Captain Grant. Joyfully and gratefully he took the position.

The regiment was in disorder. No one knew how to stand in proper formation. The new colonel meant business and he knew how. In a few weeks the disorderly mob became a disciplined regiment.

Grant and his regiment were sent to Missouri. Here his services were so valuable that President Lincoln made him a brigadier-general of volunteers. The new general was placed in command of the campaign in southern Missouri.

One of the big things to be done in the West was to drive the Southern forces away from the Mississippi River. General Grant directed nearly all of the fighting along this great river. His first point of attack was Fort Henry. This fort was on the Tennessee River, near where it flows into the Ohio.

A fleet of gunboats sailed up the Ohio while Grant and

his forces marched overland to attack the fort. The fort fell before this united attack.

Not far away was a stronger fort, called Fort Donelson. The combined forces moved against this. Donelson, however, was on a high bluff. The guns of the boats could not reach it. Grant skilfully placed his army around the fort. Supplies became scarce in the besieged place.

"What terms will you give?" asked the Confederate commander.

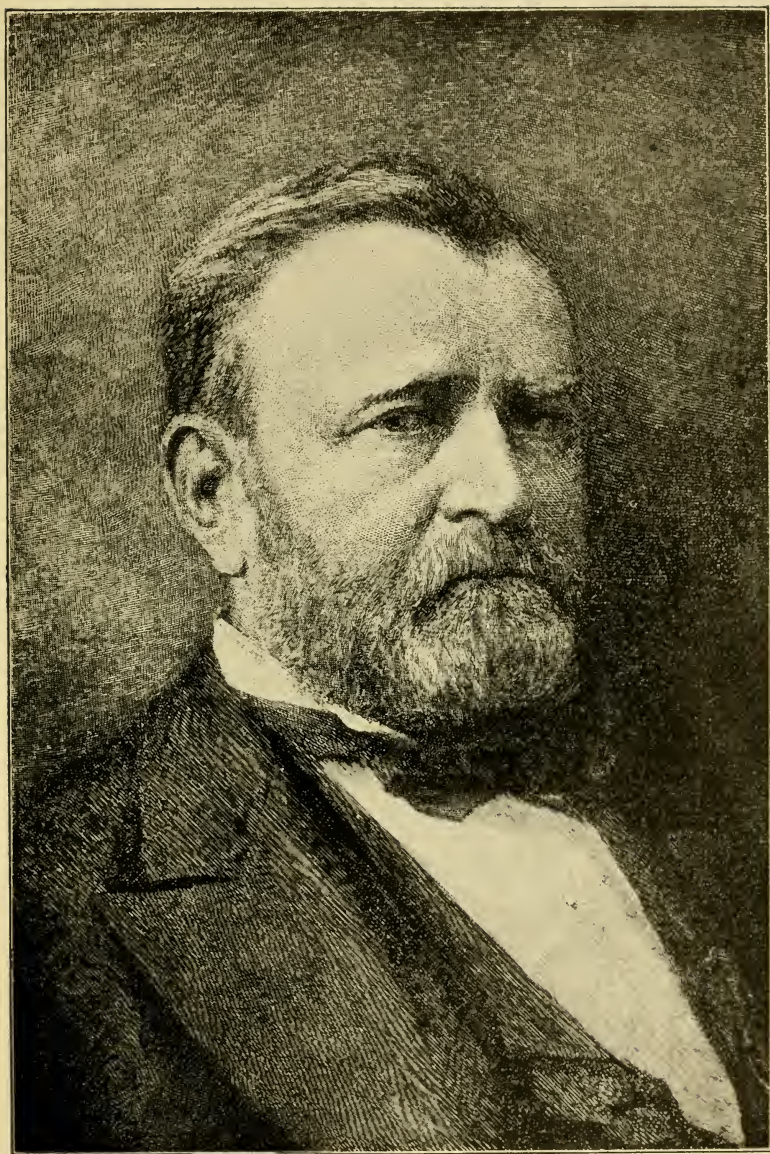
"No terms but immediate and unconditional surrender," was General Grant's prompt answer. His initials now stood for a new name—"Unconditional Surrender" Grant! And on these terms Fort Donelson surrendered.

The fall of these two forts put new heart in the Union forces. It was good news after the many failures in Virginia. Lincoln said: "I like Grant. He works." So he commissioned the victor a major-general.

Grant steadily forced the Confederates away from the Mississippi. Vicksburg was the key to the river. Advancing toward the stronghold, Grant's force laid siege to the fort.

They tried to capture it a number of times, but were repulsed. They persisted. For seven weeks the Union forces poured shot and shell all day and all night into Vicksburg. People there had to live in caves to escape death. On July 4, 1863, the fort surrendered. Lincoln said, "The Father of Waters now flows unvexed to the sea."

From Vicksburg Grant hurried to raise the siege at Chattanooga. His success pleased Lincoln. He had found a man who really did things. Here was the man to finish



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

From wood engraving in
"Harper's Magazine," 1885.

the task. He made Grant lieutenant-general and commander of the Union armies.

The new commander decided to go to Virginia. On reaching that state he filled his army with enthusiasm. He hurled them at the Confederates. Many brave men gave their lives for their country. Each foot of land was hotly contested. Grant ever pushed on.

On a day in April, 1865, the Confederate army, worn and weary, without food and with little ammunition, surrendered to General Grant, and the great conflict was over.

Grant, however, was not flushed with victory. He looked at General Lee, the Confederate commander. He thought of the hardy men who had fought so bravely against him and failed. Sympathy and kindness filled his heart. Then he told General Lee the terms of the surrender. Such generous terms had never before been given by the conqueror to the conquered.

"All the officers and men are to take an oath not to fight again. The officers are to keep their swords; the men their horses and mules. All are to go back to their homes and begin life over again."

As the boys in gray marched past to give up their guns the boys in blue stood silently at salute. No cheers, no guns, nothing but perfect quiet greeted the surrender of the brave Southerners. They, too, were Americans.

On May 23 to 24, 1866, General Grant reviewed his army for the last time. The grand review was in Washington.

In 1868 General Grant was elected President of the United States. He served for eight years. During this

time many important laws were passed and the country began to recover from the effects of the war.

Tired out from his campaigns in the war and from the duties of President, General Grant planned a long vacation. He made a trip around the world.

On his return he started in business in New York City with a Mr. Ward. Ward was a sharper. He traded on Grant's name, deceiving and robbing many people. The concern failed. After an investigation Grant was relieved of any blame, but his savings were gone.

At this time he became sick. After this he never knew a well day. His courage and determination, however, were not weakened. He struggled on. Many a day he knew not from whence the next day's food would come. He was determined, however, to repay his creditors.

In this extremity a tardy Congress recognized his services. They placed him on the retired army list with his former rank of general.

A publishing house persuaded Grant to write the story of his life and work. This book is called his "Memoirs." Day after day he worked long after he was unable to talk at all. "Never give up" was always his motto. He plodded on until the work was finished.

Soon after the "Memoirs" was finished he grew weaker. Nothing could be done to cure his disease, and he died July 23, 1885. His remains now rest in a massive, handsome tomb on the banks of the Hudson River, in Riverside Park, New York City.

A united country today honors the man who led his forces to victory and so recemented the bonds of the Union.

JAY COOKE

1821-1905

PENNSYLVANIA, the Keystone State, has given many sons and daughters to aid our country. During at least three great wars Pennsylvania men have stepped forward and helped with money matters.

During the Revolution Robert Morris carried the financial burden. At a critical moment in the War of 1812 Stephen Girard bought millions of dollars worth of bonds and saved our credit. Again in the War of the Rebellion Jay Cooke organized committees and sold bonds for the nation.

Curiously enough, none of these men was born in Pennsylvania. Robert Morris was English; Stephen Girard, French, while Jay Cooke was born in Ohio.

Cooke's native place was a small frontier town. The surrounding country was covered with forests. In the woods were many Indians. The chief of one of the tribes was named Ogontz. He liked Jay. Many a time did he carry the small boy on his shoulders.

Jay's father was a well-known citizen of the town. As his father was wealthy, Jay went to the best schools. At night his grandfather drilled him in his studies.

Like all country boys, he had many chores to do. Each morning at sunrise he was in the barn feeding the horses and

cows. After breakfast there was wood to saw, split, and carry in.

With all these duties Jay had plenty of time to play. He wandered in the woods, hunted, and went fishing. When tired of outdoor life he sat reading in his father's well-filled library.

Boys in those times began to work when quite young. He was fourteen years old when he obtained his first job. This was in a country store.

About this time he joined a boy's debating club. After work was over they met and talked over the leading questions of the day. Of course they talked about slavery. Many of the boys were in favor of slavery; some of them, including Jay Cooke, were opposed to it.

In 1836 the youth left Ohio to take a position in St. Louis. He was to receive \$600 a year. At that time St. Louis was a small town whose people were mostly French and Indians. He stayed here but a few months.

His brother-in-law, Mr. Moorhead, started a freight and passenger line from Philadelphia to Ohio. The route was partly stage, partly canal boat, and partly railroad. Needing help in Philadelphia, Moorhead sent for Jay. Jay was to sell tickets, attend to the advertising, and to secure freight for the new line.

Jay Cooke started East. He reached Philadelphia in 1838 just in time to see the burning of the old Pennsylvania Hall by a pro-slavery mob.

The youth did not stay long. Loneliness overcame him; so home he went in the fall of the same year.

The next year Clark's Banking House, a Philadelphia

firm, offered Jay Cooke a position, which he accepted. This was his beginning in the banking business.

Cooke was money counter for the firm. He was fast and accurate. His smiling face and good humor soon made him many friends.

In 1843 Jay Cooke became a member of the firm. His investments were good, and he made a small fortune. In 1857 he left the firm. For the next four years he traveled over the country, enjoying a vacation from business worries.

The beginning of the Civil War brought him home.

In 1861 he opened a banking house in Philadelphia at 114 South 3d Street. The business grew and his house soon became second in importance only to that of Drexel & Co.

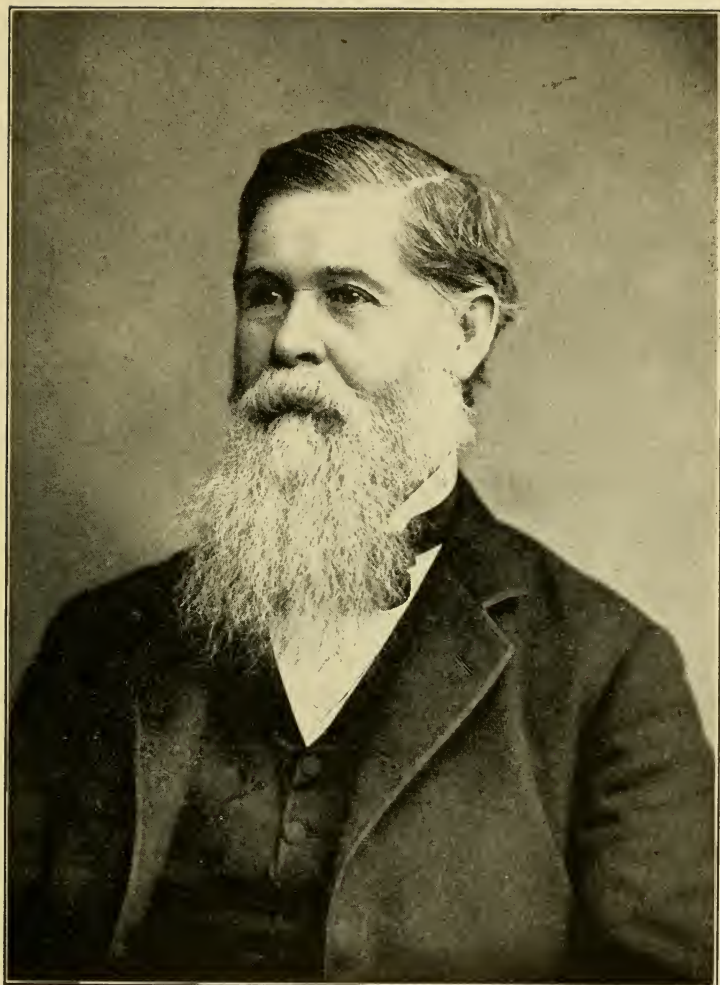
His first public work was to help his own state. Pennsylvania's credit was very low. The state needed \$3,000,000. No one wanted to buy the bonds. Jay Cooke quietly visited his friends and told them that they must be patriotic. He sold the entire loan in a few days.

This was but the beginning of his work. The great war was tearing the nation into two parts. The North had plenty of money, but no one wanted to lend it. Each person thought that the government might be defeated. They might never see their money again. So they tightly buttoned up their pockets.

The Battle of Bull Run was fought. News of the defeat of the Union forces came to Philadelphia. The time had come for patriots to show their colors.

Jay Cooke made a trip through the city. In a few hours he had collected \$2,000,000 for the government.

This was fine! Secretary Chase came to Philadelphia.



JAY COOKE.

Gutekunst Photo.

"Come to New York with me," said he to Cooke, "you must help me organize that city."

Soon after this Cooke was made the sole agent for the sale of government bonds. This was a hard task. Many people had no faith in the government. Many were opposed to the war. A very few bought the bonds.

Cooke planned his campaign in his home at "The Cedars," in the Cheltenham Hills. How could he sell the bonds? "First," thought he, "I must advertise them. I must interest the editors of the newspapers."

At once agents were sent out. Cooke himself visited many of the editors. Little by little the papers followed him. At last all the powerful papers were preaching, "Buy bonds."

Still he thought, "Many of our people work all day. They cannot go to the banks during the day. I have it. Let us open night offices!"

To think with him was to do. Offices were opened at once, and kept open all night. Soon money began to pour from the pockets of the workers into the public treasury. In 140 days Jay Cooke sold \$700,000,000 worth of bonds for the government.

After the war was won Cooke became interested in railroads. The Union Pacific Railroad had been built. Plans were laid for a Southern Pacific line. "Why not a Northern Pacific too?" thought Jay Cooke.

Taking out his maps, he studied the route. Agents were sent to the West to examine a possible route. All the reports were good. Cooke decided to get the money to build the new railroad.

With a number of friends he raised \$5,000,000 to build a portion of the line. Then bonds were issued. Cooke sold a great many, but more money was needed.

Agents were sent to Europe. They failed. Other agents were sent, who succeeded. A golden stream began to pour from Europe when a war broke out. The stream stopped.

Unfortunately for the new line, it needed money most when the money stopped coming. No one would lend, the government refused its aid, and the railroad failed.

This was too much for Jay Cooke. Many of his securities were in this railroad. His business had weathered many a storm, but this was too severe. His banking house closed its doors.

The failure of Jay Cooke & Co. astonished the world. Down with it went many firms. Soon the whole country was in financial distress. Mr. Cooke wished to take charge of his business to re-establish it and pay his creditors. The law would not allow him to do this.

In 1865 during his prosperous days he bought a large tract of land in the Cheltenham Hills. On this he built a magnificent house. For eighteen months the workmen labored and Cooke spent over a million dollars. The magnificent house is near Old York Road in Ogontz. Cooke called the mansion "Ogontz" in memory of the Indian friend of his boyhood days.

The house contained fifty-two bedrooms. It was built of stone quarried near Philadelphia. The wood was bought in Philadelphia. All the workmen were Philadelphians. The walls were frescoed by a Philadelphia artist and the furniture made and furnished by a Philadelphia concern. On its

walls hung paintings by all the noted Pennsylvania artists. Only its carpets were not made in Pennsylvania. They were manufactured in Massachusetts.

In this fine palace Jay Cooke lived and entertained his many friends. President Grant was a frequent visitor who enjoyed his hospitality.

After his banking house failed Jay Cooke gave up "Ogontz," living in a small cottage. He rented an office down town, and worked hard to rebuild his fortune.

Fortune favored this man. Some time before his failure he had bought a share in a silver mine for \$3000. This was the source of his second fortune.

The silver mine struck a fine paying vein of silver. The output increased. Soon Jay Cooke was receiving \$80,000 a year from the mine. A few years later he sold his interests for \$1,000,000.

One of his first acts was to see that all his debts were paid. Then he rebought "Ogontz." The palace had been dismantled. All the furnishings had been sold. He never lived in it again. Instead, he gave it almost rent free to a school for girls. It is still in active use, and is one of the best girls' schools in Pennsylvania.

Jay Cooke, throughout his long life, was always charitable. On an island in Lake Erie he owned a magnificent summer home. It was his custom to send needy clergymen to "Gibraltar," as he called it, for their vacations. He paid all of their expenses.

At his death, in 1905, he was buried in a beautiful mausoleum which he had built on his estate at Ogontz.

ROBERT E. LEE

1807-1870

ONE of the bravest and most brilliant officers America has ever produced was General Robert E. Lee. He was a native of Virginia. When the Civil War broke out, although he opposed secession, he believed that his first duty was to Virginia. He chose to fight for his native state rather than for the Union.

Lee lived at Arlington on a beautiful estate just across the Potomac River from Washington. During the war this estate was seized by the Federal Government. Today it is a national soldiers' cemetery. Here repose, in their last sleep, thousand of soldiers who gave their lives for their country.

Lee's father was Light Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary fame. When the boy Robert was eleven years old his father died. Robert attended school in Arlington, preparing to enter West Point. At eighteen he was a cadet in the National Military Academy.

At West Point he was a model student. All his work was well done. His uniform was spotless and his gun polished till it shone. He was a joy to the officer in charge of inspection.

The young cadet held, successively, the various offices open to the students. At graduation Lee was cadet ad-

jutant, the highest honor attainable. He was graduated second in a class of 46.

After graduation he was appointed second lieutenant in the Engineers' Corps, a position open only to the best students.

The engineers' work was along the coast lines and near the cities. This kept the young lieutenant in the life that he liked. He was fond of social life and was as much at home in the drawing room as in the barracks.

Two years after graduation he married Mary Custis. His wife was the daughter of the adopted son of George Washington. Her grandmother was Martha Custis, George Washington's wife.

While in the Engineers' Corps he was busy planning and supervising the strengthening of the coast defences of the country. Later he was sent to the Mississippi to assist in work to compel the waters of that river to stay in its channel. His work has stood the ravages of the river and is still in good working order.

During the Mexican War he served with honor and distinction, receiving the hearty approval of General Winfield Scott, his commanding officer.

In 1852 Lee was appointed Superintendent of West Point. For three years he directed this military college.

Relieved from this duty, he went west, a lieutenant colonel in the cavalry. About this time Mrs. Lee's father died, leaving her his large estate at Arlington. Lee did not like the work in the West. The wild life, the lack of social activities, contact with the Indians, none of these appealed to him.



ROBERT E. LEE.

Gutekunst Photo.

In 1861 Robert E. Lee reached the decisive point in his life. In April of that year Virginia decided to leave the Union. Just before this General Scott sent Mr. Blair to Lee, offering him the command of the Union Army. Lee replied, "I declined the offer, . . . stating that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States." A few days later he resigned from the Federal Army, declaring that he would never draw his sword again save in the defense of his native state.

Jefferson Davis was made president of the new government formed by the Southern States. He called Robert E. Lee to command the Southern armies in Virginia.

Most of the battles of the war were fought in Virginia. General Lee was soon in command of all the Southern armies. He led them to many a victory. For four long years his masterly generalship kept the Union forces out of Richmond. He led his armies into Pennsylvania. The people in Philadelphia were filled with dismay. Could the Union forces stop his advance? The two armies met at Gettysburg. For three days the battle raged. On the third day the torn and shattered Confederate forces were compelled to retreat. It was an orderly retreat, General Lee seeing his army safely across the Potomac River.

At the end of the war General Lee was released on his promise not to take up arms again against the Union. His home was gone, money was scarce, but a kind friend offered his family a home in a quiet part of Virginia. He accepted.

When the news of Lincoln's assassination reached him, he denounced it. That kind of warfare had no appeal for

him. He knew also that Lincoln was one of the best friends the South could have.

President Johnson said that all the Southerners could apply for pardon. General Lee was one of the first to make application. He felt it was his duty. Said he to a friend, "If you intend to reside in this country, and wish to do your part in the restoration of your state and in the government of the country, which I think is the duty of every citizen to do, I know of no objections to your taking the amnesty oath." From this time on Lee used his influence to bring about peace and good will in the South. He tried to heal the wounds made by the war, and to create conditions that would lead to good relations between the South and the North.

At this time he was asked to become President of Washington College. This college had been almost destroyed during the war. Lee accepted the trust. Under his wise administration the college recovered rapidly. He was personally interested in each student. Here he had a fine chance to teach them to forget the old sores of the war and to look forward to peaceful relations with their northern friends. He served the college faithfully until his death in 1870.

General Lee was a great man. He fought valiantly in a lost cause, but when the struggle was over, realizing that the cause was lost, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of restoring his state to the Union.

GROVER CLEVELAND

1837-1908

IN this great, free country every boy or girl may have a chance if he only takes it. Neither poverty nor riches lead to greatness. For those who try hard enough, work hard enough and keep at it, success awaits.

A boy who worked and tried was Grover Cleveland. His father was a Presbyterian minister in a small country town. At no time in his early life was there much money in the house. Grover was born in New Jersey in 1837 and when he was four years old his family moved to the state in which he became famous—New York.

That journey was much unlike our travels today. By stage-coach they journeyed to the Hudson River, then on the ferry-boat to New York City. In the city they boarded a sailing boat to Albany. At Albany a mule-drawn packet boat carried them on Erie Canal to a small town near their new home. The journey was almost over. A few miles in a stage-coach, and there they were.

Grover's new home was a two-story frame house, just across the road from a good Academy. His brothers and sisters went there, but Grover was too young. He attended a public school until he was old enough to enter the Academy.

The youth was a diligent student. He early learned the

value of time and of hard work. His greatest desire was to go to college. This was not to be.

One day his parents were talking about money matters. Grover listened to their talk. The next day he secured a job in a country store. All day long he worked in the store and at night he read and studied.

His father's health failed. The minister secured a position that took less energy. Grover went to visit an uncle in Buffalo. He spent all his money, and had to work his way home on the canal-boats.

Again his father's health failed. He had to stop work. Suddenly he died. The members of his congregations remembered the good man who had worked so hard for them. Money was raised. A house was bought and given to Mother Cleveland

Grover was now sixteen years old. Leaving home, he went to the great city. In New York he secured a position as bookkeeper and assistant teacher in a school for the blind. There was little chance for advancement. He decided to go west and grow up with the country.

He went to his home for a visit. He had little money, not enough to pay his expenses west. A friend loaned him \$25. Said his friend, "When you are able to repay me, give the \$25 to some other young man to start him in life."

With a friend Cleveland started west. Reaching Buffalo, he decided to call on his uncle. His uncle was a lawyer and lived on a large stock farm. "Don't go west!" said he. "Stay here with me. Help me on the farm and with this book I am writing. I'll give you a chance to study law." Grover stayed.

Some time after this Grover's uncle secured him a position in a lawyer's office. He was to have no pay until he proved he was worth something. One day the lawyer placed a law book in his hand. "Read it," said he. This was the beginning of his law studies.

His habits of work, formed when a little boy, now helped him. He studied until he was able to pass his examinations and became a lawyer when twenty-two years old. His employers trusted him in all things, and he became manager of their office at a salary of \$1000 a year.

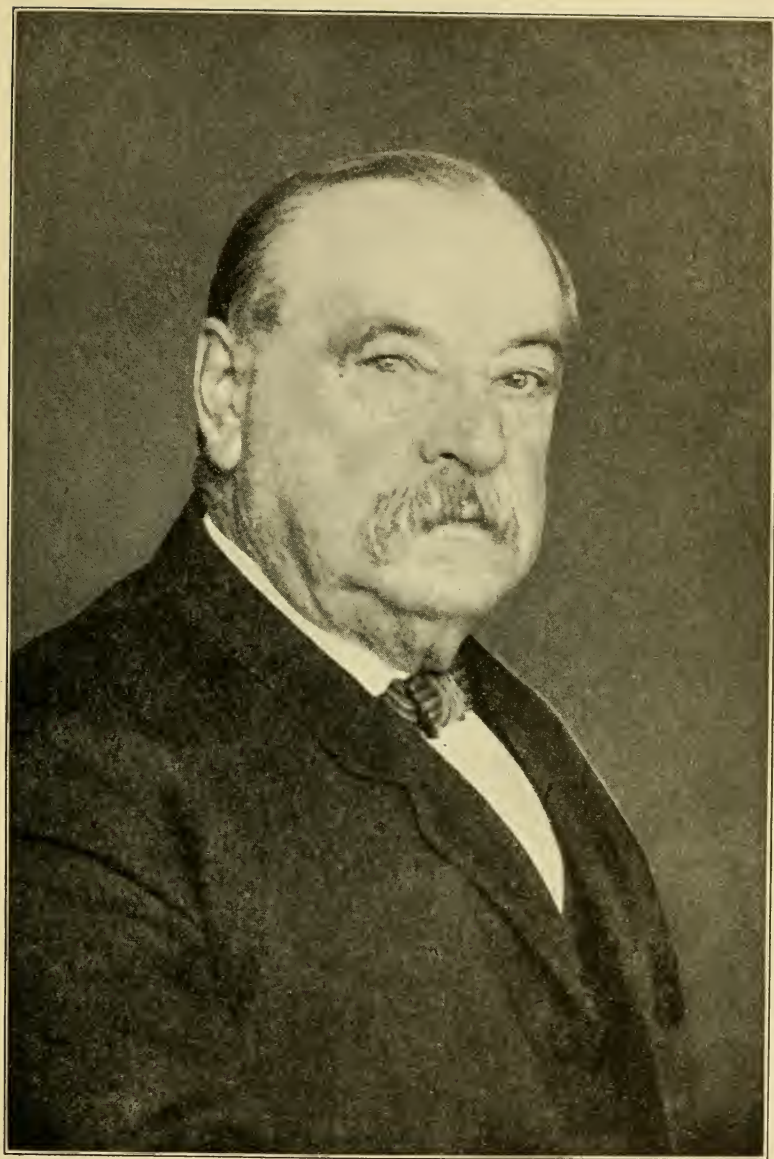
His uncle's farm was two miles from the city. Cleveland thought the four-mile daily walk took too much time. He rented a room in an attic near his office. Each night found him hard at work over his books until very late. Each day he was up early and at work.

When he was twenty-one years old he cast his vote for the Democratic party. All his life he worked for its aims. From the beginning he was interested in politics, helping at the polls.

About this time excitement was everywhere. The country was divided. Lincoln was running for President. War was in the air.

Cleveland's two brothers entered the army, but he stayed home to take care of his mother. Soon after this he was appointed Assistant District Attorney at Buffalo. His work in this office was good. When the District Attorney's term was over Cleveland was nominated, but the Republicans won that time. He returned to his private practice.

Political affairs in Buffalo were in bad shape. Graft and dishonesty were everywhere. This was most true in the



GROVER CLEVELAND.

Photo. by
Underwood & Underwood.

sheriff's office. Many good citizens in Buffalo decided that these bad things must be changed. Whom should they choose to make them better? They selected Grover Cleveland.

Without asking his consent, they made him sheriff. Cleveland worked day and night. Friends and foes were treated with justice. Graft disappeared from the office. The people of Buffalo had an honest, steadfast officer at last.

When his term of office was over he began his law practice again. Many cases came to him and he made money. His kind heart, however, kept him poor. Frequently he paid the court expenses for a poor client and charged no fee.

The story is told of a poor woman who came to him for help. Her husband was sick. She had no money. Interest on her mortgage was due. The holder of the mortgage threatened to put her and her sick husband in the street. Cleveland heard her story; told her to sit still, and went to his bank. Drawing out \$1400, he paid the mortgage and sent the poor woman home rejoicing.

Buffalo was a strong Republican city. For many years its mayors had been corrupt. The people were weary of the rottenness. Democrats and Republicans united. They elected Cleveland mayor of the city. This was in 1882.

Cleveland's first act was to clean up the city. Then he compelled the city councils to provide good sewers. Daily he watched the people's interests. So strong was he and such good work did he that before his term of office was over he was elected Governor of the state of New York.

While governor he still kept watch on the people's interests. Many bills were passed that would rob the peo-

ple. Cleveland vetoed them all. To him the state was a client and he the lawyer. His duty was to protect the state.

Said one of the plain citizens of Albany, "This new governor's a hard-working sort of man. Doesn't make any fuss either. He walks too; doesn't seem to have any use for a carriage."

A presidential election was near. For many years the Republican party had elected the presidents. A change was coming. The people of the United States liked the hard-working, honest governor of New York. They elected him President.

On March 4, 1885, Cleveland took the oath of office in Washington, and began his work.

In Washington he was the same as in Albany. No work was too hard for him. No effort too great to serve the people and protect their interests.

While President he was married. This was the first wedding in the White House. A great time was made over it all over the United States.

At the end of four years he was defeated for the presidency by Benjamin Harrison. But at the next election he was again chosen President.

During his second term serious troubles started between Venezuela and British Guiana about boundaries. Great Britain sided with British Guiana. She threatened to send ships to make Venezuela yield. President Cleveland said "No! Venezuela and Guiana must reach their own agreement. England cannot interfere over here."

For a time the situation was serious, and nearly led to war.

Cleveland insisted that England must not interfere. Finally England agreed. The boundary line was fixed peacefully and the trouble was over.

At the end of his second administration Cleveland retired to private life. He spent his time in study, law practice, and in fishing and hunting. He was one of the greatest fishermen of his day.

In 1908 he died peacefully at his home. Cleveland throughout his life was honest and trustworthy. In one of his speeches he said, "A public office is a public trust." This was his motto at all times. He worked for the people as he worked for himself. His was a life of courage, truthfulness, and honesty.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

1843-1901

OHIO has been the birthplace of many of our heroes. Many years ago, in one of its little towns, the boy William McKinley was born. He was a lovable child, full of sympathy for his friends and for animals. As he grew larger, his friendships grew also. Those who knew him loved him.

His father was manager of an iron furnace. To give the boy a better education he moved eleven miles away from his work. Each day he went back and forth.

William worked hard in school, studying his lessons carefully. He was a real boy. He liked marbles, made kites, was a good shot with a bow and arrow. When the snow was off the ground he was the first to go barefoot. How he showed his stubbed toes or his stone bruises! What pride he had in these evidences of boydom. Above all, he liked swimming.

While he played hard, he also worked hard. Theodore Roosevelt once said in Philadelphia, "Boys, when you play, play hard! When you work, work hard!" McKinley lived these words.

At the age of seventeen McKinley enlisted to serve in the Civil War. The young private fought with the Army of the Potomac at Antietam. Later, as lieutenant, he was with

Sheridan at Winchester. At the close of the war he was a major.

At thirty-three McKinley was a Congressman. He served many years in the United States Congress. His services were so fine that he became known all over the country. While in Congress he proposed a law that is now called the "McKinley Tariff Law." Many people think this law helped make our country prosperous.

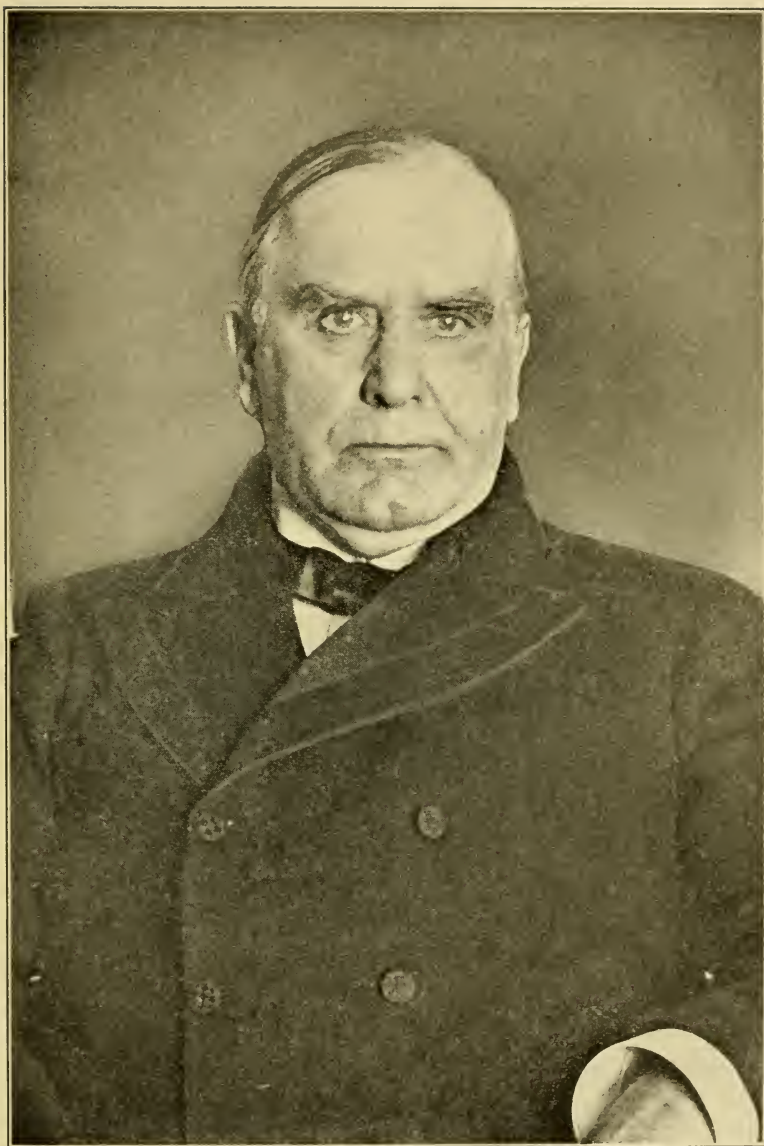
In 1891 McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio. He served his people so well that he was re-elected for a second term. In 1896 the people of our nation chose him for their president. In 1900 he was re-elected.

During his administration troubles in Cuba became unbearable. Spain for many years had been treating the Cubans harshly. The poor people were almost slaves. Troops were sent to Cuba by Spain. These troops killed many of the people.

Our country could not permit this to go on. The battleship "Maine" was sent to Cuba on a friendly mission. While lying in Havana harbor it was blown up. At once the American people demanded war. The destruction of the ship, combined with the Spanish cruelties in Cuba, was too much.

War was declared. Men hurried to enlist. Our battleships put to sea. On the other side of the world Spain had colonies called the Philippines. Admiral Dewey, in command of the American ships, attacked the Spaniards at Manila Bay. Without the loss of a ship the Americans won. The Philippines were taken from Spain.

In Cuba our forces defeated the Spaniards in several



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Photo. by
Underwood & Underwood.

battles, the most important being at San Juan. In this battle Colonel Roosevelt, at the head of his rough riders, stormed the hill and helped win the battle.

On the sea our ships defeated and sunk most of the Spanish navy near Santiago, Cuba.

In one hundred days the war was over. Spain was defeated and her cruelties in the New World brought to an end.

In the treaty of peace America received Porto Rico and the Philippines. We agreed to be guardians for Cuba. We also agreed to pay Spain some money for the buildings she had in her former possessions.

During the war Hawaii asked to become part of the United States. Her request was granted and those beautiful islands became part of our country.

Soon after Major McKinley returned from service in the Civil War he was married. Mrs. McKinley's father gave them a beautiful home in Canton, Ohio. This was McKinley's most loved place. The couple had two children, but both died. After the death of the second child Mrs. McKinley became an invalid. From that time on she never knew a well day.

McKinley's home life was charming. He adored his wife and never missed a chance to show his love. Here we see him at his best. His loving, sympathetic nature caused him to strive to make her happy and comfortable.

Shortly after his re-election to the presidency a great exposition was opened at Buffalo, New York. This was the Pan-American Exposition. McKinley was invited to make an address and to open the Exposition.

The President went to Buffalo. There he made one of his greatest speeches. The next day a public reception was given him. Standing in the Temple of Music, the crowd filed slowly by him. McKinley had a pleasant smile and a handshake for all.

A small well-dressed man approached. His right hand seemed injured. He carried it against his breast, covered with a handkerchief. He approached the President. Slowly he extended his left hand. President McKinley grasped it. From the handkerchief-covered hand the villain fired a pistol, striking McKinley in the breast. He fired again. Another bullet hit the President in the abdomen.

Sorely wounded, McKinley dropped into the arms of a friend. A burly detective knocked the assassin to the floor. Soldiers jumped on him and pounded him. Our wounded President, turning slightly, murmured, "Don't let them hurt him."

Crowds gathered. Cries of "Lynch him" were heard. Quickly the soldiers formed around the cowardly assassin. They hurried him to jail. He was tried, found guilty, and executed.

Meanwhile McKinley was carried to a hospital. Skilled doctors worked over him. They hoped to save his life. For several days he lay in agony. Hopeful news came from the sick room. He rallied under the treatment, and then collapsed. Eight days after the shooting McKinley died.

The whole country was plunged in sorrow. His bravery in his last illness; the pathetic figure of his sick wife, appealed to everyone. For a few days his body lay in state in Buffalo. From there it was taken to Washington. At the Capitol

he lay on the same bier that had held Lincoln and Garfield. He was buried at his home in Canton, Ohio.

Our country still carries him in its heart. Once a year it is the custom to place carnations on his grave and on his statues.

“It was his lovable nature, his thoughtfulness for others, his consideration of their feelings, and his constant desire to aid others that made him loved.”

CLARA BARTON

1821-1914

ALL England loves the memory of the brave Florence Nightingale who risked her life to serve her countrymen on the battlefields of the Crimea. In America all hearts turn in loving admiration to Clara Barton, who during the terrible Civil War calmly moved on the battlefields giving aid and comfort to the wounded and dying.

Clara Barton was a daughter of Massachusetts. Her father, an Indian fighter under General Anthony Wayne, often told her stories about his adventures with the Indians.

Clara's brothers taught her mathematics and to ride horses; her sisters led her in the other paths of learning. She became a teacher, and opened the first free school in New Jersey at Bordentown, continuing until too ill to teach. Leaving the school, she secured a position as head clerk in the Patent Office at Washington.

Clara Barton worked in this office until the Civil War broke out in 1861. Then she volunteered as nurse to work on the battlefields.

During the Peninsular Campaign she worked with the Union forces under McClellan. Daily she was on the field of battle helping care for the wounded. Frightful scenes were all around her. Undaunted, she went steadily from

one wounded man to another, binding the wounds of one, giving water to another, or receiving the last message of those about to die. Friend and foe alike, she cared for.

For eight months Clara Barton worked in hospitals on Morris Island during the siege of Charleston. She was with Grant in the terrible campaign in the Wilderness, and was an angel of mercy to many a suffering Union or Confederate soldier.

In the last year of the war Clara Barton was head nurse in the hospital at the front with the Army of the Potomac. Here she rendered distinguished services in her management of the supplies and in the care of the suffering.

After the war Miss Barton undertook to search for the four thousand missing men. She visited Andersonville prison, laying out the national soldiers' cemetery, and marking with little stones the graves of twelve thousand nine hundred soldiers of the Union. Over those of four hundred more tablets were placed graven with the sad word, "Unknown."

Clara Barton spent four years locating the missing soldiers. Afterward she went to Switzerland to rest.

In Switzerland a new society, called the Red Cross Society, had been organized. This society had permission from all European countries to work on any battlefield without hindrance. They planned to be a band of mercy to friend and foe alike.

Miss Barton became interested. She enlisted in the work during the Franco-Prussian War. After the siege of Strassburg she worked day and night caring for the wounded.

In 1873, on her return to America, she requested Con-



CLARA BARTON.

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Underwood & Underwood.

gress to join the European nations in the agreement about Red Cross work. For eight years she worked to interest Congress. Then she organized the American Red Cross Society, becoming its first president.

The Red Cross was a war society. Clara Barton thought that there was work in peace times also. She proposed to change their constitution. "Wars come infrequently, but accidents happen all the time. Let us plan to give help in all great calamities. Let this society plan to help those who suffer from floods, famine, fires, earthquakes, or any other great accident," said Miss Barton. The idea was accepted at once. The constitution was changed and the society made ready to do still greater work.

The organization was soon to be tested. In Michigan forest fires caused great destruction. The Red Cross Society at once sent nurses, other helpers, and money. Floods destroyed portions of the Mississippi Valley; again the society was active. The Charleston earthquake and the Johnstown flood found the American Red Cross on the ground ready and willing to help.

The great famine in Russia in 1891-92 taxed the resources of this country. From all over the United States money and food were given. The American Red Cross Society saw that this help was given to the right people. During the Armenian Massacres even the Sultan of Turkey finally accepted Miss Barton's aid.

In 1898 President McKinley sent her to Cuba to supervise the help given to those starving people. She was there during the Spanish-American War, working on the battlefields among the wounded.

In her eightieth year a terrible tidal wave wiped out the city of Galveston. Forgetting her age and weakness, she hurried to the stricken city. There she directed the work of the Red Cross until her strength gave way. Illness compelled her to retire from active work. She made her home in Maryland, where she died (1914).

Miss Barton did not live to see her organization put to the greatest test of its existence. In the great European War just ended the American Red Cross was on every battlefield and in every country, giving aid and comfort to the afflicted. It stands today a living monument to the genius of Miss Barton.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

1839-1898

MANY, many years ago men and women always drank wines and liquors at meals. It was an ordinary, every-day affair for men to become drunk at the table.

As man grew wiser and thought more clearly he saw that this injured him. As men worked more indoors they saw that they must stop drinking.

This temperance movement, as it was called, gradually grew big. One of the chief leaders in the movement was Frances E. Willard, a native of New York State.

Her father was of English descent, and brave and strong. Her mother was a woman of strong intellect and power. Francis inherited these qualities from her parents.

When she was two years old the family moved to Ohio, and three years later to the frontiers of Wisconsin.

Her early life was spent in the open air, giving her a strong body, which prepared her for her great life work.

There were no schools near her home. Her mother was her teacher, occasionally helped by a governess. When Frances was ready for college the family moved to Evanston, Illinois. She successfully finished the course at Evanston and became a teacher.

About this time her father, sister, and brother died. This left her alone with her mother. The two women made their home in Evanston, living in the cottage built by her father. Frances called it "Rest Cottage."

For ten years Frances Willard taught in various schools and colleges, supporting herself and mother.

When twenty-nine years old she visited Europe, spending two years in travel and study, still preparing for her great work in temperance.

On her return to America Frances Willard was made President of Evanston College for Women. For the first time in the world's history a woman was made a college president. She conducted the college with skill and ability. When the college was united with Northwestern University she was made Dean of the women's department.

About this time the women of Ohio were starting an energetic fight against the liquor traffic. A society was formed, called the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Willard resigned her college position and entered into the work with enthusiasm. She traveled all over the United States, visiting every large city and many of the smaller ones. She lectured against liquor, addressing meetings everywhere.

In 1879 she was made President of the organization. From this time on she gave all her time and energy to temperance work. For years she labored without salary.

"If a temperance union can be successful in America, why not a union for all the world?" thought she. Toward this end she worked until the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union was formed.

Temperance work was progressing rapidly. In many of the states the movement gained great headway. In some prohibition laws were passed.

In 1893, at the Columbia Exposition in Chicago, delegates came from all over the world to talk about temperance. They wished to find some way to stop the reign of King Alcohol. Miss Willard was made chairman of the World's Temperance Convention.

Lady Henry Somerset, an English lady interested in temperance, visited Miss Willard. They talked long and earnestly together. Lady Somerset wanted Miss Willard to visit England to help her in the work. Finally she persuaded her to go.

In England Miss Willard was given a great welcome. She talked to many audiences, telling them of the need of temperance. She won their hearts by her gentleness and earnestness and by her fine gift of oratory.

Four years later a great convention was held in London. Representatives from all nations gathered together. Miss Willard and Lady Somerset presided. A monster petition was prepared. It had seven million names signed to it. This petition was sent to all the nations. It requested them to restrict the sale of intoxicating liquors and of opium.

The nations were not yet ready for this. None accepted. It did not fail utterly however. It aroused public opinion and made a great many people think about temperance.

Miss Willard had many interests besides her temperance activities. She wrote several books, many magazine articles, and numerous accounts for the papers.

The White Cross and the White Shield Societies received

her hearty support and sympathy. She led many movements leading toward purity.

Miss Willard was a strong leader. She was always earnest, dignified, inspiring, and eloquent.

In 1897, though quite ill, she presided over the National Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention. The following year she passed away.

Miss Willard's work still lives. From her death to the present the temperance cause has grown. Individuals became interested, states lent their support, and finally nations were won over.

The great European War added the finishing touches. Russia led the way. The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were forbidden. England and France followed. These were war measures.

In our own great country the movement grew stronger and stronger. In 1918, twenty years after Miss Willard's death, Congress made an amendment to our Constitution forbidding the making or sale of intoxicants. The states ratified this, and in January, 1920, an entire nation will forbid the production of that which has caused so much misery to the world—intoxicating liquor.

To Miss Willard at her death came an honor that has been given to no other woman. The state of Illinois placed her statue in Statuary Hall in the Capitol building at Washington. Illinois considered her one of the state's most illustrious citizens.





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